

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1929

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

ON April 9, 1926, the *Evening Democrat* of Fort Madison, Iowa, contained the following announcement:—

MRS. BROWN'S BIRTHDAY

An unusual family party took place today when Mrs. Maria D. Brown celebrated her 99th birthday. Gathered about her at the dinner table were her widowed daughter and her five sons with their wives. The oldest son is 80 years old, the youngest 56. The combined age of the family group, mother and six children, is 521 years. All are in sound health, physically and mentally.

The party took place at the Brown homestead, where Mrs. Brown has lived for more than a half century. She presided at the dinner table, asking the blessing in a strong voice and blowing out the candles on her birthday cake in one vigorous breath. Not the least among her achievements is the fact that she has kept to her extreme age a high degree of personal beauty and is still lovely to look at.

This family has on both sides a remarkable record of longevity. Mrs. Brown is the last survivor of a family of six sisters and one brother, all of whom lived to be over 70. She was born in Athens, Ohio, the daughter of Eben Foster, scion of Revolutionary ancestors who had migrated from Massachusetts. Her husband, Daniel Truesdell Brown, who was also born in Ohio, and was well known in Iowa as a paper manufacturer, died in 1906 at the age of 84. Considering him and his wife and their

children as a family, there have been only three deaths in a family of 10 in 104 years, his own and those of two infant daughters. Aside from his death, there has been no death in the family for 60 years.

It came upon me that she sat enthroned among us not merely as Head of her Family, a precious figure of Maternity, but that, in some sense, she had become an Historical Personage, symbol of the pioneer age in the development of our great country. Of her like, few were now left on earth—not more than one in every twenty-five thousand of our population—who were alive when John Quincy Adams was president. Sprung from colonists who had settled the Atlantic seaboard, established its independence of Europe, and then pushed on into the Northwest Territory, claiming it too for freedom, she herself had joined in the great migration down the Ohio, helping to carry forward the customs and ideals of the English-speaking world into the wilderness that lay beyond the Mississippi. I felt that, dearly as they loved her, greatly as they honored her, it had hardly occurred to her twoscore descendants that she represented, in her person, something bigger than her own family, a complete tradition of many families, which had significance for the whole nation. I was filled with a desire

to take from her own lips her impressions of the stirring age of which she had been a part. And so, when the reunion was over, and others had returned to their homes, I lingered a little longer, sitting beside her every day for two weeks and taking down in her own vigorous language her memories of life in the past century. The result is not only a chronicle of typical experience in the life of Woman, but also a panoramic view of an age seen through the eyes of an individual.

Had Grandmother Brown been a woman of literary attainments, of wider reading and more varied acquaintance with the great world, her observations on life might be more interesting to the sophisticated. But the mass of men and women who have made America have not been literary or sophisticated. They have, however, been people of ideals, people of courage. What benefits we now enjoy in America have come to us as the result of the labors of people inspired by ideals such as Grandmother Brown has cherished, upheld by courage such as she has had. As we go forward into another period of our country's development, it is well for us to try to understand the forces that have created us and the world in which we find ourselves, even though we ourselves are driven by very different forces and are building up another kind of society, based perhaps on a different philosophy of life. Many of the influences that have affected Grandmother Brown — religious, political, social — leave me unmoved, but I can understand how they wrought on her in her day, can understand and sympathize.

Recording her story in her own pungent speech, I have hoped to catch and preserve for Grandmother Brown's descendants some of the flavor of her personality; her aspirations, her achievements, even her limitations; her inno-

cent vanities; her lovable animosities; her patient endeavors. Especially her summing up as she reviews it all. It is not merely that she has hung on the tree of life a hundred years — significant as is that fact alone in the history of poor feeble mankind — which moves me. It is the fact that she is, after a century of wear and tear, still a vivid Person. I can see that, sitting on the edge of the world and peering over, she gets a thrill from that experience as from all others. A pity to let so much of intelligence and sweetness and gallantry at age ninety-nine go unsung! The reactions of Nineteen to life we have all heard about many times; those of Nine-and-ninety we have, as yet, merely divined. To the psychologist — if not to the poet and preacher — those reactions are, as yet, little known. Perhaps we may learn from Grandmother Brown the secret of growing old gracefully.

Chiefly, I think of her as a mother. In that experience she has found understanding of many things. A careful craftsman in all she does, and by nature proud, — though timid, too, — she demands that her pride be satisfied in her children. It is impossible to tell her story and not refer constantly to her children, to her hopes and plans and work for them and their reaction to her efforts. Otherwise, she has no 'story.' And, indeed, her story is the typical story of women. What is noteworthy about it is her attitude toward it. 'Why, what has she ever done that is great?' is a question that nettled me when I told a friend that I was trying to write the history of my hundred-year-old mother-in-law. The general attitude of mind reflected by my friend's question is the thing that makes me want to see published the story of how one good mother has spent a hundred years. I want to honor a woman not esteemed 'great,' one who has had the

common fate and would be consigned to oblivion, despite work well done throughout a full century of living, unless someone like myself can rescue her from it. To read of her may comfort other women who, passionately and devotedly, but more or less rebelliously, are doing the duty that Nature points them to, the kind of work which the man-world, despite all its fine talk about the glory of womanhood, holds so lightly.

I

Grandmother Brown was born in Athens, Ohio, at ten o'clock in the morning, on April 9, 1827. She was the third child of Ebenezer Foster and Achsah Culver. They named the pretty baby 'Maria Dean,' after her father's sister, Maria, who had married John Nicholson Dean and lived across the street.

'Tell me, Grandmother Brown,' I began, drawing up my chair beside her on the morning of the day when she entered on her hundredth year, 'how it was in Ohio when you were a little girl.'

'It was n't like this,' she mused, gazing out of the window into the Iowa sunshine. 'I was born in an April shower. They used to say that was why I cried so easily. But I was born into a happy home, where there was little cause for crying. Two children were there before me — Brother John, five years old, and Sister Libbie, who was two. When I was three years old, Sister Kate came to join us. We lived in a commodious house surrounded by gardens and orchards. Our home occupied just one square block in the town of Athens. Oh, there never was any place that looked to me so beautiful as that did in my childhood days!'

To get a clear picture of that early home one must remember that, when little Maria first opened her observant

blue eyes, she looked out on a cultural environment that had been developed by her parents and grandparents and their contemporaries in the short space of only forty years. Scarce four decades had elapsed since Congress had passed the famous Ordinance of 1787 under which the Government of the Northwest Territory had been established. Before that, the beautiful Hocking Valley where Maria was born had echoed to the tread of hardly any feet save those of red men and wild beasts. To be sure, French and British had passed that way, but only fleetingly.

None of Maria's forebears had been in that immortal band of forty-eight heroes of the Revolution whom General Rufus Putnam had landed, on April 7, 1788, at the point on the Ohio River where now stands Marietta. But her grandfather, Zadoc Foster, — a resident, like Putnam, of Rutland, Massachusetts, — came to Marietta only eight years later. In his boyhood he had known General Putnam, who had dwelt in a house not far from the one built and occupied by Zadoc's father, Lieutenant Ebenezer Foster. The families were friends. Both houses are still standing. Both are substantial, dignified structures of the type occupied by the leading citizens of New England a century and a half ago.

Studying the history of the times, I wonder if Zadoc Foster was not one of the multitude who streamed westward from the barren hills of New England as soon as news of General Anthony Wayne's decisive victory over the Indians began to reach them. 'During the year 1796,' says Walker in his *History of Athens County, Ohio*, 'nearly one thousand flatboats, or "broad-horns," as they were then called, passed Marietta laden with emigrants on their way to the more attractive regions of southwestern Ohio.' Ohio was reputed to be a land flowing with milk and

honey, and to Zadoc Foster tales of its fertility must have sounded alluring. Freed from the fear of savages, inspired by 'the siren song of peace and of farming,' he joined the living column moving westward.

Close as he was in kinship to Grandmother Brown, Zadoc Foster is rather a misty figure in her story. Having died tolerably early in life, he seems lost in the woods and wilds of those early colonies.

However, we have a very good idea of what cabin life in Ohio was like in those early days. And we have very definite information about the community with which Maria's grandfather had cast in his lot. 'As I never heard any complaint about my grandfather,' says Grandmother Brown proudly, 'I think he must have been entirely satisfactory. I believe that all my people were enterprising and industrious.'

II

In making a home for his family in the Belpré settlement, Zadoc Foster had, undoubtedly, full scope for any enterprise and industry of which he was possessed. To make a clearing in the forest and to rear on it a comfortable cabin was real man's work, even though the logs were piled up like children's cob houses and held together by wooden pins instead of nails, even though no tools were necessary in the construction except an axe, an auger, and perhaps a cross-cut saw. Rude, indeed, were those first log cabins with their puncheon floors, wooden shutters, leather latch-strings, stone chimneys, clay hearthstones. Primitive was the homemade furniture within them. Following the direction of Grandmother Brown's pointing finger as we peer backward into the past, we catch a glimpse of a table split from a large log, a bedstead made of poles interlaced with bearskins, a

spinning wheel in the corner, a rifle hung in forked cleats over the door with powder horn beside it, three-legged stools, splint-bottomed chairs, cast-iron spiders, long-handled frying pans, a movable Dutch oven.

In some such home lived the Zadoc Fosters, I've no doubt, when they first came to Belpré. Here were met the needs of the children born to them before they moved to Athens in 1809.

'Pa's brothers and sisters were Sally, Ira, Hull, Issa, Maria, Melissa, and Samuel,' said Grandmother. 'Most of them I knew during my childhood in Athens. When I remember what kind of woman presided over this household, my dear Grandma Foster, and when I recall all the merry quips of Uncle Hull and Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria and Aunt Melissa, I am sure that that simple cabin must have been a very happy home. But I am sure too that Grandma Foster must have had her hands full in those log-cabin days. All sorts of accidents were likely to happen to one's children, in those pioneer times, besides the kind of thing that may befall any baby at any time. Think what happened to Aunt Sally! She fell into the open fire when she was a child and burned the side of her face so that one nostril was drawn down.'

The Fosters arrived in Belpré at a time of great activity in the settlement. Released by the treaty of peace with the Indians in 1795 from their five years' imprisonment in garrisons, the white settlers began to move energetically over the face of the land, chopping down timber, erecting houses, building roads and bridges, breeding stock, and setting out orchards. Fruit trees in the virgin soil of the Ohio bottoms grew with astonishing rapidity. It was not long before Belpré was noted as the fairest spot between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Situated on beautiful meadows

set high in a lovely curve over the Ohio River, it had a commanding position.

Just opposite Belpré, a small island in the river had been purchased in 1798 by a rich and eccentric Irish nobleman named Harman Blennerhassett, who became famous in our history. In that romantic situation he had laid out a fine estate—a spacious mansion surrounded by lawns and gardens, by stables, dairies, and hot-houses. The tragic story of the Blennerhassetts is known to all the world—how, fresh from his duel with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr tarried at their island home on his way down the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and how he interested them in his scheme to establish a colony of wealthy individuals in Louisiana, a scheme that was later declared to be treasonable as making a project to separate the people of the West from those of the Atlantic States. When Burr was arrested, the Blennerhassetts became involved in his fall. Their lovely home was ruthlessly destroyed by the militia. But during the eight years that the Blennerhassetts—husband, wife, and two children—dwelt there they endeared themselves to all their neighbors, high and low. Mr. Blennerhassett was a man of varied intellectual interests and artistic gifts, Mrs. Blennerhassett a woman of engaging qualities of person, mind, and heart. Socially inclined, hospitable and kind, they made welcome at their home all who shared their tastes. They themselves went often to visit friends in Marietta and Belpré. Mrs. Blennerhassett is described by Hildreth as dashing along forest paths in a riding dress of scarlet broadcloth, accompanied by a favorite black servant.

'Oh, Uncle Hull remembered seeing her in that red habit!' exclaimed Grandmother Brown. 'I recall now hearing him tell about it. He was only a little boy when he lived in Belpré, but

he had a vivid recollection of seeing Madame Blennerhassett riding through the woods in a red dress on a fine horse.'

In 1809, when Grandmother Brown's father, Eben, was eleven years old, Zadoc Foster brought his family to Athens. There he conducted a tavern until he died, five years later, of the 'cold plague.' 'That was probably the disease we know now as "grippe,"' explained Grandmother Brown. 'It raged with terrible violence, and many died.'

Left a widow with a large family of children, Mrs. Sally Foster continued to keep the tavern a few years after her husband's death. Then she went back to the vocation of her youth and became a school-teacher once more, 'in which occupation,' says Walker, 'she was eminently useful and beloved during the remainder of her life.'

'With his own hands,' said Grandmother, 'my father built a house for her to live in. There it was she opened the first "select school" for young children that was known in Athens.'

Why Zadoc Foster and his wife decided, after a dozen years at Belpré, to move to Athens is not now known. Possibly because other enterprising people were doing it. Athens was coming to be a trading point for furs and wild meats.

Dr. Manasseh Cutler of Ipswich, Massachusetts, after Dr. Benjamin Franklin the foremost scientist of the Western Continent, a man of consummate business ability and a master hand at diplomacy, was director and agent of the Ohio Company, and one of the 'principles' dearest to his heart was that of educational opportunity. In dealing with Congress, he had insisted that in the Ohio Company's purchase of land there should be an appropriation of land for the endowment of a university. In 1804, Ohio University was, accordingly, established by act of

legislature. Two years later, a two-story brick building, twenty-four feet by thirty, was erected as the first home of that institution.

'I remember that old academy at Athens,' said Grandmother Brown. 'T was n't torn down till after I was born.'

If Eben Foster and his brothers had dreamed, perhaps, that in coming to Athens they were getting nearer to a university education than they had been at Belpré, their dreams were probably disturbed by the death of their father. The question of bread and butter was the one that undoubtedly pressed them for solution in their early manhood. Just as their father had done at Belpré, they, at Athens, turned instinctively to supplying the essential needs of the community, Hull to making shoes, Eben to manufacturing bricks, while their patient, precise, dainty little mother attended in the background to the intellectual needs and social conduct of Athen's youngest set. All were useful and successful citizens, much beloved and respected by the community.

By the time his daughter Maria was born, Eben Foster, twenty-nine years old, had reason to feel proud of the domain he had created for himself. His home was one of the most comfortable and pretentious in the thriving village. And the town records for that year and the previous one showed his name among the town officers: 'Eben Foster, supervisor.'

III

My father made steady progress all his life (said Grandmother Brown proudly). Indeed, he prospered amazingly. When he died, at the age of thirty-three, he was counted among the wealthy men of Athens. No other little girls had a home a whole block square. Everyone thought well of him.

To show what kind of child he was, I will relate a story that was told me by a man who had been a friend of his in boyhood. He said: 'Do you want to know how I got acquainted with your father? Our folks were moving to Athens and I was trudging behind the wagons, driving the cow. I was tired and hot. Along came a little boy. He walked right up to me and said: "Here, would n't you like to have this apple?" I thanked him and we were friends ever after. That was your father!'

Later, when that friend thought that Eben ought to have a wife, he came to Grandma Foster's home one night and said to my father: 'Why don't you get married, Eben?' 'I can't find time to ask my girl,' was the answer. The friend said: 'Here, Eben, you go right off and speak to her about it now.' Eben was shelling corn at the time, shelling it into a big basket hung over the end of a spout. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'All right, Nick, I'll do it.' Up he jumped, seized his cap, and started off. 'Are n't you going to change your clothes?' called Nick. 'No. If she does n't like me this way, she would n't like me at all,' answered Eben. So he struck out toward his girl's home, which was about a mile from there. 'I looked out and watched him in the moonlight,' his friend told me. 'He went round the point of the hill on the run.'

And so Eben Foster told Achsah Culver, that moonlight night, how he happened to come in his working clothes and what he wanted of her. They fixed it up; and that's how I happen to be here now, you see.

The land on which our house stood sloped toward the east. From our front porch we could see Miles Mill on the Hocking River and the hills beyond, but not the river itself. Around our place ran a 'post and rail' fence — that

is, a fence that had slots cut in the posts with flat smooth rails fitted into the slots. Within our enclosure was everything to make a happy world for children. We had no need to go abroad for pleasure, although we often did run across the street and down the road to play at the homes of our numerous cousins.

Our house was of weatherboard laid with brick, so that the walls were very thick and the window sills very deep. It was a two-story structure above the cellar kitchen. In the middle of the house, opening on to the porch that faced the street, was the main entrance. This porch had a railing around it, and a seat against the railing all the way around. It was a resort for old and young. There Ma sat with her sewing. There we all gathered on a summer afternoon. The front door opened directly into the big living room, with its huge fireplace. Behind this were kitchen and summer kitchen; across the way, best room — we never called it parlor; upstairs the sleeping rooms. My mother used to say, after we had lived about in different places, that never was there any place where she could accomplish so much as in that house.

What kind of furniture did we have? Well, in the best room the chairs were of the kind called Windsor, the bottoms solid, the backs round. In that room too was one large rocking-chair, with the most beautiful cushion on it. I think the chairs must have been of cherry, perhaps mahogany; they were red. And in one corner stood a large bureau — the most work on it! — big claw feet, glass knobs. The walls of this room were painted white. The floor had a rag carpet. At that time all window shades were made of paper, green paper. We had thin white curtains over the shades. No pictures.

In our living room we had no carpet.

The floor was of ash wood, very white, and kept white. Every morning, after sweeping it, we wiped it over with a clean, damp mop. It took but a few minutes and kept the floor sweet and clean. That mop was rinsed then and hung in its place. We were always up at five o'clock in the morning, so that we had plenty of time for everything.

At the back of the house lay orchard and garden, the well and drying kiln, the milkhouse and smokehouse, with the stables at the farther end of the lot, where my father drove his oxen in. I used to run when I heard the oxen coming at night, to see them put their handsome heads into the stanchion. My father's oxen were famous for their beauty. Once, a little while after Dan'l and I were married and living in Amesville, we drove back to Athens. Stopping at a wayside place, Dan'l introduced me to the innkeeper, saying, 'This is Eben Foster's daughter.' And the man exclaimed: 'Oh, those fine oxen that he had!' He was more interested in them than in the bride.

My father was always thoughtful of his oxen. Once he dismissed a hired man who swore at them. 'They work hard for me six days a week,' he said, 'and all they get is what they eat. They can't be sworn at or abused.' Every Saturday in warm weather Pa turned the oxen out for a nice long Sabbath rest.

He used to send them to his farm. That was the first ground outside the corporation. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway station stands on that land to-day. There my father raised hay for his cattle and there our cows were pastured. We never kept less than two, for Pa always would have plenty of milk and butter. We children used to drive the cows back and forth to pasture. Other people kept theirs on the common. All the hills around Athens were covered with lovely grass where

cows could walk knee-deep. But we knew where our cows were if we kept them on our own farm.

The oxen were used by my father for hauling the brick he manufactured. He always kept at least three teams. The brick he made was eight-sided, like a honeycomb design. Some of it I saw, a few years ago, in a pavement in Athens. The soil about there is full of iron and the brick made from it was so hard that it would n't break when unloaded. They used to pull out the linchpin of the cart and just drive on.

Near the house too was the dry kiln where my mother dried fruit for the winter. The kiln consisted of a big oval flagstone, at least six feet long, which had been brought from my father's quarry. It was as smooth as if polished. It was set up on brick legs so as to be well off the ground, and a fire was built at one end with a flue running under the flag so as to warm the stone. The fire was made of chips and sticks and not allowed to get too hot or it would bake the fruit. On this flagstone Ma spread out apples, peaches, pears, and quinces, cut in quarters. These she covered with a cloth, which absorbed the moisture and kept off the flies and bees. From time to time she would turn the fruit over until it was thoroughly dried.

Fruit! We were rich in fruit those days, our trees and bushes burdened with it. Boys always know where apples grow. I've heard Judge Welch say, 'We boys used to flock up to the Foster orchard. We never got yelled at or driven away from there.' Well, we had all we needed. I never saw such prolific apple trees as we had, such wealth of early sweet apples and Vandevere pippins, such cherry trees. As for quinces and currants, there are n't such any more. Why, our quinces were great golden things like my two fists put together — yellow, the color of lemon,

and no 'furze' on them. Currants so abundant that we could n't possibly use them all! Stems as long as my finger, and tapering down just like it. My mother used to put them up with raspberries — how good they were!

My mother was a good housekeeper and used to try to save everything, but there was so much fruit that some of it had to go to waste. I remember that close at the left of our well an apple tree grew up slanting, completely covering our smokehouse and milkhouse. The apples were not considered especially good — had n't much tang; but they were solid and sweet. Ma would wash and boil them, press the juice out with clamps, and boil it down to make apple molasses. We children loved it on our bread and butter. Then Ma would boil quinces and apples together in this molasses. Usually a ten-gallon jar of this stood in our pantry. My, how good that was!

I have never seen any place kept so nice, inside and out, as ours was. In those days bedsteads had no springs, so we used to have straw beds under our feather beds to make them springy. Every spring the ticks were emptied and washed and filled with new straw. I remember hearing it said that my father would n't let the straw be carried through the grounds because some of it would be dropped on the grass and give it an untidy look. No, everything about our place was neat and in order while my father lived. And there were roses, tidy rows of lovely roses, to make things beautiful. I remember a row that ran the whole length of the house, a row of red roses big and round, as big as doorknobs. We did n't have so many kinds of roses as nowadays, but we had them in abundance. When Ma would be sitting outdoors sewing, we'd stick roses in her hair. I can see her now with a big one flopping from her comb.

IV

It was a happy home for ten years; but when I was four years old my father died. After that things were different.

I have been told many times about my father by those who knew him and admired him. Once I said to Grandma Foster, 'Tell me, did my father have no faults? Everybody praises him,' and she answered thoughtfully: 'Well, if he had a fault at all, it was his levity.'

My mother said she lived with Eben Foster ten years and never heard him speak an impatient word. He was evidently a man of peace, for Grandma Foster has told me how depressed he used to be as a child if his brothers, Hull and Ira, would quarrel.

Young as I was at the time of his death, I have some precious memories of my father. I have a clear recollection of him in his Sunday clothes, and he seemed to me very grand and handsome then. Our folks are all proud. We like our Sunday clothes. My father did. Uncle Hull was the same way. And Grandmother Foster, too.

I suppose I remember my father in his Sunday clothes not only because I admired his appearance but because that was the day when we saw most of him. He had time on Sunday to hold me on his lap. It was a day of quiet leisure with us. No cooking was done on that day. Oh, we might make a fire to boil some coffee, but all the other food had been prepared the day before. And so it happened that, sitting on my father's lap, I studied the last Sunday clothes he ever wore. They were made of a dark navy blue cloth in a heavy weave. With them he wore a white vest and a hat with a kind of bell crown.

I remember particularly the kind of buttons Pa wore on his white vest, because I played with them once when I lay in his arms, his naughty, adoring child. It happened this way: We older

children were in church with Pa and Ma, but Kate, the baby, had been left at home. My mother suddenly felt the milk come. When they were singing the last hymn, she stepped out of church and hurried home to the baby, leaving us to follow with our father. I began to cry for my mother. 'Daughter,' he said, 'you'll stop this crying, or when you get home I'll have to switch your legs.' I kept on crying. And so he led me home and out into the garden, where he cut a little twig from a currant bush, — one with little nubs along the side, but it would n't break anything, — and he gave me a tingly switching across my legs. Then he took me up in his arms and talked to me as we sat on the front porch, and I played with the buttons on his vest. They were glass buttons held in by a ring. If I should be so fortunate as to get to Heaven, I think my father'll meet me. I always felt he'd be the first one.

I know that he must have been a kind and tender-hearted man, a loving husband and father. He thought, for instance, that if a woman had a baby her husband ought to give her something. When Kate was born, he brought home to our mother stuff for two dresses. One was a beautiful black satin. Those were the days, too, when they did n't know enough to make satin without making it all satin. The other was an oil calico, fifty cents a yard, a groundwork of red overlaid with a figure in many colors. Beautiful pieces of goods! Well, a woman earned it when she had a baby.

My father was good to many. My mother had a brother who was drowned in Lake Erie, leaving behind him a wife and several children. When my father heard of it, he harnessed his team and drove up to Sandusky and brought them home to our place. He gave Aunt Betsy our cellar kitchen and the room above that and the room above *that* to

live in, gave her practically all her living, and provided a loom for her on which she could do weaving and earn a little herself. I remember that once my father went into Aunt Betsy's kitchen when she and her children were at table. 'What's that?' he suddenly said, quite fiercely, pointing at a pan of milk. 'That looks like skimmed milk.' 'It is,' said Aunt Betsy. 'Giving your children skimmed milk to drink?' he asked severely. 'Well, I took the cream to make a little butter,' acknowledged Aunt Betsy. 'You can have the butter, too,' said Pa, 'but I don't allow anyone on my place to drink skimmed milk. That's only for pigs. Children must have the top of the milk.' He made her go to the milkhouse and get more. After my father died, Aunt Betsy would talk by the hour about how good he'd been to her.

My mother told me once of how a neighbor came with a silver pitcher asking for cream, and at the same time the little girl of Mrs. Johnson, a poor widow who lived on the next place, came with the same request. After they had gone, my father said sternly: 'Did you put as good cream into that earthen jug as went into the silver pitcher?' He always had his men haul wood from his woodlot to Widow Johnson's door, and he had them cut it where she could get every chip that flew. Every baking day he'd say to Mother: 'Don't forget a loaf for Mrs. Johnson.' He gave freely, and it never made him poor.

As for his levity, I think he was rather a wag, liked a good story as much as my Gus does, and sometimes played a practical joke that he enjoyed greatly. Even when the matter was serious! I remember hearing about his helping three runaway slaves to get away. He hid them in his haymow and then blacked his own face and had two of his hired men black theirs. Then he and his men showed themselves run-

ning toward his stone quarry. The slave owner pursued them into the quarry, thinking they were the slaves, while the real negroes used the opportunity to get away. My father enjoyed playing this trick on the slave master, and telling about it, too!

I can remember other times in the dining room when my father's levity was more apparent, when he stood by smiling at me in my red morocco shoes as I danced for the men. They sang while I danced and they beat time with their hands.

'Heigh, Biddy Martin!
Tiptoe, tiptoe!
Heigh, Biddy Martin!
Tiptoe, tiptoe — fine!'

Then they'd laugh and shout: —

'Follow my lady
On tipty-toe.'

And I would strut and toss my head and lift my skirt and twirl my toes until perhaps one of the men would snatch me up and toss me high and not let me down until I'd tell his name. Ezra Goodspeed! Tom Francis! I could not pronounce them well, and they'd laugh to hear me try. No indeed, my father never objected to dancing. You can't find a thing in the Bible against it, either.

One of those men, Tom Francis, named his baby Eben Foster after my father. He used to say that Pa cured him of drinking. A man was considered very mean in those days if he did n't keep whiskey for his hired help. But Pa persuaded Tom Francis to limit his drinking. He would only give him a little at a time and gradually got him out of the habit of drinking. When the temperance wave struck Athens, my father had two barrels of whiskey in the house. He rolled them out, struck the heads in, and let the whiskey run down the gutter, down our pretty gutter which, with its sloping sides, all neatly

paved with his own honeycomb brick, ran from our back door to the street. The first temperance society organized in Athens was called 'The Washingtonians' and my father was a member of it.

(It is ninety-five years since Grandmother Brown lost her father, but there was a tragic quality in her voice still when she told of his untimely taking-off.)

I was only four years old when my father died. It was in the month of August, and very warm. It had been raining hard for days and the river had risen and overflowed its banks. On the farm Pa had been working hard trying to save his hay, to get it in before it was ruined by the water. He took cold — had a sunstroke, perhaps — anyway, came home exhausted, running a high fever. Ma was alarmed and sent for the doctor, who gave him calomel and forbade him water. Probably he would have recovered if there had been no doctor and he had had plenty of rest and cold water. When the doctor found himself unable to check the fever, he told my father that his hour had come and he would have to die. Pa was only thirty-three years old, but he said: 'For the sake of my family, I would like to live longer; but if I lived ever so much longer I could be no better prepared to go.'

But the fortunes of the family declined. We were cheated by those who should have protected us. And then my mother was no financier. Good Aunt Eliza, my mother's sister, had a husband, Francis Beardsley, who was not so good. He had the management of our father's estate, and somehow he managed most of it away. He was a deacon, but he'd use our cattle to haul wood from our woodlot to my mother's door and then charge her for doing it. And Ma'd be fool enough to pay. All the time, too, he was getting

his own wood supply off our woodlot. In time he got to be pretty well off.

But, dear me suz, 'what comes over the devil's back goes under his belly.' Beardsley lost all his property, and at the last he lost his mind, too. His house was robbed, and after Aunt Eliza died he just went to nothing. Finally he got so he did n't know anything.

V

After my father had been dead three years, my mother married again. That was a sorry day for all of us. She married Edward Hatch, a clerk in a dry-goods store. He was a pretty man, but without moral character.

She had plenty of warning, too, but seemed possessed, poor woman. I remember my Uncle Hull and one other member of the church coming to see her and urging her not to marry that man. I remember, too, that Brother John was much offended when Mr. Hatch came courting our mother. Sister Libbie and I helped him put a mop against the door so that when Mr. Hatch came out it would whack him. 'That cottontail!' John called him.

But Ma married him. None of her sisters and none of her children were at the wedding.

And so Mr. Hatch came to live in our plentiful home. He never took care of anything. He would even pull boards off the house to burn them. He was wasteful and dissipated and lazy. He was this kind of man: if he was talking to a Whig, he was a Whig; if talking to a Democrat, he too was a Democrat. Between him and our dishonest trustee, practically all my mother's property was mismanaged away.

Three children were speedily added to the family circle — Mary, Ann, and Charlotte. Pretty little girls they were. When Mary was born I was only eight years old, but I took entire care of her

just the way I'd seen my mother take care of Kate. She said she had nothing to do but take the baby to nurse. I am glad that I could be a comfort to her, for she needed comforting. The night the last child was born I heard Ma calling me in her distress. My stepfather was too drunk to know what was needed and did nothing except curse and swear, but I went for help, as Ma directed, and got everything ready. The next morning, when neighbors came in to see the baby, Mr. Hatch bethought himself to get some oranges and make a fuss over Ma. But his way was very different from my father's.

How did I look? Oh, I was rather a puny child. Not until I got into my teens was I at all robust. I came to be a tall, healthy girl with curly dark hair and high color, but as a child I was small and pale, with blonde hair. Little 'Liza Hatch, my stepfather's niece, hurt my feelings one time by saying spitefully, 'Pa says you're a pot-gutted little thing.' I s'pose I was. I used to have sick spells in school and faint away sometimes. Once I was sent out in the country to a Mr. Richey's. 'Let the little girl go home with us,' he had said to my mother, when he heard I was not well. There I hunted eggs and romped with his little girls, Caroline and Mehaley. What a happy time it was!

I know that my hair was light once because I remember the first time it was ever cut. Mrs. Hoge stood me up on a chair and cut my curls. Mrs. Hoge was a friend of my mother's whose husband was a professor in the college. I remember looking at the yellow rings of hair lying on the floor. We girls wore nets over our hair. Our mother made them. She made them of black silk thread, netting them over a pencil — like a fish net. At the top a long portion was left plain so a ribbon could be run through and tied at the top of the

head. It was a very nice way to dress children's hair so as to keep it smooth and tidy.

Usually Sister Libbie and I were dressed alike. We were for a long time about the same size, and many people thought we were twins. Then I took a start and began to grow, and became considerably the taller. Libbie always liked pink and I blue. I don't think so much pink looks well — I was too big to wear it.

I remember some of the pretty clothes we used to have when we were little girls. There was a garnet-colored cashmere which was different on the two sides and there was a merino which was alike on both sides. We used to get such pretty lawns in those days in all kinds of colors. Ma made them up with yoke and belt. I remember that the sleeves were cut with a perfect circle for the armhole, making the part under the arms only about an inch long and a puff on the top. I had long mitts of fine brown linen which my mother had embroidered. They reached above the elbow. Our mother used to take great pains with our clothes. We were supposed to wear sunbonnets and mitts to protect us against the sun. It was thought dreadful to get tanned as we did whenever we went out to Uncle John's farm. I can hear my mother saying, 'Oh, my child! I hate to take you to church. How you look!'

I remember the prettiest little bonnet that I once had. It looked much like a sweet pea. The crown went up this way — oh, you know how a sweet pea looks! It was made of a pretty shade of green silk and lined with pink. This bonnet was made by Miss Crippen, the milliner, and promised for Saturday night. But it was not finished until late and was brought home to us as a special favor Sunday morning, which impressed me very much.

I had green shoes to match that

bonnet, shoes made of green prunella and trimmed with ribbon pleating and buckles. I had another pair of shoes of which the front part was blue prunella and the back blue kid to match. With these pretty shoes we wore white stockings which were knitted from fine cotton. Our common shoes were made of black morocco or calfskin.

In all our play Sister Libbie and I were partners. We always did things together. It had to be an awfully hot night when we did n't sleep with our arms around each other. We slept so until we were married, and we were married on the same day. When one of us had a beau and the other one did n't, one would always wait until the other's company had gone before she went to bed.

We loved and admired each other devotedly. And indeed Sister Libbie was a pretty, dear little thing. I remember once when we were staying all night at Aunt Maria Foster's how I looked up and saw her standing there in her little shimmy, looking for fleas and shaking herself over the rose blanket. That's a kind of blanket that has a rose woven in one corner and is made with a very long fibre. Rose blankets were fine things to catch fleas.

Did n't you ever see a flea? Well, they used to be terribly common. The dust and air seemed to be full of them. The flea is n't bigger than a big pin-head, but he can bite and raise great ugly welts on tender flesh. But he has a beard on his legs, and so, if shaken off into a rose blanket, he is caught by his beard in the long fibre. We used to spread a rose blanket on the floor at night and then shake ourselves over it. As Libbie stood there in her little shirt, that night, she looked so sweet that I could n't resist calling out, 'Oh, come, Aunt Maria! Come quick! I've got something pretty to show you!' And I caught hold of Libbie's shimmy and

drew it tight around her, calling Aunt Maria to come. But Libbie called out: 'No, *don't* come, Aunt Maria, don't come!' And Aunt Maria came running, wondering what it was all about, and nodded and laughed at us and said: 'Yes, yes, she *has* a pretty shape.'

VI

(Prominent in Maria's family background stood out her two grandmothers. Each of them made a deep impression on her youthful mind. 'Were the two good friends?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' she laughed; 'both were good Presbyterians.')

Grandma Foster was a tiny little body, always immaculately dressed.

At Grandma Foster's school, little girls learned not only to read and write, but to sew and knit also. When the boys got so they could read well in the Testament, they were graduated.

We learned knitting, too. First we knit our garters, afterward our stockings. I knit eight pairs of socks for soldiers in the World War, but I did n't follow the instructions of the Red Cross; I shaped the feet the way Grandma Foster had taught me nearly ninety years before.

When we were little girls and went somewhere, we always took our knitting along. We had to knit so many times around before we could play. Children must learn to be useful, they thought in those days. My cousin, Lucinda Gillmore, came to play one day. 'My children have done their task,' said Ma. 'Just give me your knitting and I'll do yours.' We went running down to the orchard to the swing while our mother did Cindy's knitting. It made a great impression on me — Ma's doing Cindy's stint for her.

After sewing and knitting came spelling and reading. We used *Webster's*

Elementary Spelling Book, beginning with the *a-b*; *e-b*; and so on. Then came short sentences of just one line. Like this: 'Brass is made of zinc and copper.' Then another line telling something else that would be useful to know. Every line different; all important. We had the *New England Primer*, too. Then Grandma taught us the Roman numerals, so that we could open the Bible and know right away what chapter it was.

We were taught good manners, too, at Grandma Foster's school. At recess, the little girls used to play under the apple tree while the boys would romp in

the street. I remember that one day when I had been laughing boisterously Grandma called me to her and said mildly, — she always corrected us very quietly, — 'My child, if something amuses you, laugh, but not so loud.' When school was dismissed, it was n't just open the door and go out, but first the girls filed past Grandma, making a deep obeisance, and then the little boys marched by, caps in hand.

She had eight children and taught school at least thirty-five years after her husband died. That's what I call a full life.

(Grandmother Brown's next chapter will be 'Four Little Buckeyes')

FROM ATOMS TO STARS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

THROUGHOUT the ages intellectual progress has been due to three attributes of mankind—a deeply implanted, insatiable curiosity; a far-reaching, unrestrainable, unfetterable imagination; and an undaunted faith that there is order in the universe, an underlying harmony in nature. Dean Inge, who is one of the few distinguished men of letters to possess a keen and sympathetic understanding of the aims, ideals, and spirit of scientific inquiry, has written these words: 'The dramatic fancy which creates myths is the raw material of both poetry and science.' Curiosity, imagination, and faith—these are the qualities of mind which have led the natural philosophers of every age to search patiently amid the phenomena of nature that they

might perchance discover the reality behind and beneath the appearance of things.

To every investigator there come moments when his thought is baffled, when the limits of experimental possibility seem to have been reached and he faces a barrier which defies his curiosity. Then it is that imagination, like a glorious greyhound, comes bounding along, leaps the barrier, and a vision is flashed before the mind—a vision no doubt that is partly false, but a vision that may be partly true. It stirs up new ideas in the thoughts of the investigator, it fires him with a fresh enthusiasm and his curiosity spurs him on to further endeavors. Thus is brought about the gradual growth of knowledge.

I

The greyhound imagination of the Greeks pictured the atom, the ultimate particle of matter, smaller than anything that human eye can see. Almost three hundred years ago, the greyhound imagination of Pascal saw a vision of what was within the atom: 'Consider the last least object [the atom] at which he [the scientist] can arrive. Perhaps he will think that it is the limit of littleness in nature. But I will show him within this a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all the immensity of nature that one can conceive within the bounds of this epitome of an atom. He may see an infinity of universes, each with its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportions as in the visible world.'

In the light of the revelations of the last twenty-five years, Pascal's vision is indeed remarkable. Overdrawn though it undoubtedly is in some respects, there is more than a germ of truth within it, and the last phrase in particular is strikingly prophetic. We know to-day the proton and the electron and how in the hydrogen atom the latter revolves about the more ponderable former, very much as a planet about the sun. We know, too, that the heavier elements are composed of atoms having a nucleus made up of some compact aggregation of protons and electrons, while outer electrons in orbits like planets and comets revolve about this massive centre.

To-day the greyhound imagination of a Rutherford is leaping the barrier of the complex atomic nucleus, while the picks and spades and battering-rams of his associates are opening for us a breach into the very citadel of the atom. Here we are dealing with the limit of smallness to which the human mind has attained.

But the human mind goes outward to the immensities as well as inward to the atom. Here, too, the imagination has played its part and astronomers have done what Ulysses longed to do — 'To sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars.' Young men have seen visions and old men have dreamed dreams; these flights of the imagination have paved the way for the advance of knowledge. These visions and dreams with their high imaginative qualities are among the highest peaks of human achievement.

Man has looked out into space beyond the sun and solar system of planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, out beyond the six thousand stars visible to the naked eye, beyond the thousands of stars revealed to the eye by means of a telescope, beyond the millions of stars recorded photographically and estimated statistically — and what does he see? He sees spiral nebulae, clusters of one hundred million stars, island galaxies to the number of many thousands — possibly there are many millions. And of these myriad stars each one is a radiant sun, a sphere of inconceivably hot, glowing gas. The majority are as large as or larger than our sun, and their average distances are such that if one star were represented by a golf ball the next star would be another golf ball, or perhaps a football, or a small balloon, some thousand miles away.

II

To gain some idea of these astronomical distances let us imagine that the Golden Arrow, whose recent record of 231 miles per hour astonished the world, should travel around the earth at the equator, contenting itself with a speed of 200 miles per hour. It would complete the journey in five days. At the same speed it would cover the distance from earth to moon in fifty days.

It would arrive at the sun in fifty-three years. Neptune, the outpost planet of our solar system, would not be reached until fifteen hundred years had elapsed, and then through interstellar space the Golden Arrow would speed on and on for thirteen million years ere it would reach a neighboring star. After ninety thousand million years, when it has passed through all the stars of the Milky Way and arrived at the confines of our galaxy, — like a traveler who comes to the border town of his own country, — in a sense the journey has just commenced, the exploration of the universe is about to begin.

No doubt Shakespeare thought that he was taxing the imagination of his audience to the utmost when he made Puck, the messenger of the fairies, assert his capacity for speed thus: 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' Our generation would not tolerate a fairy who could do no better than that! Have we not the radio wave that will encircle the earth in one seventh of a second?

Let us then desert the Golden Arrow for a golden sunbeam, that swiftest known messenger, the electromagnetic radiation which travels through space at 186,000 miles per second. A sunbeam comes down to the surface of the earth, hits a smooth shiny object, and is reflected outward again. At the moment of rebound, vault into the saddle, and away you go to explore the universe. In one and one-third seconds you have passed the moon, in eight and four-tenths minutes the sun is left behind, and after four years the first neighboring star looms large ahead. Thereafter, every four or five years will bring you near to some great sun, or perhaps to some binary system where two great stars revolve about one another. Less often, but nevertheless not infrequently, it will be a multiple system of three or four or more suns re-

volving about one another in pairs, and the pairs about the common gravitational centre of their group. Undoubtedly there will be an occasional star that you will find, as you approach closely, to be surrounded, like our own sun, by a family of planets, of comets, and of meteoric swarms. What may you not see as your sunbeam carries you close to some of these planets? Our imagination loses itself in speculative wonderings.

But you will have abundant time to ponder on the sights and the marvels of any one group of stars or solar systems ere you reach another, — several years of meditation, — unless perchance your course leads you into a dense nebulous region of interstellar space where your sunbeam is buffeted this way and that, so that it is no easy matter to avoid disaster. An oxygen atom here, a nitrogen atom there, a meteoric fragment just beyond, and your sunbeam just misses the one, collides with the other, losing some of its energy, is buffeted by the third, and swerves off obliquely. Thus on and on from one excitement to another, year in and year out, until at long last the vast nebula is traversed and you emerge into less crowded regions of space.

One hundred thousand years of journeying thus will bring you to the outermost limits of the Milky Way, the frontiers of our galaxy — and what then? It is then, and then only, as your sunbeam begins its million-year journey across cloudless, starless space, that your exploration of the universe may be said to have really begun. Looking backward upon our galaxy, you see it as a mighty aggregation of a thousand million stars not distributed evenly in a spherical volume of space, but in a volume flattened above and below into a disc or lens-shaped configuration. Looking around you in all other directions, you see what seems to

be a vast void with here and there — incredibly far off — a faint, faint, hazy light. Let your sunbeam carry you toward the brightest of these phantom lights. As the centuries roll by, the great galaxy behind you recedes into the background until it too is merely a faint phantom patch of fuzzy light. More centuries come and go, and the phantom light before you grows more real, its true nature dawns upon you — it is another galaxy of many million stars.

Each one of the far-away phantom lights, and there are myriads of them, is a star galaxy, and we do not wonder that the spirit of the man in Richter's legend grew faint at the immensity of space and asked in tones of awe akin to dismay, 'End is there none to the universe of God?' 'And,' continues Richter, 'all the stars echoed the question with amazement . . . and this echo found no answer.'

III

The human mind roves through the universe exploring its mysteries from one end of the scale to the other, from the inconceivably small things — the electron, the proton, the atom — to the incomprehensibly vast things — the stars and star galaxies. Where is man in this scale of magnitudes? Man as a physical body, a quantity of matter, — as distinct from man as a mental and spiritual entity, — must be somewhere between these two extremes, the atom and the star. In ancient mythology, Astraea, the goddess of justice, is represented as a figure of commanding dignity holding in outstretched hand the scales or balance of equity. Imagine the goddess undertaking to weigh out the energy content of different material objects in the universe. In one pan she places an average man and from a cornucopia she pours individual atoms into the other pan. How many atoms

will be required to bring about a true and just balance? A thousand million million million million! Next she removes the atoms from the pan and in their place she puts one average star. Now the other pan is much too light, and so she puts more and more and yet more men into it until there are ten thousand million million million million men, when the balance is reached. Here, then, is man's place in the avoirdupois scale of the universe — almost but not quite halfway between atom and star. It is from this midway point that man, because of his mental and spiritual endowments, can survey the smaller things of nature on the one hand and the greater things upon the other hand with an ever-increasing curiosity and comprehension.

Let us suppose that two young investigators, filled with the curiosity, imagination, and faith of the scientific worker, come to Dame Nature and say: We wish to give our lives to scientific research, 'to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought' — what shall we do? To one Dame Nature replies: Take thou the atom. To the other she says: Take thou the star. Perhaps you think, as they do, that their paths will never cross — the one in his laboratory delving into the profundities of things so small no microscope will reveal them, the other in his observatory photographing a vast galaxy of myriad giant stars. You can imagine that possibly they will grow discontented with their lots, and, with that strange perversity of human nature, the one will come to Dame Nature and say: You told me to study atoms, but I should like to study stars! And the other returns and says: You told me to study the stars, but I want to study atoms! And Dame Nature smiles quietly as she replies: Yes, I told you to study the atom; return to your laboratory, bend

all your energy to the task, and some day you will find that the walls of your laboratory are expanding and expanding until they include — the stars. And to the other young investigator she answers: Yes, I told you to study stars; return to your telescope, your spectro-scope, and your measuring instruments, and lo! some day you will awaken to find that you are really studying atoms.

This is not merely a parable — it is the actual truth; and the remaining portion of this article will have failed in its purpose if it does not carry conviction that this is the case.

IV

The physicist and the astronomer have much in common and of necessity the latter owes a very great debt to the former. Since the astronomer can know nothing of the nature of the stars save what he can find written in the starlight, it is natural that he should early ask, — and he has been repeating the question at intervals ever since, — 'What is light?' At different times the physicist has made somewhat different answers. To-day, if he be in a humorous mood, his answer may be along these lines. He picks up a piece of red chalk and draws a sinuous curve to represent a wave. Above this he draws the figure of a runner striding from crest to crest with a small pack sack on his back. With orange chalk he draws another wave of slightly shorter wave length, — that is to say, the distance from crest to crest is less, — and on this is drawn an orange runner with shorter legs, since his stride is less, but carrying a larger pack sack. Then a yellow wave with a yellow runner, a green wave and a green runner, and similarly for blue, for indigo, for violet, until he has all the spectrum colors represented; but each successive wave is shorter from crest to crest, the corresponding mes-

senger has shorter and shorter legs, and the pack sacks are larger and larger. Can you picture the Marathon Race of the Light Rays? Ninety-three million miles away, at an instant *Go!* some atoms in the sun rearrange their orbital electrons, thus liberating some energy; out spring the little messengers with the spare energy in pack sacks on their backs and race away toward the earth. Who will win the race? Surely not the little violet runner with the very short legs and the very big load? Perhaps you would stake your all on the long-legged red runner with the small pack sack? But here is the remarkable thing: for eight and a fraction minutes they race abreast and at the finish there is no final sprint — they all break the tape together. It is a dead heat.

We might watch the runners in a longer race, a race from the Andromeda Galaxy to the earth, but if so we must have great patience, for when the runners leave that distant star cluster their little legs will flash up and down, backward and forward, for a million years before the finishing line is approached. Again it is a dead heat, and if the goal be the retina of your eye turned upward toward the constellation of Andromeda, at a certain moment the runners will all arrive and lay down their burdens. Each pack sack of energy upon your retina causes an electrical current to run swiftly up an optic nerve to the brain, and your brain informs you that at that moment you are seeing the Andromeda Galaxy. Thus the physicist, with some help from the physiologist, explains the sensation of 'seeing,' but he utters a warning regarding the interpretation of the sensation. When you say that you are seeing Andromeda Galaxy, you are seeing it as it was one million years ago, not as it is to-day — exactly what it is like to-day will only be known on the earth a million years hence when

the messengers now setting out from that far-off cluster have completed their long race.

But curiosity overcomes the circumspection of the physicist and provokes him to ask what that star cluster does look like to-day. To which question the astronomer makes reply that in all probability it looks very much as it did a million years ago, for in the age of a star or a star cluster a million years is no more than is one second of time in the life of an average man. It will be somewhat more spread out with less nebulous matter uncondensed into stars and it will be somewhat turned around, for the astronomer knows that this vast galaxy is slowly and majestically rotating with a period of some seventeen million years.

The picture of light which the physicist gives us is thus a dual one. We must think of a continuous undulating influence emanating from a radiating body if we are to explain reflection, refraction, diffraction, and interference of light — this the physicist calls his Electromagnetic Wave Theory of light. But if we would explain the mechanism of the emission of light by an atom, the absorption of light, photographic and photo-electric phenomena, we must fix our thoughts on the little runners and their pack sacks of energy — this the physicist refers to as the Quantum Theory of light. The essence of this theory is that to the runner associated with each different wave there is assigned a pack sack of definite size, and no runner will ever carry a pack sack either heavier or lighter than his own just, meet, and proper load, nor will he ever give up a portion of his load of energy — 'Take the whole or none' is his ultimatum to the atoms he encounters. An atom can accept a pack sack containing more energy than it can store, but after taking what it needs it must reradiate

the remainder as a ray of longer wave length — in other words, a new messenger goes off whose longer legs and slower stride are just suited to the lesser load of energy.

This picture is not limited to visible light. There are invisible waves, the infra-red, the heat, and the Hertzian or radio waves, each longer in wave length than the previous one and the corresponding quantum of energy smaller. So, also, there are the unseen ultra-violet rays, the X-rays, gamma rays, and the cosmic rays of shortest-known wave length. Quantum theory associates a messenger with each of these also, and the pack sacks increase steadily in capacity as the wave lengths diminish.

The astronomer ponders often, long, and deeply over the nature of light and the individual characteristics of the light from the sun and the stars. Gradually it has dawned upon him that with the aid of the physicist he can unravel many of the riddles of the stars. What are the stars made of? The physicist produces a table of the distinctive radiations emitted by the different kinds of atoms known on the earth. It is the Rosetta stone that makes possible the deciphering of the message in the starlight, and by its aid the astronomer finds that the same elements that build the earth build the sun and all the stars. How hot are the stars? Again the physicist rises to the occasion and shows how the color of a hot body changes as its temperature increases. This method of estimating temperatures by the color of the light radiated by the glowing body is in common use by metallurgists, who speak of a mass of molten metal being faint red, cherry, bright red, salmon, orange, lemon, light yellow, and so on as the temperature changes from about 900° F. to about 2000° F. The coolest stars are not much hotter than

the hottest metal obtainable in a furnace, and so the astronomer can extend the color scale farther up the spectrum to the hottest-known blue stars having surface temperatures of 20,000° F. or more.

How fast are the stars moving toward or from us? Once more the astronomer appeals to the physicist, and once more a reply is given which enables him to interpret the minute changes in positions of the spectrum lines as indicative of the velocities of the stars.

V

Astronomy owes an immense debt to physics, but the indebtedness is not entirely one-sided. The astronomer discovered in the sunlight evidence for the existence of an element unknown on the earth — helium. Physicists and chemists were at once on the alert to find it, and, when at length it had been found, helium proved to be of crucial importance in theoretical investigations in atomic structure, in radioactivity, and in spectroscopy. In fact, no atom save only the hydrogen atom has been more closely studied by physicists. The practical value of helium is well known on account of its being the best nonexplosive gas for lighter-than-air machines.

Many examples might be given of the ways in which the astronomer can throw light upon problems which at one time or another have baffled the physicist. Sometimes astronomy provides the physicist with startling new ideas of the properties of matter — properties undreamed of in the laboratory but clearly exhibited in the stars, where the conditions of high temperature far transcend anything reproducible on the earth. What physicist ten years ago would have even contemplated matter so compacted together that one cubic inch of it would weigh a ton?

Yet to-day the astronomer points directly to the faint companion star of Sirius and says, 'There it is, and here is the spectroscopic evidence which proves that this is so. . . .'

For many reasons the physicist is interested to know how much energy is required to knock an electron completely out of an atom, or, as he expresses it, to ionize an atom. For many of the elements he has been unable in his laboratory to measure this directly, and so the astronomer has come to the rescue. Indian and English physicists have evolved the theory underlying the problem, and astronomers at Harvard have asked stars of various temperatures to tell their ionization stories, with the result that carbon, silicon, scandium, iron, and other elements radiating in the stars provided some of the answers. At McGill University, instead of asking many stars of differing temperatures, one star whose temperature changes periodically was asked the question: What are the ionization potentials of iron, of vanadium, of yttrium, and of lanthanum? And in the starlight the answers were found.

An astronomer and a physicist were one day walking over an English meadowland where the skylarks were continually rising from the grass, soaring upward and upward, singing their glorious song of confident aspiration, higher and higher into the upper air — and then quite suddenly, like a falling stone, each skylark returned to the ground. After watching them for some time the physicist threw himself down on the grassy slope and said, 'I wonder how long, on the average, those birds stay up in the sky.' So they began to time them. One was up ten seconds, another eight, a third nine, and so on — nine, seven, twelve, nine, ten, nine, nine, eight, nine, eleven. . . .

'Well,' said the astronomer, 'I think

we have discovered something about skylarks — let us write a book on Birds, beginning thus: "The English Skylark is a little bird that flies up out of a meadow singing a beautiful song and staying up in the sky, on the average, nine seconds before he returns rapidly to the earth."

But the physicist did not laugh. He was deep in thought. At length he turned to the astronomer and said, 'Do you know, there is a problem that has been worrying me that is just like these skylarks! We know a good deal about calcium — one electron can be dislodged, leaving the atom with nineteen electrons going about the nucleus in orbits. When the atom absorbs a little energy, the outermost of these electrons behaves just like a skylark — it flies up to a higher orbit; true, it does not sing a beautiful song, but it does something else: it emits the loveliest little ripple of violet light — and then, suddenly, down it comes again to its ground level. My question is this: How long, on the average, does the skylarking electron remain up in its higher orbit?'

'The answer to your question is one hundred millionth of a second,' replied the astronomer. 'The sunlight tells us that, but it is a long story. Here it is in brief outline. Astronomers were perplexed because calcium atoms are abundant farther out in the atmosphere of the sun than even the lightest of all gases, hydrogen. Photographs of the outer atmosphere or chromosphere of the sun taken at the time of a total eclipse show the red and the yellow light from hydrogen atoms as far out as four thousand to six thousand miles from the sun's surface, but the violet light from ionized calcium atoms proves that those atoms are out as far as nine thousand miles from the photosphere. These atoms can only stay out there

if the sun's gravitational attraction, which is pulling them inward continually, is counterbalanced by the outward impulses given to the atom every time it absorbs the energy which sends its skylarking electron to a higher orbit. Thus the number of these impulses will depend upon the rate at which the electron returns to its lower orbit ready to receive another impulse upward.'

One hundred millionth of a second! To us this may seem an inconceivably brief interval, but to the electron it provides ample time for a million revolutions about the nucleus. Anyone can measure the passage of time to one fifth of a second with a stop watch, the physicist with his oscillograph measures intervals of one millionth of a second, but the timekeeping of the skylarking electrons transcends our powers of comprehension. At the other extreme is the astronomer's estimate of the age of a star, equally beyond our realization — ten million million years.

It is a solemn thought that no man liveth unto himself. It is equally true that no star, no atom, no electron, no ripple of radiant energy, exists unto itself. All the problems of the physical universe are inextricably bound up with one another in the relations of space and time.

You cannot solve the riddles of the stars without invoking the aid of the atom, nor can you fully comprehend the atom without the aid of the stars. On the uplifting wings of imagination the astrophysicist roams the universe from atom to atom, from star to star, from star to atom, from atom to star. Impelled by curiosity regarding the natural universe, encouraged by the evidences for his faith in the reality of cosmic harmony, he presses on and on — a sweet and a fitting thing it is to toil for the Truth.

THE BRITISH LADY

SINGIN' WILLIE'S TALE

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Love and the Waggoner's Lad

SHE were so dad charmin'!

Hit keeps your mind on the bright —
jist the pure scarletty flash of her in the
gloamin' of thought: all in her young,
brave, slim beauty — the high-born'd
British Lady, callin' of her balletty
tune for her losted love-boy: —

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

Some they calls her the redbird.
Ithers, some, down yander in the Blue-
grass, they 'lows that her onc't-ter-
was a proud card'nal preacher, girted
in yan clair rid vestimint, with the
bright poll bonnet, callin' the peoples
to prayer-song with yan sweet pitchy-
pipe.

But I goes 'em one better in gospel
truth, caiz I knows her own true
seecrit.

She hitself done tole me hit, long
ago, how her were thoroughbred a
British Lady, what disguiseded her in
thot fine-pretty reddy-coat of a soldier
captin', for to ride to the wars like a
man and hunt the wild deer of her
heart.

Them were the long-away times be-
hind the ole Revolutin' War: back
yander whar moughty Lord Braddock
defeated hisself in the Injun wildernis.
Fiddler John kin saw ye the dyin'd
tune of hit yit — the drummy-drums
drumblin', the reddy-coats scarlet-
tin', the black-hawks howl'din', and

how-all young Captin' Washin'un fit
back the same favor of yan Injun
divils.

Yea, hit were rightly the British
Lady what defeated proud Lord Brad-
dock, that-a-day!

Loved her, he did, back over the
water tides in his own countree.
Bowed down, he had, his lordly haid
to before her leetle foot-slipper, for to
buss her fine siller buckle. But his
lovey British Lady nodded him *Nay*
with her own proud-pretty haidpiece,
while she gazed her eyes, beyand-over
Lord Braddock's shoulder, to the fair
young sarvent lad was holtin' his
master's sword, thar — Sweet Wil-
lium, the Waggoner's Boy, the slim-
strong singer of ballet dreams.

And she nodded him *Yea*. . .

Who-all kin norate the quar, sweet,
foolish joy of terriblest love? . . .

Willie answered hit back, her *Yea* —
stiller than stone.

But proud Lord Braddock casted a
glint and heerd with his own eyes yan
silentful ballet, was liltin' thar betwixt
the British Lady's eyes and the eyes of
the Waggoner's Lad. And he riz up on
his turndin' heel, and he drewed the
sword from hits sheaf in Willie's hands,
and he p'inted the blade plumb west,
and he druv the fair Waggoner's Boy
clean afore him, out-over the fur wave
tides, high on the rid-coated deck of
his moughty war-ship, was outbound
for Amerikee.

The Broken Heart-Leash

What-all is more sharperer to hide
in your holler bosom than a loneless
heart?

When your lovey of dreams is clean
lost away, how-all kin ye holp but
to hanker after, and to up and foller on
the fur unknow'd trail?

This-yere proud British Lady stood
up on the toppest tower of her ole
castle roofbeam — sightin' of her eyes
fur off to the lastest gleam of her love-
boy's sail in the dyin'd of day.

Her maht have tooken her pick of
the lord captings and the lord kings,
ary and all in that ole British land of
hern; but, stid o' the hull pride of 'em,
her heart had picked her the fair poor
Waggoner's Lad, was sailin' thar into
a wild new world, under his angry
master's will.

The last sail died out away.

Then the British Lady stept down
of her toppest tower, and run to her
chamber room, and tored off her lady
gown'd, and coated and vested her all
in scarletty red, the likes of a lord sol-
dier capting, and her laigs britchened
in slick-long leathery boots, and her
fine-purty haars tucked up in a piedy
cockade. And that-a-way her com-
mandered anither gret ship set sail,
with her hitself in the wind-blow'd
wings, and follered after in yander
heart-rid wake of her Waggoner's Boy
— on and on, over the awfulsome tides,
to fur Amerikee.

But afore she'd retched to the west-
ern cornder o' the world and set her
foots on yan new airth, Lord Braddock
he'd marched his reddey-coat army
plumb off to High Verginny and the
tall-deep crick-timbers of Pennsylvany,
for to harrer the wild Black Hawks in
the Injun wars.

Hot-angery yit were gret Lord Brad-
dock in his fiery pride, ferwhy the
British Lady she'd nodded him *Nay*,

and given over the clair love in her
eyes to his low-born'd ballet-singin'
sarvent boy, instid to his high master
hisself.

And so were why he made Sweet
Wil-li-um for to be the haid-carter of
his 'stab'lary waggons, and command-
ered him to hitch his hosses and drive-
on his army cart, a seven-day trail
ahead of him, on into the wildernis,
the same of a poor waggoner's lad
like he'd ben in his ole British island
kingdom.

That-a-way proud Lord Braddock
aimed he's raht smart vingeance his
jealousy heart agin the cruel British
Lady's disdainfulmint.

Then Sweet Wil-li-um he tuck a
long, tough ravel-leash of his broken'd
heart, and made him thereof his wago-
nin' whip, and cracked hit in the
darkle of dawn, like the gret hum-
twang of a burstin' fiddlestring, and
lilted to his hosses on yander lonesome
trail into the wildernis: —

'I git on Ole Smokey

All kivered with snow;

I's lost my ole true love

By courtin' . . . too . . . slow . . .

'All Saddl't and Bridl't'

So thar, a seven-day len'th behind
of that lone ballet song, Lord Braddock
is goned into the Injun wars. And
under the high-tall crick-timber his
drumblin' drums drumbled more deep-
erer than a thousand of pa'ttidge
birds; and his reddey-coats' bay'net-
p'int's outflashed the buck deers' horns;
and his pieded flags flewed and flut-
tered more gayider than the ridbud
blooms, was flamin' in the ambers of
sun-up.

But away-y fur behinder, the high-
born'd British Lady was mounted down
offen her high ship-deck by the salt
tide shore, and hasted her after,
huntin' of the unknow'd trails.

Nigh and fur, she axed for her losted Willie boy, who-all mought a-heerd his waggoner whip crackin' his broken'd heart in the dawny air. And some answered her *here*, and some answered her *yander*.

And from one she boughtened a rid-roan steed, all saddl't and bridl't; and forthly she rid towards the high-tall crick-timbers, on and on, in the westward.

And thar her scarletty coat and her cresty pied cockade pranked purtier than the rid-pinks of the flaxreed flowers in the crick froth dapples, where she forded her naggie high-over her sterrup tops.

And allers and everly while she rid, she beaked her rid-rosy lips and callt her loverin' cry:—

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

So charmful she were—the slim proud British Lady, toggged all in her young lord boy-traps, right smart these-yere wildin' honey-bees come around her haid in a dawzzle swarm, answerin' yan sweet cry of her lipses, like herself were a singin' tulip-flower.

Yit none of an answer come back from her own Sweet Willie, was drivin' his waggon team, fur on the losted trails, liltin' his lonesomey tune:—

*'I git on Ole Smokey
All kivered with dust.
Nary a one out of ten thousand
I ever . . could . . trust . . .'*

Lord Braddock's Defeat

But the days rid allers on till the night darks. And the timber darks was shaddersome with ghosty foxfires and the barkin'd of gret beastes. And the lightnin' storms come adown, mid of the wild thonders. And the lovey British Lady spattered and fell in the deep pit o' black mires. (Yea, and that

mirey black hit streakles her reddy-coat yit and the veiny fringes of her temple brows!) And thar, at-a-last, her had plumb losted her fine-pretty steed, and squantered she did, on foot, all by her lone, to the nixt grey uppin' of dayrise, where she sot stock-down on a gret low-flat stone, weepin' her eyes in the fog-mist.

Yan gret flat rock were shore the dogtrot o' Hell. For outen a grey misty door here come now the ole Deevil Black Man hisself, in the favor of a fearsome hawk-bird, treadin' of his moughty toe-p'inters, and hunched hisself down to beside the British Lady.

'What-fer why is you weepin', lovey?' says the gret Black Hawker.

'I's losted!' says the British Lady. 'Who-all kin bring me yander to proud Lord Braddock and his Reddy-Coats?'

'Hit's me and my Grackle-Crows kin bring ye to yander,' answers the ole Black Hawker.

And thar he shrilled from his neb a quare deep cry, which hit war answered back by a gret creakly crackerin' noise, the likes of holler rib-bones tinklin' on a windy gallers-tree, arter a last-year lynchin'.

And lo, here come outen the fog-dawn sech a ghasty shadder-flock of scritch'n' grackle-birds what hit plumb froze the British Lady's heart in a solid of ice.

Then beholt, the gret Hawk Deevil riz up the slim proud lady on his black shoulder-wings, and flewed off with her over the high timber tops, amid yan hellyon army of crackerin' crowbirds, in a purply cloud-squall.

All day long they flewed into the westerin' sundown, till thar they descended amiddist of an Injun powwow on the verges of an ambush bottom, narrer betwixt two slanty timber ridges. For thar the gret Black Hawker moulted

his favor and becomed to a moughty Sachem, and round of him his army of grackle crowbirds become to a feathery possel of Injun divils, which they limb-danced thar afore their Black Hawk chief and his scarletty squaw-woman — the young, slim, captivated British Lady.

Till now, on suddent, they hushened as still . . . as still as the stillsome timber hitself, and listened all to north'ard.

Drums — drums — drums — drumblin' to north'ard!

Quiet war the crackerin' crows. . . .

Fifes — fifes — fifes — flutin' so gaysome!

Hush were the gret Black Hawker.

Bay'net-knives — bay'nets — shine-din' so steely glintsome!

Still war the British Lady — fearsome white in her scarletty vest. . . .

Flags — flags — piedin' so fearless fair!

'Death!' boomered the Black Hawker.

'Death!' shracked the shreakin' grackle-crows.

'Death!' howl'ded the high timber to the tommyhawks.

'Death!' groan'ded the proud Lord Braddock in his scarlet blood. 'Cuss o' my death to a cruel British Lady!'

'Death!' moan'ded the British Lady hitself — so fearsome white in her redy-coat. 'But whar-all is *him* — my Waggoner Boy?'

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Willy-O!'

'Hit's Black Hawk shall be fer your Waggoner Boy!' hollered the Sachem Deevil. 'To wing, thar! To wing, ag'in! On into the sundown, yander!'

And yander ag'in the wild Hawk Deevil riz up the slim red lady on his black shoulder-wings, and flewed off

with her over the high timber tops, amidist his army of hellyon grackle-birds — into the downin' sunball: on into the blood-rid death-dyin' of yander day.

But beyander — and everly beyander — on the lonesome night-trails into the long dark, the fur-off voice of her Waggoner's Lad riz up back one't more to the British Lady, and her heart could hern hit, liltin' up slow and eerie, outen the deep still wildernis: —

'Hit's rainin', hit's rainin',
And the moon gives no light.
My hosses cain't travel
So dark . . . as . . . to-night . . .'

Rehoboth Water

How-all doos I know hit, my fellers?

Where-all did I heerd hit — this-yere seecrit true heestery of the British Lady, with her loverers, lord-born'd and low-born'd?

In my cornlikker, says you?

Nay, sirree, friend rounders! My cornlikker were the end-death of hit, but the likker of anither shinedin' sperrits were the beginnin'-life.

Not Cornlikker, hit warn't; but Rehoboth Water, hit were, whereby yan revealment come unto me, like a flash o' blessidnis outen the ole Bible well.

Friend Preachin' Charlie he kin sarmon ye whar rightly hit lays in the Bible — Rehoboth Well, which that Isaac he digged in Ginesis, Isaac, the sprig of old Abraham, how-all the Scriptur hit says: —

'And he removed from thence and digged anither well; and for that they strove not, he called the name of hit Rehoboth, and he says: For now the Lord has made room for us, and us'ns shall be fruitful in the land.'

Yea, for that they strove not, and the

warrin' of men and beastes is all over and done and still in the breasts of their sperrit, and room fer us'ns all to be fruitful; so therefore is Rehoboth Water purely the spring o' life to the preacher-prophets and the poeters and the low-born ballet-dreamerers, which they is publicans to the squanterin' bird-tribes, and sinners with the leetle beauty-suckin'd bees and the ither wild divil beastes, and has speech with 'em all, heart fer heart, on the mountainy lonesome trails.

And so hit were how a still Pine Mount'in angel, onc't of a stair-glisty night, come awanderin' back home from the ole Ginesis well of Palestine, where he'd filled him his britch-bottle thar, and sot him down by a leetle pool holler on Gib Branch, and tuck hit out fer a swig, his clair bottle-flask, and spilt down seven sacrid draps of yan ole Rehoboth Water in this-yer new-world pool, wipin' of his angel lipses.

So everly sence that behappened, yander Gib Branch pool is ben the baptizin' fount fer all the mountainy preachers of ourn, whar they brings their come-to-Christers fer the hully immersin', and raises 'em up thar outen Rehoboth Water to a new-born'd life of the sperrit body, clean shet o' the ole flesh.

Leetle a ways hit lies from my own home cabin, yan still crick pool — like conscience in the bosom of man: like clair meditation in the imagin' heart of God. And thar I war settin' my lone in ridbud warm time, betwixt my cornlikker flask and my dulcimore, belist'nin' the drap-drip of Rehoboth Water tricklin' over the rock aidge down, when hit riz up outen my heart, like a fur-off mimory, yan ole lilt o' *The Waggoner's Lad*; and I picked my dulcimore, and I sung'd hit thar out-aloud, dreamsy and slow-sadful:—

'Hit 's rainin', hit 's rainin',
And the moon gives no light.
My hosses cain't travel
So dark as to-night.

'Go put up your hosses
And give them some hay.
Come set you down beside me
As long . . . as . . . you . . . stay. . . .'

'Sweet Wil-li-um'

All suddent, then, from the high timber, I heerd a piercin'd cry-call:—

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

And lo, here come on the wing a scarletty red-bird, dodgin' her down and tackin' ziggyzag, and beholt — pinnin' her close to behind — war a gret black hawk, makin' his pitch to fast her with his claw-p'inters, till *whizzz!* — plumb down her made a wild dive-dip in-under the clair pool water, and riz ag'in up outen the shore shallers.

But thar — dad bless my startin'd eyes! — her riz up now fresh-born'd in the slim proud favor of a British lady, girted in a shinedin' reddy-coat, the likes of a young lord soldier captin', and her laigs britchened in slim-long leathery boots, and her fine-purty haars crestin' a piedy cockade. — And that-a-way she sprang'd, berry-bright, on the green banks, retchin' of her quick arms to me-wards, and threwed herself *spang* on the bosom o' mine, cryin' ag'in her sobbin'd lovely call:—

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

But the gret black hawk swarved up back from yan clair Rehoboth Water, and percheden hisself on the bough of a daid pitch-pine tree, and hollered a shrill *Quaw-ovk!* which hit were answered by moughty a creakly crackerin' of grackle-birds, that purpl't the timber, high-round of the ole Black Hawker, peakin' of their cockin'd eyes centr'ably downover on the British

Lady, was sobbin' her heart in my arms thar.

Yea, sich hit war how she tole to me, leetle and more, the seecrit tale of her heestery what's outed here, and how-all, for a hundred year and over, her had peeked and pined her heart in the captivity of yan old Black Hawk Deevil, everly huntin' of the mount'in-ivy trails for her losted Waggoner's Lad, till — lastest last! — she'd heern now the lilt of his ballet-song by this-yere Rehoboth Pool, and dive-dipped the pure water, and riz up on her Singin' Willie's breast, newborn'd and salvationed. . . .

Yea, then! Were I, Singin' Willie, fer shore her own Sweet Wil-li-um? Me — her losted Waggoner's Boy! And her, she'd nodded me her love, in dispite of proud Lord Braddock, that druv me to the ole wars? And me, had I cracked the leash o' my broken'd heart in the dawny air, long ayander?

Seemed hit were so: seemed hit nacherly all were purely so! Yit how-fer to nacherly prove hit?

For who-all kin bescribe imagical love? Or who-all kin weave him a sightful garmint for the moughty wonder of the leetle words of love? Yea, evenly by words, kin the ballet live on, and hits music still? Mimory — is not hit losted music, found? Beauty — is not hit woven'd mimory?

Us spoke leetle words together — the lovey British Lady and me. Us balleted sweet mimories together thar, by Rehoboth Pool. Us lived in yan sperrit of beauty together, and hits music welled up clair and baptizied us'ns in the everlasterin' waters.

But the tale of hit all is dumb; for the deepest stillness war the best of hit.

Us paced together the wet-green laurel trails — her in her scarletty gear, all of a waxberry bright, and me in my woodmouse grey, drumblin' my

cedary dulcimore. (Yea, and still the mirey marks of the ole saddle-ride streakled yit her coaty and swallertail and the fringes of her timple brows!)

But everly over our haid's they peaked thar down, and glared us with their burdin' eyes — the fearsome ole Black Hawker and his Grackle Deevils.

Why-fer did I heedance them fearsome eyes? What-fer why did I strive agin them back?

Yea, wherefer did I fergit ole Isaac, that digged him his Bible well; 'and for that they strove not, *he called the name of hit Rehoboth . . . for now the Lord has made room for us, and us'ns shall be fruitful!*'

But I could n't no more to bear hit, how allers them Deevils watched her with their hatesome eyes, aimin' fer to captivate her back away from me — this British Lady, so lovey she were, so dad charmin', thar, in her purty fine cockade!

All suddent, so jealous I were, and anger-hearted, that I clean fergitted the onliest spell what could ward away off sich divils and keep my love salvationed — yan hully spell of Rehoboth Water — the ole still spring of meditation. . . .

'Dod blether ye, ole Black Hawker!' I hollered him, up on his daid pitchpine bough. 'And you uns, too, ye divilsome grackle-crows! Hold off your leerin' eyes, thar, offen my slim proud lady!'

And I grabbed up my cornlikker flask, aimin' for to biggen the anger in my blood. And I tipped hit to my lipses and swallowed.

But to that the British Lady quickened me a quar frighty look, and started her hand to the flask-bottle, which hit spilled, jerkin', and throwed nine draps o' cornlikker plumb in the still waters of Rehoboth Pool.

That-a-way the green bright world darked nigh out; and I heerd a quare splashin' in the waters, like a thousand of wing-fowl were divin' and dippin'; and nextly I heern a horriblest *Quaw-owk!* and the moughty wings of the Black Hawker spattered me by, wet with the pizened waters; and the dark were creaklin' with a crackerin' whirl, dyin'd away off and offer, and thar-amiddist come back a fur, sobbin'd cry-call: —

'O, sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

Never sence that minute, when them nine draps o' the Deevil pizened out the sacrid seven o' the Angel in yan still Rehoboth Water — never sence, has the lovey British Lady riz up thar, outen the shallers ag'in, in the favor of yan scarletty soldier captin, with the piedy cockade.

But times when the turndin' year comes round onc't more to the bloomin' of ivy laurel and the creaklin' o' grackle-birds, and I sets my lone by the still water, I hears onc't ag'in the drumblin' pa'ttidge drums, and the toodalong fifes, and the death-dyin' *quawk! quawk!* and spies the flutterin' bloom o' the ridbud flags, and the bright waxberry blood-drops, on yan ole trail of proud Lord Braddock's Defeat.

And tharamid I catches the glint of her own reddy-coat — the fine-purty reddy-coat of my losted love, so charming she were, and yit *is!* — the wanderin' British Lady, huntin' the long trails still for her Waggoner's Lad, aimin' for to hear his ole ballet rise ag'in acrosst the unpizened pool of Rehoboth Water.

And so I never fetches thar my cornlikker flask, nary ag'in, to yander stillsome place. But, stid, I packs my cedary dulcimore, aimin' for to unbedwitch thar yan nine divilish draps and ristore the angel seven.

And mebbe so I will. And mebbe her hitself will come ag'in to my heart breast thar, when I picks the quiet strings — like the fur crack of a waggoner's whip in the dawning air — and lirts to her this-yere last of her own Sweet Wil-li-um's ballet: —

'Go put up your hosses
And give them some hay.
Come set you down beside me
As long as you stay.

'My hosses is n't hongry,
They won't eat your hay.
I drives on to Georgie
And feeds on my way.

'I go build me a log cabin
On the mount'in so high,
Whar the wild goose and redbird
Kin hear . . my . . . sad . . . cry . . '

GRENDDEL WALKS AGAIN

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

I

WINTER had slipped away, and its outgoing found us 'sitting pretty' on the world's rim, very secure in Nimiuk. Weather was raw; snow held, though darkened now and moist, unlike the clean and brittle coat of our deep northern winter. The ice was yet unmoved on the great River; summer was yet but the substance of things hoped for. And I, who reveled so in the clear, white, dry cold, found these days dark and uninviting, and so kept within.

Then late one afternoon there came a sharp call at the telephone, a quick voice speaking:—

'Are you well?'

'Yes—certainly. Why?'

I recognized the voice of Dr. Gregor, the little Scots health officer, whom I knew slightly. I was frankly curious, but had not long to wait, for his amazing message came almost gaspingly swift, as from a man spent with running.

'Report at the basement of the Catholic Church at six. You are to take charge, as night nurse, of our emergency hospital there.'

'But—why—what has happened?'

'It's come. It's hit us. In the last three days nine hundred of our thousand here in Nimiuk are down with it. They are sending in fifty men from the creek mines, this afternoon. We will put them in the church, with Dr. Towers in charge. You are an officer of the Red Cross, and on your feet. I will tell Dr. Towers to look for you at six.

Wear a gauze mask, saturated in weak carbolic.'

'But, Dr. Gregor, I don't know a thing about nursing. I've never even been in a hospital. I—'

'There's death abroad in our camp. I'm nearly single-handed here to meet it. As health officer, I count on you to report for duty.' And the receiver clicked down.

II

That strange Church of Our Lady seemed a gray and cheerless place, perched on the low bank of the frozen River. Inside, in the half-lighted basement, was pandemonium. Fifty men, on fifty improvised cots, filled the unspacious room. In one sense they were men no longer, but merely terror-stricken children now. For these great husky miners—Scot and Irish, Swede and Dane, Russian and Montenegrin—were, most of them, gigantic bodies who had never known the meaning of a day of sickness. Out of the air had come a brute mysterious Something. It caught and threw them, helpless as in jujitsu grip; it held them there, not only weak and fevered and depressed in mind, but crowded with a panic terror of this Unknown, of the oncrowding shadows in this strange dim room where they had been herded, stripped protesting, bathed yet more protesting, and thrust with scanty explanation into strange beds, by strangers who were alien townfolk and who spoke a language literally unknown to many of them.

The first glimpse I had at one scared Montenegrin's face reflected such real fear that I tore off the safety mask, realizing that it, at least, must not contribute to the panic horror. With that disfigurement removed, I tried to smile down the man's fear; for, even in this moment of first entry into that dark crypt which was to prove the scene of so much vigil, I was instinctively agrope for contact. I, too, had known a panic — nothing less — at Dr. Gregor's sharp imperative summons. I was more than ignorant of any nursing art, innocent of the slightest minim of its technique. All the years of my maturity had been spent in lonely, far, and mountainy places where, so God willed, no sickness ever came. And, while I dimly knew that such things were, they had not been for me or mine.

Surely Dr. Gregor realized my gross incompetence — surely someone could be found, by yet another dusk, to tend them capably. I would help — oh! I would help until my fingers cracked from weariness. To help would be a joy, if I were not alone responsible.

The harried woman who had been in daytime charge of this improvised pesthouse made a short list of things for me to do; and then, disgustedly, showed how to take a temperature, when I most timorously disclaimed knowledge even of that simple operation. She laid out bottles with strange names, with doses to be given under certain conditions (inwardly I quailed, for how was I to diagnose conditions?), and then she said, 'Here are the strychnine and the morphine. Give hypodermics, as indicated.'

Strychnine and morphine! Maybe you can say those names without a qualm; but to me they were drugs of deadly and mysterious import. How was a person who had but this moment learned to take a temperature (and never did learn accurately to take a

pulse) to use intelligently the hypodermic needle?

'Where is Dr. Gregor?' I asked.

'You'll not see him at all. He has eight hundred patients already — don't you know that? Dr. Towers has charge here, and he's left for the night. He said he'd not be called for anything. He thinks he's coming down with it himself, and I guess he went home to wrap himself around as much old Scotch as his skin can hold. Don't call him, or he'll bawl you out. I know him. He said, "Tell her to just get on the best she can. It's likely that these Serbs and Montenegrins will go quick, anyway."'

That was my first — but not my last — encounter with our Dr. Towers.

III

Though I was helpless, I found I had two helpers. One was a Swiss prospector who had volunteered for service — sturdy, phlegmatic, a hard-working chap, who spoke so little English that our necessary conversation had to be carried on in scraps of spoken German and written French. He was quick in pantomime, however; and in the weeks that followed he and I did surely qualify as first-class movie actors, since meanings we could not convey by signs were literally not worth conveying! Adolphe really was a treasure, with no hard menial task ever beneath him or beyond him.

But the real treasure-find was Dick, my 'first assistant' — ex-jockey from Kentucky, and professionally most proficient in manipulation of the needle. When I confided to him my dread of those drug names, and use of hypodermic needle, he threw his head back and laughed outright. 'Why, that's the one thing I know like the road home!' he cried. 'There's lots more to racing, let me tell you, than

sitting tight on leather. I can dope or jazz a pony in the dark, and make a neat, clean job of it. I make him win or lose, as pretty! Don't fret yourself about those needles, ma'am. Just wise up little Dick here to the times you want these Bohunks "shot," and turn me loose. I'll dope the whole blame churchful for you, to the Pope's own taste. That's all those names are, ma'am. Nothing to be scared of — just dope and jazz for ponies. I'm your lad who's got the sure-fire trick to all of 'em.'

And, what is more, he had! I watched with some anxiety, at first, warning him to be careful, and — having had a deal of practical experience myself with horseflesh — fearing that here the well-known five-times formula for everything that's equine might not be carefully reversed again to human measure. Yet, when I spoke of this, Dick looked me strangely in the eye and answered with a quiet finality: 'Why do you think I came to Nimiuk?'

Dick was not only careful and always cool, but his unshaken realism kept me sane, I think, in those dark nights of mad unreason. And his turfy wit was tonic. Once he had spent a month or so in hospital, laid up there with a broken leg caught in some steeplechase mishap; and being most observant, never fearing to ask questions, he had become a favorite with the internes and had gathered in that catchall head of his the queerest mix of data — which we sorted out together in the long night watches, and found most helpful. This little whip of a man, unlearned yet so resourceful, leaving his blue-grass land 'between two days' perhaps thus to escape his own pursuant past, was to become to me a symbol of that true efficiency which the North hammers, freezes, somehow stamps, into all those who will endure it, though they be very outcast.

IV

How it was that first night passed, I never could remember. There remained only a confused sense of my intolerable fatigue, of comfort in the abilities — up to their limit — of Adolphe and of Dick; but most of all there underlay my own unlimited and overpowering inefficiency.

And well I knew there was no outside help to turn to. That Dr. Gregor had been forced to give a post of trust to one so utterly incapable was proof enough of the desperate straits to which our little gold camp had already come. The nearest town was sixty miles by river; and that town, as we already knew, thought itself much worse stricken by the influenza than were we. Its heart was gone, and it was crying out to us for help. Only two trails of many hundred miles (both little used in winter, all but impassable in spring) led to the outside world, and these were over distant ranges which pierced the sky. Not even first-class mail was moving now across that frozen, long, white emptiness. The little coast towns too knew terror, and beyond the coast lay a week's voyage to any city worth a name, whence help might be expected. And what help was there?

We had a thing we called 'expecto,' another something we called 'hex.' We had a very limited supply of alcohol, soon to be exhausted; and we had the strychnine and the morphine. 'One braces, one depresses. Just give a shot, as needed.' And that was all. Yet fifty useful lives of men dangled upon that needle's point of sharp oblivion. Oh, *why* had I not studied medicine — or at least nursing — instead of wasting the good years on histories and psychologies?

That first night had no end, for all the other nights were of a piece with it.

When, after multiplied long hours, the day shift finally began to reappear and the woman now in charge said briskly, 'I'll look for you again at six,' I could not actually believe it had been only just one night which now was past since I had seen that little town before, by daylight.

Slowly I dragged great swollen feet of lead the few blocks toward my home. The streets were empty and the houses gray and dark. Here were the homes of friends, yet who of them remained unstricken now? I could not stop to ask. I only knew this plague of fear had stalked and caught us, unawares, and I must help to fight it. Yet I could find no cutting weapon to my hand, but only weariness and the too inescapable fact of my own inutility. I slumped down on the edge of the high-built-up sidewalk. Though I could easily see my home, up the street there but a little way, I knew that I could never reach it. The feeling did not frighten me; it just came slowly down, like the invincible screwed application of a great press. No, I could never reach my home.

I do not know how long I sat there. No one passed. Nothing happened, though the day grew larger. Then at last I was aware of something. The sun was now quite high, and something moved; I felt it switch about my feet, and, looking down, saw water. Water was beginning to run in this ditch—water, which these streets had not seen for more than seven months.

If water came, where was our wall of cold, the one sure bastion that we so far knew against these air-blown animalcula? If water came, could spring be far behind its flow? Spring in these latitudes would mean no slow unfolding of green verdure with soft zephyr, but the roar of ice-fed rivers, upheaval of the frost-bound earth, annihilation of all wheel- or sledge-

borne transportation; and, in those pre-aviation years, that was all we knew in Nimiuk. It would mean two, or possibly three, weeks of violence, cataclysm, danger, and discomfort, even under the best conditions, plus all of the precarious uncertainty that only those can know who have existed in spring flood time at the incalculable riparian mercy of a great river.

Some think of cold as always hostile, but it can be a friend, a very fortress. It can cover the ugly, purify what's tainted, cure and cleanse the pestilent unseen. What refuge could I find now for my men (for they were mine, already) if these slight tricklets moving at my feet met with a million million more, and the great River rose at last and broke its ice bands, to pour down over and upon them where they lay, in that lower room so often (almost always, I well knew) submerged in a swift flood of ice-in-water and dead muck when the great River heaved and broke and came destroying, with the spring?

I jerked like any puppet to this string, of thought on what might come. I rose and started on, the new fear overbalancing the old. The River triggerpoised its threat, and I knew all too well the menace of that lethal River.

V

Yet on the second night things went much better. We were getting organized, strung out. The fifty beds began to take on personality and to be charted in my mind, as on my improvised day sheet, with order and some clarity. Obviously, a few were much more seriously ill than others. Somehow we must determine which of our men were on or near to or approaching that unknown danger line, and concentrate our energies on them, trusting that 'healing power of nature' I had

heard the doctors speak so glibly of to champion those others.

There was still no Dr. Towers in evidence when I returned that second night, at five this time, hoping to catch him by coming early, and press an answer to the lengthy list of questions I had made. The woman in day charge answered my queries wearily — warily, too, when I begged her to tell me which of the men were really sick — ‘very sick, I mean.’

‘They are all very sick, or they’d not be here. Don’t you know that?’ she snapped. ‘And Dr. Towers is just where he was yesterday, and says he’s not to be disturbed to-night, for anything.’

‘But, suppose — suppose some one of our men should — in the night, I mean — should —’

I hesitated — a child before that door jarred open into blackness. She was no child, however, but a woman hardened in the rough of gold camps, wise in many ways and far more competent than I, yet made untender by the sharp-edged bitterness of struggle.

‘Are you trying to say “die”? Well, say it! Everybody dies. You’ll come to it, and I will. You can’t sidestep it. I tell you, Dr. Towers won’t come back, and won’t answer telephones, no matter what happens. He said to tell you just that. Is that plain? He wants his sleep.’

Still I had faith left in my notion: that some must be in more danger than were others; that we must not spread out our little strength too thin, but concentrate on those in vital need. Since there was no keen, kind physician nigh to give the clue I felt I wanted so, I must build up a Doctor Luke from my own memory and imagination. I tried to reconstruct in vision all the physicians I had ever known or seen, their bedside manner and their personality. I could remember vividly the

family doctor of my childhood, whose breezy entrance always brought relief and joy even before he fairly reached his patient. What secret had he in himself, more rare and precious than the simple drugs he left behind in bottles?

You knew that he was not afraid, no matter what ghost thing might haunt the sick room. And then he made you think of pleasant things. He bucked you up. He made you laugh, if in any way he could, even when you had double mumps and laughing almost killed you. But that was just familiar plain psychology, and not a thing learned only in the clinics. Here, then, were two good firm familiar facts to build upon in all this whirl of strange environment; and Dick’s sane horse sense would, I could see already, prove an invaluable third point of support to base us on what was solid and what was real.

So I shook down the little fever stick with a snap and vim that should have pleased a Red Cross nurse, and as I stuck it under the first tongue of this my second evening I began to tell a yarn. It was the funniest story I could think of, and it concerned a mining claim belonging to a Swede this patient very likely knew. One eye upon the watch hand, I told my anecdote. The man’s face lighted up, and the thermometer was snatched at last from his convulsive gasping mouth as he burst into chortles of good laughter. For years thereafter he could never see me without slapping his great thighs in glee, roaring in recollection of my Swede story, and joking with me about my cruelty in making sick men laugh! But at the time I reasoned, as I left Bed No. 1, ‘There’s a patient I’ll not worry about. He has some fever — yes. But he can see a joke — his spirit is awatch; he’ll swing the body part.’

Some of the beds were ghastly, though; no fire of hope struck there. The Irish and the Scotsmen all were splendid, and rose manfully to my poor dangling bait of humor. I got down all the names that night, and with the names a wealth of background color. My stories all depended on the names. No need to tell a verbal slang joke to an Englishman, or joke of any species I could find to Russian or to Serb. These last two proved, through all the weeks, to be our hardest problem. Try as I might, I felt I never reached them, for they were hid behind a barrier which I could never break. Their folk theme was composed in minor key, full of strange intervals, and pitched so low my voice could never compass what was written there, beneath those lines and spaces.

The Scotsmen were my brothers, for I am three parts Caledonian myself. In all the Irish, too, I found a quick response. Not for naught had my great-grandfather been a Dublin man, and perhaps one such upon a family tree is quite enough. The Irish names went down almost en masse upon my 'plus list,' as I called it. The Bryntersons, the Björnsons, and the Stojlbergs were a little harder; responses were less quick, eyes were less promptly kindled. And yet luck played me well here, too; for, though I did not know it at the time, later I learned that Dane and Swede, Finlander and Norwegian, each had taken me for kinswoman, because I chance to be so tall and very blonde. Each in his fashion had responded to that fancied call of race, with the rich clannish loyalty so sensitive in Northmen.

I was far happier now, for I was really doing something: testing a theory with the facts, and it was working. That in itself, while far from scientific medicine, was surely scientific method — was n't it? I forced myself to put

away the thought that men's lives hung upon these kindergarten psychologic tricks of ours, assuming courage that we did not have. Surely doctors could not let their minds dwell on the constant agony of being warden to the gates of death. We must do something of the same, in our so ill-equipped nocturnal laboratory.

Events proved that our procedure had some virtue in it. Ten names went down upon our 'minus list' that night; and it spoke well for the precision of our method that nine of those same ten developed cases of pneumonia before many days, and proved to be our real and serious clinic. The tenth was a blond Swede who lay like Siegfried stricken. He made no move for days and days, he spoke no word at all; and always that slow fever still persisted. Then one night as I rubbed him down with some mite of our precious alcohol (I had worked out a heat-evaporation theory, based on remembrance of desert bottles hung to cool beneath the mess wagon) those pale blue eyes caught mine and he looked up and said the only sentence I recall of all those twenty nights and more in which I tended him: 'It smells nice.' Then and there I put this Endstrom on the plus list, and he did recover.

That second night we saw delirium. I did not know it first for what it was, and tried to reason gently with the Serb's hot and distorted singularity. He must catch a train — he must get up and dress and go. Useless to say there was no train. Useless to say he must not, could not, go. With an unhuman morbid strength he gathered up the draperies of his couch and proceeded then and there to go. Dick and Adolphe could not hold him, though finally we did somehow ram him back into his bed, exhausted. We were worried, desperately, for with all these helpless children to be cared for we

could not all three of us stand by through the night and force this mad, hallucinated person to lie quiet.

It was then, in answer to our unvoiced prayer, Saint Gothard came — a tall gaunt French Canadian of few words, great strength, and a way of quiet about him that was better for torn spirits than a dozen strait-jackets or a score of sedatives. The old man just materialized. He had been passing by the Church of Our Lady, so he said, and stopped in to pray, and Father Nunneville had told him of our need.

'Absolutely, take no further thought to this one. I will attend. He shall rest, as little children rest.' And looking into that gaunt bearded face of one who in his day had crossed all Canada in the hard train of *voyageur*, we knew that here indeed was ally. And every night thereafter, about midnight, — that dreaded hour when Grendel walked again, when things began to go all wrong, spirits to darken, fever-driven souls to slip and skid upon the dangerous ledge of consciousness, — Saint Gothard came with his high spiritual assuredness, his great physical strength, and we all breathed relief. He did in very deed care for *mes pauvres petits*; and his slow-cadenced French, which sometimes lifted crooning into ancient song or some absurd old nursery rhyme, again and often brought us midnight benediction.

*Ma chandelle est morte.
Je n'ai plus de feu!
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

So it was that the daughter of a Calvinistic manse looked out upon this alien discipline; saw it close-ranged, and under fire; saw it so worthy that she almost envied. She saw the old French priest, himself eaten by fever, worn with coughing, refuse past midnight any aid or palliative lest he break

his fast of God. Round and pink and kind as she had seen him heretofore, and thought him soft, she lived to find in him a harder mettle than even in her own keen doctrinarians. They became dear friends, and she drew strength from him, even as she fed him close-up-to-midnight doses to ease his terrible cough. Yet when he would travel sixty miles, by ice and snow and still more dangerous thaw, to say a service over his lost children who had perished there, he would not listen to her pleading, her all but threat.

'Father Nunneville — forgive me — but you are an old man, and we need you here, and you need us. Surely there is enough to do in Nimiuk, enough of God's lost children here —'

'But I am nothing, and the work is very much,' he said, and went. We lost him, so.

VI

It was that second night Cardoni came. I don't know when he first appeared, but I recall seeing him speak with Dick, knowing he watched me curiously out of that dark handsome face of his, so chiseled, metal-perfect as a Roman coin. I was not surprised to learn later that he was in very fact by birth a Roman, and had long posed as an artists' model, until some inexplicable tidal wave had left him, too, high on these northern shores. I wondered at his strange inquiring look, I wondered at his questioning of Dick, I wondered at his sudden leaving; and yet I could not wonder long, for there was so much to be done, and the night hours (though very long, God knew) were never long enough.

Then — I don't know how much time in between — the Roman stood before me as I was making rounds among the cots. He was but one of many shadows, and I hoped that he was helping Dick. I made to pass him,

but he stopped me with a strong but gentle hand upon my arm.

'*Signora!*' He spoke low, a mellow Italian voice that dripped like classic honey on my tired mind. '*Signora mia*, but when did you eat?'

I sat down suddenly between the shadowy cots, and thought. When had I eaten? Surely not to-day. What was to-day? Was it to-day now, or to-morrow? When *had* I eaten? I could not remember. And suddenly all of my physical craving, and that weakness which had been so pushed aside and under, came clamoring out. I knew myself a desperately tired woman, and hungry — famished hungry.

'But come,' he said, taking my hand and drawing me up on my feet, with courtesy that was like the motion of a *cinquecento* dance, so grave, so gracious, and so full of antique dignity. 'But come!'

I came, wondering, and he led me through and out of shadows in the darkened basement, up a short flight of steps into the little room that was our priest's refectory. There was a table set for one — a table with white napery, with silver in its proper order, a table with a little pot of posy bravely blooming on its exact centre. I smelled coffee, purring and clucking its happy percolation on the little stove there in the corner. A salad built by sheer artistry, from shreds of edible nothingness, flourished beside the silver. And as I was led to the armchair set in state before that table I caught a glimpse, by eye and nose, of macaroni in the Italian manner simmering on the little heater.

It was too much. I put my head on my two arms, down on that perfect table, and I wept and wept and wept. When that was finished, I wept some more! *Simpatico*, the Roman seized the proper moment in the storm to place the coffee near, to offer the

ambrosial dish; and then stood smiling by, white napkin over arm, 'to serve *Signora*.'

Who was he? Even to-day I know but little more about him, though every night thereafter he still came, bringing some delicacy, and served for us a meal at midnight full of such surprises and refreshment that we of 'the graveyard shift' looked forward to his coming like children to Kriss Kringle. Later, when convalescents so desperately needed eggs and milk, and eggs and milk were unprocurable, Cardoni brought them every night in a big covered basket. Fresh eggs, I knew, were selling for five dollars a dozen, when you could get them — which I found I could not; and there were precious few fresh cows in the whole country. Whence came the eggs and milk? But when I asked, he merely smiled and looked mysterious.

'Is it good, the egg, the milk?'

'Good? Cardoni, they are like gifts from Heaven! They make our boys grow strong, so beautifully.'

'If the egg, the milk, are from Heaven, then we must speak no more about them.' And that was all he ever said.

VII

Do not think that in all these busy nights I ever once forgot my fear of that River, which still quite literally hung over us. Our high small basement windows opened flush upon the snow-bound earth, and the River always lay there just beyond, biding its time to rise and gulf us. Always it was on my mind, and so, whenever I could snatch a moment, I would rush out from the dark painful building — with its thick and fetid atmosphere of crowded and infected bodies — and run as swiftly as I might across the snow and down the bank and out upon the River, stamping and pounding there and listening

to the sound the ice gave back. Would it hold fast for yet another day of grace?

Rushing in from such a swift reconnaissance one night, I found a caller waiting, the little Scotch health officer who had thrust me so abruptly into this spider's web. Haggard as he now was, his coming seemed more precious than visitation of the angels. At once I whipped out pen and notebook and began to fire those many questions at him I had been saving up impatiently for Dr. Towers, who never came.

This fighting Scot just smiled at me. He said, 'My dear young woman, have you never heard of professional etiquette? I ran in just to see how you, personally, were holding out, because I had detailed you here. Your patients and their problems are Dr. Towers's — their treatment is entirely in his hands.'

'But I have never once laid eyes on Dr. Towers! And he has left word every night not to be called, no matter what might happen.'

'But he leaves directions.'

'He leaves us nothing but these scraps of Latin — and very dog-eared drug-store Latin, too.' I showed him then those wandering notes of scattered words, unrelated tags which, if they held any meaning, were in a form well calculated to conceal it.

'I'm a desperate woman, Dr. Gregor. One man is very sick to-night, and we have others who get delirious at times. As I told you first, I know absolutely nothing of what should be done. I could follow out directions — yes — but I have had no adequate directions. This affair is no tea party; you said yourself it was a fight. Why don't you give me weapons, then — answer my questions? You put me here to keep these men alive, I take it. What's etiquette to that?'

'Show me your very sick man, then,'

he said, lifting himself up wearily. When we had made the rounds and I had answered several of his queries as best I could, he said, 'Now listen, for I want you to remember that I have told you nothing; and above all, you will not be following my instructions. But you should know Maclachlan has a bad case of pneumonia; and there are others very probably approaching it. This, *if I were in your place*, is what I'd do.'

And so I took dictation for nearly half an hour, and called in Dick to listen, too, so that between us we should miss no word or overtone. Never were a physician's words more hung upon. I spent most of the night's remainder quilting old woolly undershirts with cotton, for pneumonia jackets. But even that word did not terrify us now, for we had found a friend. On other nights and in those dragging early morning hours we came to dread so, he often came to visit us again, just for a moment's time. Always he would say, 'Don't quote me. I'm not here officially. Forget I said that. Do as you think best.' But in effect he heartened us immeasurably with his intelligent, shrewd friendliness, his keen, warm interest in our problems of convalescence. He was our bank, in our deep gamble with the shadows.

VIII

It was the very first night after Dr. Gregor's first impromptu visit that Dick came to find me, looking really worried.

'Have you seen Maclachlan lately?'

'Not in the last half hour. Why?'

'Well, there's something mighty queer on foot there. I don't get it. He said to me, "This bed of mine has slipped. Will you put something under it?" Well, sir, I looked. The bed was O. K., but just to humor him, for we're

old tillicums, I tinkered underneath and made as how I'd fixed a wedge there. Just now he calls to me again. "You should n't let my bed drop down this way," he says. "It's scandalous. There is a weak place in the floor here. See how the bed goes dropping into it? I'm burnt and sick and tired," he says. "How can I rest to-night, with my bed dropping out from under me?"

"We can move his bed, Dick."

"Adolphe and I just did that. It's what I came to tell you. But there's more behind this. I wish you'd come and see."

It may well be that many of our fifty men had families; if so, however, they were still living back on some old-country farmstead, and we knew nothing of them. Maclachlan's fresh-faced wife and little boy I had myself met and remembered well, one time when they had come in from the mines; and so, although I never had seen him before, my sharp anxiety for this man wore a double-cutting edge.

On the hot pillow the man's hotter head lay rolling, restless, black-gray hair matted to damp curls. As friends, for many wakeful nights, we had been talking of that wife and son, the creek where he had been out prospecting, his neighbors whom I knew, and all the little daily normal gossip with which I tried so hard to tie these frightened children back to everyday, and be a link with all their known and homely matters of firm fact. But as I came and sat beside Maclachlan's bed, in its new place, he looked up at me strangely and he said, "What is your name?" I saw then that the man I knew no longer lay there, but another. So I answered, "My name is Mary."

"Are you the Mary living in this house?"

"Yes, I am living here. Tell me what I can do to make you comfortable, so you will get a good night's rest."

"My head is hot."

We got a relay of fresh pillows and I arranged to keep them airing always in a window. We began to slip the cool ones underneath that feverish head, in endless series. Then after a short time he spoke again.

"Is Mary there?"

"I'm here."

"Please do not let me drop down so. Can't you see how I'm slipping? Oh, Mary! I'm afraid! I don't know what is down there."

Reaching quickly, from the low bed's head where I stood, I caught my two hands underneath his armpits and drew him up, until he knew that I was holding tight. "You can't drop any more, for I am holding hard. You know I'm very strong. You can't slip, now." I motioned with my head to Dick and he brought pillows. I knelt upon them at the bed's head, never relaxing that hard human load. All was quiet, and a long time passed. I whispered up to Dick what he must do of my night's work. After a time he came and whispered back, "You can't kneel like that much longer. It'll most kill you. He seems quieter. Perhaps he's sleeping. Let him go, easy."

But the first moment that the tension was the slightest bit released, he cried out, "Mary! I am dropping. *Please* don't let me go!"

And, as I did so many times again all through that night, I answered, "You can't drop any more, for I am holding fast. You must not be afraid, for I'm right here."

For hours and hours I held so, hours and hours. Sometimes I spoke, perhaps by some word's point to break through to the treasury of his will, and help to draw the man's too fearful soul back from that shelving edge that slipped so close beneath us there, into impenetrable darkness. Again there were deep pools of silence and of crowding dark.

Long after, as a murky streak of dawn began to light our lower chamber, Dick woke me, for I had at last fallen asleep, so. I found myself all covered up with blankets, and he had piled big pillows underneath and around me. My arms were dead and useless, my back seemed absolutely broken; but the man apparently slept.

When I came back next evening I looked first to find Maclachlan, but he was not anywhere in the large room. I was frantic until at last I found him in the little room just off the priest's refectory — found him waking, gray eyes alight and friendly as they had been before.

'Hello!' he greeted, feebly but with a real show of cheer, in answer to my worried look. 'They brought me here to-day. They say I've passed a sort of turn, and now I will get well. But where were you last night? We boys all missed you.'

'Why, I was — I was taking care of a little boy.'

'I hope the child is better now,' he said, with a grave interest.

'He is,' I answered. 'Thank you.'

'Then please don't go away again. The boys feel better, in the night, when you're just kind of walking round. It is so — dark.'

That was a sweet cup, and I drank it gladly. God knows I needed the good brace of it. But what was that he said about the shadowed night? Did they, too, know that Grendel walked the hall, seeking to snare some there?

IX

The human mind knows times when shapes, long hidden, force their way across the threshold; and in those long nights of frenzied effort, dark and misshapen fancies crowded into consciousness, like the stir of black-winged bats. I do not know how much the inner

brooding upon our physician's unnatural desertion of us, the foul air, the fear of the impending River, the continued ever-growing sense of our own weakness, our strength account so daily overdrawn and not recouped, the deep emotional as well as physical fatigue, the spiritual torment of unbearable responsibility which must be ever carried, our loneliness within the night and the late night's unnatural depression on the mind — how much all these, and more, were ground and basis to the phantom. But of a truth, as surely as I knew myself to be there, I had seen Grendel in that hall; and I could only call the image of the horror I had seen by that grim name.

Surely you remember Grendel, who was God's savage enemy, accursed monster of all joy bereft who would come nightly from far hollows where he dwelt amid wolf-haunted fen paths, to feast himself upon the blood of thanes who lay asleep in Hrothgar's hall. By some unholy power he held a spell that turned all man-made weapons. A baneful, horrid, shadow-haunting Grendel seemed to walk among us here, proof too against all human skill to turn his grisly arm, which snatched at sleeping men to do them death-sick hurt; and dire enough our need for mighty hand-grip of an epic Beowulf now, to stay that lethal arm and cleanse our own good hall of this malignant Thing.

As I went ever up and down between those men, — slowly, silently, on measured feet, lest I disturb those sleeping there, — something, Something, hid forever in the shadows, watched its time and waited. Almost, but never quite, I saw it face to face; but slantingly I saw it always, and all the long night long I knew it to be surely there. Ever on padded foot it stalked in grim and shadowed silence to choose its kill,

what body next of all our men to put its baleful claw into.

Then one night I returned to duty and was told that Grendel's claw had reached at last and, despite all our care, had clutched and taken Greenwood, our quiet and courteous old Englishman. That tired, tried prospector had climbed the last dip in the kloof and looked out now on what had always lain behind the ranges, always called there. The day shift merely told us, as they went so wearily away, that Dr. Towers officially had given the death notice, and sometime in the night the undertaker's men would come.

For a long time I could not bring myself to face the actual fact of it, for I had never looked upon the aspect of the dead. Then finally I forced myself to do so, knowing I could not save my self-respect and at the same time cheat in this last service, useless though it was. So, after all the necessary ministrations to the living, I went alone into the little entryway where they had fetched his cot. I made a light and stood and looked a long time at the thin worn body of the wander-footed Englishman. This, then, was death, which wrote its '30' to the rough draft of our human story.

But who had called it so? This imprimatur had been Dr. Towers's, that yet unseen practitioner who, in my own distorted loneliness, had come to wear a more malignant mask than even the plague's self. He called it death — but who was he to name a thing with accuracy? Surely I had not found his word so true in small familiar things that I should take it as inerrant now, in this last ultimatum which mattered so tremendously. The undertaker's men were coming. Yet, what if Dr. Towers had borne false witness here, as in those other well-remembered countless matters, better not now recalled?

The face that lay upon that pillow

was all tinged with blue, the hands upon the cover were ominously quiet. But as I looked, and looked, and looked again — was it the high-swung light which rocked upon its cord in simulated pulse beat? Was it the sharp cool cut of a revivifying night air drawing through the semiheated corridor? Or was it but the shadow of my own refusal to believe that made me know, now, there was life here?

In terror of my almost criminal fancy, yet in a frantic haste, I sought out Dick — my good horse-senseful Dick — and told to him some part of what I felt.

'Oh, gee! I say — the old he-devil — now, I wonder! Rats! It can't be!' But he came quickly back with me to that quiet entryway.

'Dick,' I said, 'do you know any law forbidding "shots" for dead people? If you don't — if you'll dare do it — I wish you'd give him, now, just such a shot as you would give a horse to make it win a race. If he is gone, then surely we can do no hurt to what is left here. But if there's any spark of something flickering, perhaps — just maybe — we could fan it up. No one must ever know, just you and I. But if you do not want to do it, Dick — if you'll show me how, I'll do it; and I'll take the blame, if any comes.'

I think he scarcely heard me speaking, for he was looking so intently at the figure on the bed. Then he went nearer and bent down, and listened long there. He felt about the chest and at the throat, he put his head close to that other's; and when he did look up his eyes were gleaming.

'By God, woman, I believe you're right! There *is* some sign of breath, or I'm a liar.' And he ran swiftly for his needles, and the thing he called his 'jazz box.'

Can you imagine what joy mixed itself with horror when, secretly as

friendly ghouls, we sought in the next hours with all our feeble ingenuities to galvanize this once authenticated corpse to life again? There was no visible immediate result to our first efforts, and I, discouraged, said to Dick, 'We've given all we've got.' But quick as horseflesh he came back with, 'Yes, but thoroughbreds give more than they have got. It's what a man will ride for. We're not extended, yet.' And so through all that length of night we drove our flagging wits with merciless lash, that we, in spite of our gross handicap, might somehow steal from that ghostly rider on the pale horse this race of his so very nearly won.

There came a time when we could see a motion underneath the cover of Greenwood's bed. There came a time when we decided we might venture giving drops of milk with alcohol. There came a time when we dared lift the cot and carry it back to the inner room again. And last there came a time when (by God's favor, late) the grim men with their wicker burden came and knocked, but found the shadowy corridor untenanted and were sent forth with empty hands—to spread a wonder in our Nimiuk, of miracle which came, even in death, to those who sheltered under that gray roof-tree. But we who mingled faith and work there knew it for but another twist we'd given Grendel's savage arm.

Next morning as I went off shift I stood again by Greenwood's cot and looked down at him; but this time he was looking back at me. I forced myself to negligent calm and asked this newly risen Lazarus of ours, 'What will you have for breakfast?' With a queer huskiness he answered, 'Ham and eggs I like best.' Then with apology, 'I have an asthma, that do give me turns, and all but shut my wind. I think I had one last night. My throat do be almighty tight this morning.'

So Greenwood had come back to us, for keeps; but the night's work cost us our precious doctor. That pretty story of a miracle did not long outlast the other fancies which the plague had brought. When our clean northern air again blew reason into a healed camp, — after some hand much stronger than our own had held the great and curdled River back, far past its usual break-up, until every last man of all our fifty came up out of that crypt alive and well again, — then laughter was a natural reaction to the tale of Greenwood's 'death.' And laughter is the very cruelest weapon. Stronger men than Dr. Towers have fled before it.

And we of Nimiuk, who drew deep breath again now that old Grendel walked our hall no more, knew a quite bearable regret when, with the first down-river boat, Dr. Towers quietly pulled up stakes and left us.

PUKA-PUKA NEIGHBORS

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

THERE are two churches on the South Sea atoll of Puka-Puka, where I have been a trader for a number of years. The larger one is the chipped-coral building of the London Missionary Society. It is quite imposing, with its pandanus-thatched roof contrasting with the blazing white of its plastered sides; I can see it from the trading station, a trifle to the right and fifty yards back from the road. The other church, belonging to the Seventh-Day Adventists, is about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

On Saturday, Monday, and Thursday mornings I am awakened at sunrise by the tinkle of the little bell of the Adventists, calling the congregation of eight old men and a few women to early morning service; but on Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday mornings the bell of the larger church across the road wakens me. As I rub the sleep from my eyes I can hear the congregation singing drowsily:—

'Rest for the weary, rest,
When all life's toils are o'er.
Rest for the weary, rest,
Upon a tranquil shore,
Where sighs, and tears, and pains,
Once all in mercy sent,
Will ne'er disturb again
The blest inhabitant.
Rest for the weary, rest,
Rest for the weary, rest.'

The last bars drag and limp with indescribable languor. It is the invariable opening hymn for the morning service, and an appropriate one, for on

this dreamy island most of the work is done at night, while the day is reserved for sleep. So if my neighbors are ever weary, it is at the hour of the morning service, before turning in for a day's sleep.

The church bells have become a prominent factor in my atoll life, as they have to William the heathen, my retainer. William and his myopic wife, Mama, are lords of the cook shed. There they compound weird messes, much to the envy of the villagers. Mama is the official cook, receiving ten shillings a month in that capacity—but her husband takes most of the credit, as well as the wages. He lolls back on the wood box, hurling at his patient spouse all the invectives, in several languages, that he picked up while whaling.

'*Caramba!*' he will cry, all but the profanity being in Puka-Pukan. 'There goes the Christians' church bell! Here you, Mama, don't fall asleep over the stove, or I'll baste you one. Blood and devils! Did n't I tell you to break the egg before putting him in the frying pan? What t' hell Bill! You bust the egg and don't take off his shell? Oh, what an old fool! Here, make the coffee—and don't forget to grind him first!'

Mama is accustomed to him; she does not pay the slightest attention, except to pick the pieces of eggshell out of the frying pan until it becomes too hot for her fingers. She is an old woman who dresses in a grass skirt tied over a gown of cheap print. She gesticulates

in a frenzied, incoherent manner, and cackles cheerfully when one takes notice of her. In spite of William's peremptory ways, she is the apple of his eye. Let the slightest indisposition confine her to her little hut on the lagoon beach, and the ex-whaler will rush from one end of the island to the other in search of herbs and native doctors; he will become as nervous as a mother attending the illness of an only child.

II

My first acquaintance with William and his wife was during my first day on Puka-Puka. An hour after landing I had walked through the central village, where the trading station was to be, and, turning into a path which led behind the church, walked through a desolate graveyard and on to the coconut groves and taro beds of the interior. Inland, as much as fifty acres had been excavated to a depth of ten feet, bringing the taro beds to sea level, where the roots of the plant could flourish in swampy ground. I wandered on, past a dozen or more taro beds, and as many little graveyards isolated among the groves. These are curious places, with headstones of coral slabs covered with innumerable designs. Being bare of vegetation, they gulp the hot sunlight voraciously, and give it back in scorching waves of heat.

Near the sea side of the island the taro beds give place to unbroken coconut groves stretching to where trees with gale-gnarled limbs grow by the outer beach, sheltering the palms. Beyond grows seraggy bush which gains but meagre sustenance from the coral gravel thrown up by the sea.

On breaking my way through the bush I closed my eyes before the glare of exposed sand and shallow water between the reef and shore. The water reflected the full blaze of the sun like

countless tiny mirrors. The shallows were alive with cross seas meeting in sparkling ridges of spray, falling back in dancing undulations. Miniature waves washed upon the beach and were gulped down by the gravel, leaving no backwash; and farther out came the incessant thundering of the great Pacific combers as they rose with deliberate recklessness to crash in resounding cannonades along the reef, and to spill back into the sea, exposing rust-red ridges of coral broken by pools of sea foam.

'*Ulekaina!*' croaked a froglike voice, so close at hand that I was slightly startled. I looked about, but at first saw no one. Then, at one side, I observed a mound of coconut leaves somewhat resembling a hayrick. A grizzled brown head protruded from the top of it, and a face furrowed all over with deep wrinkles. On the head was the brim of a European straw hat; the crown was missing. The head thus framed was shaped as nearly like a blunt-nosed bullet as a cast could have made it. Under the brim a pair of small shrewd eyes regarded me closely with an amused and superior air, and a pair of ears, anything but small, stood out at almost right angles from the head. The skin of the face was like old, well-seasoned shoe leather, pierced on the chin by about a dozen wiry hairs that served as a beard.

'*Ulekaina!*' the voice croaked again, and of a sudden the hayrick rose, and became an enormous grass skirt which covered the old man at least a foot deep.

He raised a long index finger, with a knuckle like an orange in an ostrich's throat, described a circle in the air, and then pointed at himself.

'Uiliamu (William),' he said.

I described a similar circle with my index finger, pointed at my breastbone, and said, 'Ropati.'

He nodded in a knowing manner, resumed his hayrick posture, and produced a pipe from somewhere in his grass skirt. Holding it to within an inch of his right eye, he stared into the empty bowl and sighed deeply. Then he brought forth an empty tin, gazed into it in the same distressing manner, and demonstrated its emptiness by turning it upside down and shaking it vigorously. I handed him my tobacco tin, whereupon he proceeded to fill his own tin in the good old Scots fashion, cramming the tobacco down, making farsighted provision for the future. Having filled his tin, he again concealed it in his grass skirt, and, digging into another part of the hayrick, produced a stick of twist tobacco and some dried pandanus leaf. With these he rolled two cigarettes — one for me, in consideration of my generosity. We smoked them in silence.

After a long and, to me, rather embarrassing interval, he said, in polished whaler English, 'Where t' hell you from?'

'What!' I said. I was rather bowled over by this sudden question.

'Damme! You no spik English? What t' hell! You Dago? You Chow? I spik too much English. Wha's a matter you?'

'I'm an American,' I said. 'I've come here to open a trading station. Where did you learn English?'

'Me? What the devil! Me whaler man! No Puka-Puka Kanaka! Whaler man! *Tutae-auri!*'

Tutae-auri means 'heathen,' and William went on to assure me that he had nothing to do with Christians. This interested me, for very few of the natives on these lonely islands have the courage to flout the missionaries. Although few or none of them have more than a vague notion of what Christianity is about, nevertheless they are great churchgoers. I have not met

more than three who, like William, were avowedly and boastfully heathen.

We sat for a long time on the outer beach, yarning about all sorts of things. Once he left me for a moment to shin up a coconut palm for drinking nuts, as agilely as though he had temporarily shouldered off half a century. We talked until noon, when he accompanied me to the village, going before me with an air of possessorship — for he said that he meant to adopt me as his son, exhibiting me to all the Christians as the white man whose godlessness was equal to his own. His adopting me as a son turned out to be my adopting him as a retainer — an act I have often repented, in spite of my fondness for the old scoundrel.

III

I was alone that first night at Puka-Puka. The supercargo had checked over my trade goods and returned to the ship. Sea Foam, my landlord, brought a mosquito net and a mat, so that I had nothing to do but unpack a few of my belongings and loll on the verandah, watching the villagers waking from their long siestas.

At about ten o'clock fishing canoes returned from their excursions along the reef for lobsters and *mulau* fish. Then, like magic, the islet was transformed. Scores of coconut-shell fires blazed with their characteristic glaring white flame, throwing grotesque shadows on the brown thatched huts, dancing in fairylike shimmerings among the domes of coconut fronds, casting ghost-like reaches of light through the adjacent graveyards, and silhouetting the forms of *pareu*-clad natives at work cleaning their fish.

I could see William sitting in front of his house. The firelight threw his figure into clear relief against the wattled wall at his back. He sat cross-

legged, his arms hanging limply at his sides, the backs of his hands resting on the ground. He was staring vacantly in front of him, and I knew that he was in one of those trances so common to the natives of Polynesia. Though Mama was at his side cleaning fish for a belated meal, he was as completely unconscious of her as though he had been in the deepest sleep. What a blessed faculty it must be to command oblivion!

I rose from my mat and walked through the village, hungrily sniffing the fragrance of fish grilling on scentless coals, for I had eaten nothing since morning. Now I was greeted on every side with '*Ulekainai*' and '*Moe ai koel*!' The first greeting is not translatable; the other means much the same as our 'Pleasant dreams!'—an appropriate greeting, certainly, for such a somnolent little island. Everything is dreamlike here; the island itself is a dream come true, so that romanticists who are patient enough may see vindicated their faith in remote lands beyond the farthest horizon.

On returning I came to Mama's house, where William woke up and insisted on my eating with them. Old Mama seconded the invitation, gesticulating and grinning with all her might. They made an amusing pair, and seemed peculiarly suited to each other. Mama gave me a fine mulau fish served on a clean banana leaf, and a piece of taro pudding. Both the fish and the taro were wonderfully appetizing after my long ship's diet of tinned meats.

After the meal William and I talked about all manner of things, while Mama hovered around, feeling my hair, running her long bony fingers into my pockets to examine their contents with childish delight. Everything they contained amused her, and at each discovery she would clasp her hands and make all sorts of funny noises. She

chattered ceaselessly, asking William questions to which he would reply in an offhand, disdainful manner.

Soon a crowd of natives gathered round, when William, waiting for the psychological moment, produced the tobacco he had stolen from me. He ceremoniously filled his pipe with an air that seemed to say that he never smoked any but the finest brands of white men's tobacco, and pompously lit it with a coal from the fire. But a little later, when the others had gone, he knocked out the half-smoked tobacco with disgust, and refilled his pipe with his own mule-killing twist.

The next morning, when I was wakened by the strains of 'Rest for the weary, rest,' I found that William and Mama had established themselves in the cookhouse, and William was roaring curses at the dear old lady as she tried to kindle a fire.

IV

One evening, shortly after my arrival on the island, I was walking through the groves on the seaward side of the island. Observing a coconut palm growing at an easily scalable angle, I decided to climb it to catch the breeze while I smoked my evening pipe. Upon reaching the top, whom should I find there but my old friend William, perched on a cluster of nuts jammed between a frond butt and the tree. He was leaning comfortably back in a mass of foliage, sucking an empty pipe. I offered him my pouch; he gravely accepted it, filled his pipe, and motioned me to a perch on a neighboring bunch of nuts.

Having made myself comfortable, I lit my own pipe and leaned back to enjoy a quiet smoke, while the wind swayed the tree gently, with a pleasant cradlelike motion.

Old William livened up at my arrival.

Producing a six-foot piece of string, he tied the ends together, and, after looping it around the index and little finger of each hand, proceeded by rapid manipulations to form complex patterns in the string between his fingers. Schoolgirls in America often amuse themselves in this way, making what they call cat's cradles, but their patterns are simplicity itself in comparison with old William's.

The Puka-Puka string figures are of immemorial origin. Local legends tell how the gods of Puka-Puka taught them to the people. One legend relates how the famous Polynesian god, the oldest Maui (Maui-matua), visited Puka-Puka and challenged the people to test his wisdom. The local heroes and gods started making string figures before him, asking what they represented. Each pattern he named correctly: 'This is *Po-nao-nao*; this is the oven of *Lau-tara*; this is *Tii-koni-koni*.' But when one hero made a puzzle for Maui to unravel, the god tried and failed. In order to save his honor, he directed the attention of the local hero to a large bird in an adjacent tree, and while the hero was looking away Maui undid the puzzle by breaking the string, much as Alexander cut the Gordian knot.

Heathen William, like the rest of the inhabitants, had made a life study of string patterns. His skill was really marvelous. The old man's bony fingers were almost invisible as he manipulated the string; then he would stop abruptly, spread his hands, and show me a new design. Throughout the performance his coarse old face was wrinkled with a self-satisfied smile.

'This is a shark,' he would say, showing me a new pattern, and he would grunt a chant specially composed for that particular picture; 'this is a flock of birds over a school of fish; this is Ko Islet after a great hurricane.' Many

of his patterns were of such a nature that they could hardly have been shown at a ladies' sewing circle; as for his explanations of their meanings, it is enough to say that they were what one might expect from old Heathen William.

'Now,' he said, 'I will show you one of the most difficult of all. Not many people can make this one.' His fingers moved so rapidly that it was impossible to follow their movements, and the string was crossed and recrossed so many times that at last there was a space of only a few inches between his hands. He stopped, spread his fingers, and exhibited the pattern. 'What would you call that?' he asked, grinning at me.

I shook my head.

'*Caramba!* What t' hell! Don't you know what this is? What they teach you in the white man's school? It's a cowboy having a great battle on the outside beach at night.' He rolled his eyes and wiggled his thumb, whereupon the complicated pattern worked back and forth in an indescribable manner. Old William roared with laughter, and nearly fell out of the tree in his merriment. Then he put the string back in his pocket, saying that he would show me some more patterns at another time.

I shifted to a softer cluster of nuts and relit my pipe, which had gone out in the thick of William's graphic battle. We were silent for some time. At length I asked: 'William, what is your greatest pleasure in life?'

Without a moment's hesitation the sage of Puka-Puka replied: 'Shooting marbles; that is, nowadays. But when I was a wild youth I was a terror with the women.'

In these days, he went on to tell me, the Puka-Puka youth are as foolish as the white men, for they listen to the teachings of the missionaries and try to

ape the white men's ways. Now, when a young Puka-Puka man wants a wife he asks her father's permission to marry, and wastes his money buying her worthless trinkets from the trading schooners, — dresses and shoes and pareus and the like, — when it would be much better to spend his money on himself, buying all-day suckers, tops, marbles, or Japanese kites.

William expressed his opinion of such modern practice in a singeing blast of curses. He spat venomously over the side of the tree and proceeded to tell me how different things had been in 'the good old days' when he was young. When he wanted a wife, which was often the case, he chose her without asking her father's, her mother's, or even her own, consent. He simply took her whether she liked it or not. He had learned early in life that women like masterful men.

The old heathen chuckled to himself as he thought of past days. 'Ah, when I was a youth,' he resumed, presently, 'women were nice and fat!'

V

The sun was just setting, but William and I, having refilled our pipes, had no intention of leaving our comfortable perch. A wayward hen, too proud to roost with the other hens on the village church, had come to our coconut palm and was cluck-clucking petulantly, for halfway up she had spied us occupying her roost. The breeze had died away and the tree was now quite motionless save when William required forcible gesticulations, which made it sway in a gentle nodding manner as though it were confirming every word the old sage uttered.

'Speaking of women,' he went on, 'have you heard the death chant I am making for old Mama?'

'What!' I cried. 'Do you mean to

say that you are composing a death chant for old Mama!'

'*Caramba!* Yes! Why not? She's an old woman; she won't last many more moons.'

Then in his wheezy guttural voice he began chanting a song that started, —

*'Akaru na ke, akal'ia,
Opotia i te kongia at'i,
Ru na niwan'unga vavare.'*

('I shall gather them all in one place,
My wife and her three sisters,
For they have all smiled on old William.')

I remarked that I thought it a shame to compose a death chant for his wife when she was still in her usual health, and, furthermore, to brag about his past flirtations with his wife's sisters. 'You don't know the Bible, William, because you are an old heathen; if you did, you would be more considerate of your wife's feelings.'

'The Bible! If it says that it's wrong to flirt with your wife's sisters, then it's even more foolish than I thought. Your wife is glad when you take a fancy to her sisters. She knows that you're not making love to some other woman's sisters.'

'Then you think it's natural for a man to make love to more than one woman?'

'Of course! What you think? You think any man makes love to only one woman? No Puka-Puka women believe that, or Puka-Puka men either — not even when they're young. But listen to the rest of my song.'

He chanted away for at least twenty minutes, speaking now and then of poor old Mama, but for the most part exalting himself, speaking of his whaling days, and giving a list of the names of those he had at various times honored with his affections.

I confess that I was rather shocked at William's callousness, that he was so little concerned over the prospect of

old Mama's death that he could compose a long, and certainly lewd, song in her, or rather in his own, honor.

I wondered what would happen if I were to die on Puka-Puka. The natives would have a big time, unquestionably. They would compose a death chant — Bosun-Woman would very likely be given the job of composing it; a few would wail over my body for a day, and then I should be quickly forgotten. And what was I, after all, but a somewhat more highly sensitized Mama?

William interrupted my musings: 'Here's the ending of the song,' he said — and with that he spun me a few more verses about himself.

Dusk had deepened as we sat there, and people were waking from their all-day slumbers. William, apparently, had only just begun to talk. He proposed that he should give me the complete history of his life; but I was cramped from sitting so long in the same position, so we slid down the tree and returned to the village.

VI

One day old Mama was sitting by me embroidering with her clumsy calloused hands a pillow slip after her own design. A Rarotonga girl had taught her the trick, but Mama would have none of those foolish flower and flags-of-all-nations designs. She intended presenting me with a pillow slip which she herself had 'composed.'

I took up a book, but failed to interest myself in it. Presently I brought out my photograph album, and showed Mama various scenes and portraits.

One of the first pictures was of myself standing in a small boat holding an albacore in each hand.

'Oh!' cried Mama, clapping her hands. 'A steamboat!'

'No, no, Mama,' I said; 'it's only a

little fishing boat I once owned at Tahiti.'

'But it's got a smokestack,' said Mama.

'No, that's me, Ropati, standing in the boat.'

Mama held the album at about two inches from her myopic eyes, studying the picture long and intently, muttering to herself the while. At last she shook her head in a skeptical manner. 'Well, Ropati, it may be you, but it looks like a steamboat to me.'

I turned the page to a photograph of my old Aunt Deborah, surrounded by her family of fifteen.

'Oh, a mountain!' exclaimed Mama, after she had examined it for some time.

This may seem absurd, but it is precisely what old Mama said. She had very poor eyesight; furthermore, she had never seen a photograph of any sort until I came to Puka-Puka, and, although she knew nothing of either mountains or steamboats except by hearsay, she was always likening the pictures in my books to one or the other.

'No, Mama,' I explained, 'that is my Aunt Deborah and her fifteen children. You see, the photographer has arranged them so that the little ones are at the ends and the tall ones in the middle, so the outline is something like that of a mountain.'

'Have you ever been on a mountain, Ropati?'

'Oh yes, many times.'

'Is a mountain as high as a coconut tree?' . . .

I turned over the pages, much to Mama's delight. She saw only mountains and steamboats, but took my word for it that most of the photographs were of my friends and relatives in America. There was Yancey, who kept a grocery store and who used to give me chewing gum, and Doc Harry,

who often came to our house for Sunday dinners, and Uncle Harvey and the Reverend Hezekiah — many more. It saddened me to think how far I had drifted from my old life and of the many years that had passed since I had last seen any of the dear ones at home.

I started describing to Mama the wonders of America — its vast plains, its mountains, the mighty lakes and rivers, and the great highways stretching from coast to coast. 'Just think, Mama,' I said, 'if you were to start walking from the Pacific Ocean across America, and could keep going day and night, it would take months to reach the Atlantic Ocean!'

'You mean, if you were to paddle across,' said Mama.

'No,' I said, 'walk.'

'But that's foolish! You could n't walk across the lagoon.'

'I've said nothing about a lagoon.'

'But how could you walk across an island without crossing the lagoon? Unless you followed the reef — and that's not walking across it, but around it.'

Mama, never having seen any land but a coral atoll, could not conceive of an island without a lagoon; and, of course, to her America was nothing more than an atoll somewhat larger than Puka-Puka — but not a great deal larger. For a long time I tried to explain, saying that there were mountains and plains where the lagoon should be; but she would always break in with the question: 'But where *is* the lagoon, then?'

At last, somewhat exasperated, I said: 'Damn it! There is no lagoon!'

'Damn it! There ain't, you!' roared old William, who was on the verandah. He had not heard the argument, but had caught my ejaculation. Being accustomed to swearing, particularly at Mama, in season and out of season,

he could not let such an opportunity pass.

But Mama still persisted that there must be a lagoon somewhere. So to settle the matter I drew a sketch of America Island, arranging matters as best I could so that she could see how things were. She studied the plan for at least ten minutes, while I painstakingly pointed out the different lands, explaining everything in minute detail. Presently she turned the chart upside down. Then she recognized the peninsula of Florida and the Isthmus of Panama as two smokestacks, and decided that I had drawn a really lovely steamboat.

VII

William and I turned from the road and followed the private trail of the young unmarried to where the largest of the Puka-Puka graveyards lies, near the central village council house. William had brought a solitary bottle of wine, the last of my supply from Tahiti, and we were looking for a secluded spot in which to enjoy it.

Coming to a lean-to beside one of the graves, William turned and said: '*Caramba!* Fine place! Bones and Benny will never find us here!'

We crawled in under the coconut thatch. Within was a space about six feet square, covered with woven frond mats, where the relatives of some dead man came, occasionally, to sleep. The high side of the lean-to was open and faced the clearing.

After a couple of pulls at the bottle, William started the conversation, saying, apropos of nothing: 'Now that gravestone over there.'

'What about it?'

'What about it! Puncture me! He was an ancestor of mine!'

'He was? What was his name?'

'*Caramba!* How should I know?'

'I should think, on an island like Puka-Puka, you would know your ancestors' names.'

'What do you know about it? This lubber died several hundred years ago; but I know he was one of my ancestors, because the stone at the head of the grave leans a little to the left while the one at the foot leans the other way. And I know by the stones along the sides that he was blind in one eye and had a fine set of teeth.'

After this display of anthropological lore he was silent for a moment while he had another drink. Presently he said: 'But that one next to him was a no-account man. He was white-headed when he died, which proves that he ate other people's coconuts. He married twice; had four children by his first wife and two by the second. And he had elephantiasis in both legs.'

'What was his name?'

'He died hundreds of years ago, but I know that he was a descendant of Tauperoa, Big Stomach's enemy. Of course any child knows that. It is shown by the kind of coral the stones are made from.'

'How did you know the other particulars about him?'

William gave me a contemptuous glance.

'Hell and damnation! You got no eyes? Can't you see the bottom of the headstone has been smoothed off? That shows as plain as day that he was white-headed. The two notches on the footstone mean that he had two wives, and the coral slabs along the sides, four on one side and two on the other, show the number of his brats. And anybody knows by the way the grave lies that he had big legs.'

'And that ancestor of yours? How did you know he had only one eye?'

'Look at the sharp-pointed slabs along the sides: they show that he had a fine set of teeth.'

'There's one stone missing: does that mean that he had one tooth out?'

'You are one big fool!' said William scornfully. 'If he'd had a tooth out, do you suppose they would have put those stones there to show he had a fine set of teeth? The missing stone means he was blind in one eye.'

'But could n't those stones mean his children, like the ones on the other grave?'

The old man fairly singed me with curses for daring to have such a suggestion to offer. He gave me to understand that I was not qualified to have opinions in such matters. Then he returned to the pleasant topic of grave-stones, explaining how each stone tells the story of the man buried beneath, even though it has no chiseled inscription. Thus a pointed stone at the head, three small ones on either side, and another pointed one at the foot, proclaim that a great fisherman is buried beneath. A square headstone, with two little digits protruding from the corners, means, for some strange reason, that the occupant of that grave was bald-headed. An interesting and curious volume could be written about the gravestones of Puka-Puka, for there are many kinds, and each village has its own symbolism.

'*Caramba!*' cried William. 'I have decided on a fine stone for you, Ropati. It will tell about your cowboy adventures, and your store, and everything else!'

'William,' I replied evasively, 'just look at that sunset! A salmon red, like the tinned salmon I sell in the trading station for one and sixpence. By the way, do you like tinned salmon?'

'Blast me, no! Salmon is for women, beef for men.' I will have another drink. But about your death chant: I have a part of it ready.'

Night set in, cloudless but dark. I

stared out of the hut across the cemetery where the gravestones glimmered faintly under the light of the stars. Despite the wine I had drunk, a shiver ran down my back. I imagined that I could see shadowy figures moving here and there among the stones.

I heard a gurgling sound from the darkness close at hand. The old man smacked his lips as he set down the bottle.

'When you are an old lubber like me,' he said, 'you'll know all these old Puka-Pukans. Yes, and you'll see them, too. Many's the night I have.'

But little more was needed to excite my imagination to the seeing point. Already the shadows seemed to be taking form around me — heads with empty eye sockets and rows of gleaming white teeth; flesh-covered forms as well — men with elephantiasis legs and hair so white that it gleamed with phosphorescent light.

'Now there was Mauta a Tau,' mumbled the old man, as I watched more of the ancient Puka-Pukans rising from their graves. 'He was a great fisherman, and married King Rauta's daughter, Teina. Both Mauta and Teina are buried by that high-pointed stone, but the King was killed by a turtle at sea.' The old man laughed. 'They say that every night when Mauta went fishing Teina would sit by the beach at Yato and sing: —

'I will wait for you a year,
And a half a year, my husband.

'But she did n't. One night one of the bucks from Yato came down to hear her sing, and it turned out that

she did n't wait nearly so long as she had promised she would.

'Mauta's bones are in the grave in front of you.'

VIII

A diffused light like a phosphorescent mist seemed to steal across the cemetery. I could again see old William's face, and the gravestones stood out sharply. My heart pumped double time for a moment; then I realized what had happened: the moon was rising.

The old heathen upended the wine bottle, threw it aside, and spread out his arms in a wide gesture.

'My father lies over there on the sea side of the graveyard,' he said. 'He's under that tall square stone. He was a fathom and six fingers high, and he weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds on Captain Bully Hayes's scales. My mother's grave is the next one, and then the graves of my six brothers and sisters.'

Another group of phantom figures, but less distinct than the rest, seemed to rise out of the ground as though old William had conjured them up; but in a moment they dissolved in the light of the rising moon.

'Do you see that blank space to the right? That's for Mama and me.'

Suddenly he grasped me by the shoulder, put his face close to mine, and gazed into my eyes with a drunken, leering smile.

'But there's plenty of room for three, Ropati! We'll leave a place for you!

'*Caramba!*' he shouted. 'I will now compose the rest of your death chant!'

A GROUP OF POEMS

IN THE LATE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

LORD SORBETT wrote a Sonnett-Booke for Stella,

A sort of intellectual embrace

For the disdainful fair. He begged to place

It in her altarpiece as a predella

Of angels singing *laudes a capella*.

And then, before the book appeared — disgrace! —

She ran off with a man o' the populace:

A clergyman! who wore shoes of prunella!

Lord Sorbett raised an eyebrow in despair;

But fortunately 'Stella' was a name

That might mean anyone adorable.

Therefore he ordered all his men to wear

The livery of the Duchess of Thélème,

Held back his book a month, and all went well.

ACCIDENT

SHE put the page down, and her slow
Eyes said: 'You must have loved her so!
This girl whom I can never know.'

Then his whole soul, in bursting seas,
Crushed down conventionalities.
He dropped his hot face to her knees.

Caught on that unexpected wave,
The two clung, lonely, shameful, brave,
Embracing on his first love's grave.

MISTAKE

AFTER the letters, the nocturnal trials,
The melancholies, the stubborn clutch of breaths,
After the useless beauty of denials,
The gods heard my pathetic crow of triumph;
For she was mine — and wished that she were Death's.

And now I know that there is no believing
One's own soul, which can lie with willing lips;
While she, poor girl, thought that I was deceiving
Only herself. Gods! is there no way of seeing
The price beforehand of these little slips?

S. FOSTER DAMON

FEAR

BY ONE WHO HAS FELT IT

I

AN American poet and essayist has written his autobiography as the story of one pervasive and unconquerable fear, admitting with candor that his whole social and mental history is tragically conditioned by nothing other than psychic terror.

There is, of course, no way to estimate the part played by fear in the life of modern, unsuperstitious man. But there is some ground for supposing that such experience as that recorded in *The Locomotive God* is more common than we should judge from the infrequency of its deliberate expression in words. What sets Mr. William Ellery Leonard apart from the common run of us is perhaps not so much the basic substance of his experience as his disposition and ability to anatomize it in printed language. I am prompted to this observation by the astounding number of persons I have met whose actions say, even if their words do not, that they are afraid — afraid of themselves, or of each other, or of their wives or husbands, or of love or marriage or paternity, or of the future, or of failure, or of the dark; afraid of not getting a job, or afraid of not keeping one; afraid of things nameless and indefinable, and to a degree beyond what it is at all possible to rationalize; afraid, in fine, of life.

So much of this abject terror do I come upon, sometimes by confidential disclosure and sometimes by involuntary detection, that I now wonder if practically every sensitive person has

not at some time had to struggle against a sort of alarm that had only to be outgrown to be seen as apparently irrational and needless. Consider the artist, archetype of the sensitive person — is not his characteristic modern mood a distrust of life based, whether he know it or not, on fear? As a public character he has chosen, for the chief mood of his articulateness, skepticism as to the value of existence — and what is this skepticism but hatred, and what is hatred but fear made dynamic? As a private person the artist is harrowed by distrust of his own powers, fear of the publishers and the public to whom he must entrust his work, and jealous hostility to his fellow craftsmen. And as for the insensitive, when, as occasionally happens, they are clutched by these paralyzing terrors their helplessness is made even more complete and terrible by their very lack of the imagination to know what is the matter with them.

It has become clear to me that the laws which govern the behavior of psychic terror have little correspondence with those which affect the want of physical courage or of what is called moral courage. Physical and moral cowardice are genuinely alike, on a lower and a higher plane. They are simply a deficit in respect to a quality, bravery, which can be cultivated, as all soldiers and all saints have cultivated it. Both are amenable to reason and to experience. If you are afraid of *something*, it is always open to you to behave as if you were not, — to do which

is bravery, — or you are open to the demonstration, by logic or by experience, that the cause of your fear is not so appalling after all and that it is possible to face it and to get used to it. But to be afraid of *nothing* is a vice without any corresponding virtue, a disease without a treatment. The fear which is of the soul, not of the body or the mind, is a weakness against which there is no type of strength open to cultivation. It is not the result of a lack of courage; it is simply an experience, one which partakes shockingly of the nature of pure accident.

This modern soul-fear, fear without rational cause and persisting in the face of reason, no more betokens want of courage than being crushed under an automobile betokens want of health. No one can be forewarned against it, because it issues no forewarning. Every man supposes himself immune until he finds himself overcome. One cannot even know the time or the agency of one's cure. The thing passes away as clouds dissolve from a night sky during the hours of sleep. When morning comes the sky is clear, but you have no notion when it became so. We are taken unaware and released we know not when. The whole business is as mysterious as life and death themselves, as incalculable as chance.

The most that is open to us, in the present state of knowledge, is the mere suggestion of probabilities based on actual experience. Until someone has discovered a technique for the control of psychic fear — and the founder of such a technique will have done as much for a need of his fellow creatures as he who created bacteriology — it is idle for any man to prescribe for the terrors of another, or to lay down any positive generalizations whatever. The record of any one typical experience *may* contain invaluable clues; from the aggregation of enough such records

there *may* be educed in time a comprehension of the disease and a formula for its treatment. So much is about all that can be said. Pending that time when the virus shall be isolated and its vaccine prepared, all that any one of us can do is to tell as accurately as possible the story of his own experiences and symptoms, with no more remarks thereon than he can make in the mood of open-minded inquiry.

In that experience of my own fear which is here related I detect at least one possibility of uncommon usefulness. Nearly all such encounters are so shadowy in the mind of the person most concerned that he can make nothing of them in words. Indeed, they are sometimes so impalpable as to make him deny to himself that anything at all has happened. The stark definiteness of this experience of mine rendered that sort of evasion impossible. The inward sense of the occurrence may have had no traceable relation to its outward appearance, but at least the appearance was unmistakable and unforgettable. And it is describable. I shall never know, perhaps, what I feared; but I have always known what it seemed to be. The episode has the useful property of crystallizing into a sharp, an almost physical issue something which is ordinarily experienced as no more than a vague pressure upon the heart or a blighting chill in the spinal marrow. You can narrate an encounter with a ghost that you never expected to see. It has that advantage over the mere state of being inexplicably afraid that you are going to see one.

II

In December of 1906 I was a few months under twenty years of age and a sophomore in one of the large Eastern universities, to which I had come from a small-town high school. My standing

in my classes was respectable, as it had invariably been. I was not in trouble with the college administration, or in any trouble at all. My habits were neither very solitary nor very gregarious; the courses I was taking did not exact an amount of work in excess of what it was pleasurable to do; I was keeping reasonable hours; and so far as I know I was in admirable bodily health. My two parents and four grandparents were all long-lived and very healthy persons; so were the four great-grandparents whom I remembered. I never heard of any mental abnormality or conspicuous queeriness in any of my forebears. As to religious beliefs, after a pious and orthodox bringing-up I had become a convinced rationalist and skeptic; but the transition had been well under way at fifteen, and occurred gradually and without shock, leaving my inherited ethical code intact. I had no superstitions that I know of, and no sensory defects. It seems to me that I was in a condition of emotional balance, as human beings go.

I was living at this time on the second floor of a quiet private apartment house a few minutes' walk from the campus — the sort of unpretentious place that is inhabited by a married instructor or two, girl conservatory students with mothers or aunts attending them, elderly couples whose children have married or gone away, teachers, librarians, and the like. My roommate and I were the only undergraduates in the building that year; and he was the only person in it whom I knew, even by sight. In November someone in the building had scarlet fever, and a room was quarantined. The parents of my roommate, who lived in a suburb of the university city, made him sleep at home and commute to classes; so that for some weeks I was left alone.

My bedroom was so placed that from the bed I looked diagonally to the

right through a doorless doorway to the outside wall of the study, which wall consisted chiefly of three large windows close together, with a low window seat built in beneath. In the corner between the doorway and the nearest of these windows was my flat-topped desk, with a chair facing it. The arc lights on a neighboring street were bright enough so that, even on moonless nights, the study window beyond the doorway was a clear-cut rectangle.

On a very cold night of early December I had gone to bed fairly early, and was just drifting off to sleep when it flashed into my mind that I could not remember releasing the catch on the automatic bolt of the door from the study to the hall. It was my habit to snap this catch back on entering the room and to leave the door unlocked until I went out or to bed. I remembered drowsily that I had hung my coat, with its waistcoat containing a valued watch, on the chair at the desk, just through the bedroom door, and that in my clothes there were also a few dollars in bills. But I could hardly imagine sneak thievery in such a place; I might have locked the door without remembering it; and, if I had not, the omission seemed not worth investigation in the freezing wind that agitated the curtains of the open bedroom window. I put the thought out of my mind and went quickly to sleep. (These details are wearily trivial, I realize. But endure that: perhaps they bear compound interest, and I must make it clear just how the thing happened and how utterly objective it apparently was.)

From a deep, sound, and (as I was convinced then and after) dreamless sleep I came broad awake with a gasp of the most intense fear, my heart losing a beat, and found myself partly propped up on one elbow and staring through the doorway into the study. The form

of a man, silhouetted against the big study window beyond, was bent over the desk chair as if going through the clothes hung on it. At my convulsive movement—an involuntary one—he straightened up and stood frozen for a second; then I heard the soft *pad, pad, pad* of quick steps across the study carpet, and the next instant the click of the automatic lock. And I was lying there alone in a sweat of terror, with my heart hammering me like a big fist.

As soon as I was physically able—perhaps in thirty seconds—I jumped up and lighted one: gas burner in the bedroom and another in the study. The first thing I noticed was the tiny alarm clock on the bedroom mantel, which pointed to five o'clock in the morning. Clothes, watch, and money were untouched. There was no sign of an intruder anywhere. The outside door was locked.

I closed the window and went back to bed, because the day's heat supply would not begin for an hour or more. As I remember it, I did not go back to sleep. I was entirely certain that a sneak thief had entered the room, been startled at his work, and slipped out without accomplishing anything. There was, certainly, a discrepancy: the snapping of the lock, which was as distinct as anything ever received by one of the five senses, contradicted the impression of a door left unlocked, since one could hardly imagine the thief releasing the catch, either as he entered or as he fled. But such a perception could make no headway against the distinctness of the impression itself. And it was a waking impression; that is, it was accompanied by none of the sensations that, in my experience before and since, consort with dreams.

The next evening I spent in the study, quietly reading. I went to bed later this time, with the door indu-

bitably fastened, and I did not go to sleep so soon. My mind persisted in dwelling on the event of that morning, but not, as it seemed, with any special intensity. Sleep, when it came, was normal as far as I can know. But it was crashed into by the same experience over again—the precise experience *de novo*, not attended by the sense of repetition, of having lived through the same thing before, that is so common in dreams. And again it was five o'clock to a hair.

You will easily believe that I found sleep skittish the third night. I was firmly convinced that the invasion had been an objective reality and that what one ignorantly calls 'nerves' had been answerable for the repetition of it. It had been quite as terrible the second time as the first; and if 'nerves' were going to do that to me again, it would still be no less shattering the third time. The fact that there was no difference in horror between the imagined occurrence and what I called the real one did not then strike me as significant. It seems to me now that no 'real' experience could so frighten a human being. But it was useless to argue in that vein against the sensory actuality of that first appalled waking.

I lay there thrashing it over in my mind, talking sense to myself. For of course this silliness had to be conquered. And I fell asleep just in time, I suppose, to go through the same vivid terror a third time—at five o'clock. I felt as if any more of this would make an old man of me. Two friends from my home town possessed, a block up the street, an idle bed. That night, after having undressed and gone to bed as usual in the faint hope that sleep would pounce on me before I could stir, I got up, dressed, and took possession of my friends' extra bed. In it I slept each night until the holidays; and after them my roommate was back.

III

It was many weeks before I could find even a small cranny in my mind for the speculation that the original experience itself was without objective reality. I had thought I knew all about hallucinations — and who ever heard of one that you could n't in two seconds dissolve by seeing it for what it was? At the age of nine I had once walked at twilight along a lonesome road, and jumped nearly out of my skin when a black monster clutched at me — and at the end of my leap of absolute terror had come to earth actually laughing at the grotesque fire-scarred stump of a familiar old apple tree, distorted by being seen out of the corner of my eye. Hallucinations were like that. This was not like that.

What finally did the business — not all at once, by any means — was this: the following April a physiological psychologist convinced me that it is impossible to see anything (I mean anything that is really there) within the first few seconds after waking from a sound sleep. He convinced my mind, that is to say. My sensory recollection died harder — or, rather, it did not die at all, and I eventually had to believe in spite of it and to regard it as discredited. For the time was to come, and within that next year, when I believed what I feel sure of to this day: that no sneak thief entered my room or pawed over my clothes, that there was never any muffled padding of feet on the carpet or snapping of the lock, and that the first experience was of the same substance as the second and the third. I had committed the fallacy and incurred the waste of trying to apply a faculty which I thought was moral courage to something about as amenable to that faculty as the shadow of a great whale would be to a harpoon.

That, I have said, was in December

of 1906. And it was September of 1913 before I knew I was a sound man again. It happened to be more than seven years before I faced anything that could rank in my mind as a test. If the test had come, it might have showed the same result in five years, or three, or two. But I could not go out of my way to incur it. If I had learned anything at all in the four ghastly nights, I had learned that it was sheer futile bravado to attempt a self-conscious defiance of the unknown enemy. Let the test come naturally, when it would, and prove whatever it proved. Throughout seven years, then, it was my lot to sleep every night where a call would bring the answer of at least one friendly and familiar voice. And all that time I lived with the subtle discomfort of not knowing what my mind would do to me in solitude and darkness among strange surroundings. Nothing at all, perhaps; and, perhaps, everything to break down my hope in it. Certainly, while living in other ways a full, sane, normal life, I was shrinking inwardly from the trial, though I believe that at no time did I actually evade it.

In 1913, at the end of the summer, it devolved on me to paddle across a lake of western Maine to its uninhabited shore, spend one night in some buildings on a deserted peninsula, close the buildings for winter, and go alone on foot through the mountains to New Hampshire. As I went to bed that night, under the rafters of the bark lodge, with the friendly enigmatic night noises of the deep woods reaching my ear from all sides, I was thinking how many persons fear and shun that kind of solitude, and how preposterous it is of them to feel like that; and yet it was distinctly in my mind, in a way not controllable by will power, that in a few hours I might be wrenched out of my own peaceful sleep by a fear so unnerving that it would stop my heart

there and then. There was no alarm clock here. My mental alarm I had set for four, there being a long day ahead; and before a suspicion of dawn had filtered through the black spruce growth — indeed, before I knew that I was going to sleep — I was boiling coffee in the kitchen, and wondering at the back of my mind what would have happened had I stayed asleep until five. I still wonder.

The next dusk found me snug for the night under the low curtain of branches of a hemlock in a dank wilderness at the north flank of Black Mountain, in the Wild River valley, with many miles of trailless going behind me. (On South Baldface in those days there were no paths except the vestiges of old logging roads, and the westward stretch from the mountain to Wild River was a tangled morass of burned-over forest and swamp, through which in spots it was next to impossible to chop a way.) Lying sixty feet from the water hole at which I had cooked my supper, with my pack for a pillow, I was entertained until sleep came by the tramp of porcupines, deer, and bears visiting the small pool; their tracks identified them in the morning. Once in the night I woke up to a startling impression that something was tearing at my pillow. There was a scurry and crackling above; and when I turned on a small pocket flash light it fell full on a red squirrel scampering aloft in my hemlock tent. I laughed at him, and he swore companionably at me in the idiom of his marauding kind. My watch said midnight. One amazingly lustrous and unwavering star hung at the zenith. I turned over and slept, I think dreamlessly, until dawn.

The second night out I spent on fir branches at the divide of Carter Notch, outside the shelter by the twin ponds. It was not until the night after that, when I reached the old stage office on

Washington in the midst of a September blizzard, that I found myself back in a region of human companionship. I have had few happier experiences than the unexpected discovery of an acquaintance there among the whirling snow clouds. No man is equipped to get the real good of human companions so long as there is a trace of doubt in his mind as to his ability to cope with himself single-handed, in utter solitude.

As a matter of common sense, no one should ever go through even our New England mountains alone. The chances of a twisted ankle are too good, and one's helplessness in that event too complete. Nevertheless, I shall always be grateful for the particular mode of my discovery that certain torn tissues of my own personality had mended themselves. Again, at last, I was as innocent of fear of the empty dark as the two-year-old who had delighted to creep from the early winter lamplight of the kitchen into the shadowy penitentialia of the warm dining room, for no reason except that it was so engagingly mysterious there.

IV

Now, I am willing to appear as having been a coward, a weakling devoid of self-command, if my doing so will throw a glimmer of light on anything for one other victim of the nameless terror. I suppose I could even manage to appear so without the protection of anonymity if that would make any real difference. I am willing to consider, and have always considered, the possibility that I was wrong to give up the open fight when I did. Perhaps I ought to have looked the unknown enemy straight in the eyes until I could stare him out of countenance; perhaps anything less than that should be construed as contemptible self-pampering.

All I can say is that it still *feels* to me as if I went about my task in the right way. As far as a man can judge himself, I believe that I did not give up until it was irresistibly clear that I could make no headway by the more direct method. I fully believed that to push myself much farther in the direction apparently dictated by moral courage might be to thrust myself over some disastrous brink, to the peril of my self-command in all other areas — and perhaps without even effecting my salvation in this one. It was not open to me, by any mental tactic at my command then or afterward, to grasp the wholly intangible character of the enemy. That conviction had to build itself up slowly and gradually, out of the undermined foundation of my first realistic view of what had happened. Not until this process was complete could I invoke a test without the suspicion that I might be playing wantonly, inexcusably, with my whole emotional balance, even my sanity.

What course of action, I asked myself, would leave me the better man in relation to all ordinary exigencies? For I was sure beyond argument that my attitude toward this affair had *some* potential bearing on everything else. If, for instance, I were to be caught in a theatre fire, with a chance to behave either as a decent citizen or merely as one unit of a hysterical mob, which mode of dealing with my infirmity would leave me the better prepared? My answer then was that I might easily put every ounce of will I could muster into the direct method of solving this one problem, and thereby reduce myself to a spineless jelly for all the other problems that were sure to come up. I still think this may have been the right answer. I doubt the economy of an out-and-out contest with an unknown adversary, when it threatens to drain one's nervous force and when

the nature of the adversary is likely to become clearer with the lapse of time.

But one is bound in common honesty to admit that the alternative may be true. Fear is a wonderful incentive to self-deception, and no one of us knows himself through and through. It is at least possible that I should have read my situation as a challenge to sheer self-respect, answered the challenge as I started out, and counted on a victory at any cost as the one method of asserting my general integrity. How am I to know? Who can tell me? I can know that the method I chose enabled me to do enormous quantities of acceptable professional work, and that it eventually recovered for me the full measure of my inborn capacity for delight in solitude and mystery. But I have no way of knowing that the alternative method might not have resulted in even more and better work and produced an earlier recovery.

At all events, it would seem that I underwent an extraordinarily definite, localized, describable contact with just the sort of baseless fear that runs in a vague diffusive way through so many modern lives, to the appalling distortion of their pattern. Here is a man who is convinced that there is an unjust and inexplicable prejudice against him on the part of those who have the power to set the value of his work, to make or mar his career; and the conviction paralyzes his effort. There is a woman who has got it into her head that her lover or her husband is discontented with the best she can give him, and that his secret dissatisfaction is chafing the bond in two. Yonder is a mother in whose mind has taken shape so clear a sense of the futility of her guidance that she lets her children run wild to disaster. A sea captain whose grasp of the astronomy of navigation made him one in a thousand, and whose landfalls had

been for years miracles of exactitude, was always in such a sweat of terror for thirty-six hours before the end of a voyage that it was physically impossible for him to keep the deck. An accountant who will assuredly die of old age unless he worries himself into the grave is being worn to a skeleton by a perfectly nonexistent cancer. A successful writer whose work has shown steady growth over a period of years is so convinced that his powers are exhausted that it takes him tortured weeks to nerve himself up to letting a thing of his own get out of his hands. A student in the first fifth of his class killed himself because he knew that he was going to fail disgracefully and could not face the parents who had made sacrifices. Every one of these, with countless others, is utterly unable to believe that his fear has no tangible, objective basis. With a corner of his intellect he knows well enough that he is creating his own trouble, blowing up the balloon with air from his own lungs, trembling before something that is n't there. But what good is cold reason when he *saw* the apparition in the room, *heard* the snap of the automatic lock? It is one thing to know that there is no danger, quite another thing to feel yourself safe. If there could always be a bridge across this gulf, what a difference would be made in a multitude of terror-stricken lives!

V

There is one more possibility which I must name, though only in the most tentative way. It strikes me as just conceivable that all fear of this psychic breed may at bottom be mob fear and not a strictly individual phenomenon at all. It is a commonplace of knowledge that the dominant mood of a mass will infect even individuals the least predisposed to that emotion. Of course, in the

ultimate sense any such emotion as terror is socially caused: men are made into fearing creatures by each other's existence. But I have in mind a rather more direct and immediate sort of contagion than that.

A few nights before my scare I was entertaining in the same room the two men from my home town already referred to. We sat drinking cider, talking over college affairs, and exchanging witticisms in the archaic mode of 1906. Presently something was said which reminded me of that tale of Poe called 'The Black Cat.' To my surprise neither of those men had ever read it. I turned out the gas, lighted the green-shaded student lamp, and read it to them forthwith, sitting at that desk and in that chair which a later night was to make momentous to me. As I neared the crisis of the grisly tale—charged, I still think, with a wholly illegitimate kind of horror—I noticed that one of the two men, from the couch across the room, was glaring at me with a strangely blank fixity. A moment later it became evident that he had hypnotized himself by staring at the unnatural green glow of the lamp shade on my face; but I had no idea of this in time to do any good.

Suddenly he leaped up with a wild shriek. The next moment he was groveling on all fours, making unearthly feline noises and trying desperately to claw his way out of sight under the low couch. He was, *pro tempore*, the Black Cat.

It took all the strength of both of us to handle him. We got him to his room and raised by telephone a doctor who presently applied a hypodermic. It was four o'clock the next afternoon before the poor fellow came to the surface; and then he was perfectly himself, without the slightest recollection of the bizarre interlude. Neither of us ever said much to him about it. We let him think he

had become intoxicated on that strictly sweet cider.

One of these men, the victim himself, was physically frail, inhumanly ambitious, and worn to a husk with overwork and overstudy. The other, who kept his poise in that unnerving emergency, came of a family several members of which, including his father and his only brother, had been periodically insane enough to be confined. He was, of course, a much scared and shaken boy that night.

His roommate collapsed as soon as we got him to his own bed, and I paced the street before the house while waiting to guide the doctor. There was a prodigious display of the aurora borealis that night, the first I had ever seen, and this, the midnight hour, and the deserted street conspired to round out an impression of such unearthly strangeness as I have experienced but one other time in my life, and that at the deathbed of one dying after hours of delirium.

Was what happened to me later, within a week, a queer echo of this occurrence? Did I somehow get hold of the terror of a momentarily overthrown mind and store it up unconsciously for some days and then re-create it in my own terms? Did the controlled panic of

the other lad, without his knowledge or mine, serve as a sort of amplifier of the original current of fear? Can it have been, ultimately, Edgar Allan Poe who bowled me over, with two abnormally impressible youths to help him and the fantastic queerness of that midnight background to make it stick? Certainly I traced no possible connection at the time, or for long afterward. Now, I am not so sure.

One must not be too sure of any generalization about this human fear, or even of any seeming probability in a given specific instance. Progress toward the solution of such problems will be made — is perhaps being made all the time. I should be uncommonly happy to think that the recital of my own experience has counted toward half a step of that progress, as it will have done if it speed one individual toward the perception that he is harrowing himself with apprehensions as immaterial as mine. Such causeless dread seems well-nigh omnipresent in the Western life of our day. We dare hope that it will not always be so. But there is nothing that even the foolhardy would dare assert with positiveness, unless perhaps this: —

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is — fear.

TARASCAN TOWN

BY MARIAN STORM

I

'DON CARLOS is at the door with the servant and horses.' I never thought that in my lifetime I should hear such words said to me — and yet Don Carlos really was at the door, with a pointed white beard and carved gloves, and he was attended by a dark-complexioned youth leading a milk-white palfrey named Robespierre. And hark — a distant horn! The mule car is approaching with all four mules. 'Tis but of everyday occurrence in this Tarascan town called Uruapan. The place is very difficult to leave.

Unless you go on horseback you can leave it in but one direction, for it lies at the end of the rail line in the midst of the mountainous Mexican state of Michoacán, which stretches on to the Pacific Ocean, with Guerrero to the south of it and Jalisco to the north. It has for centuries been an Indian metropolis, though less ancient than the mysterious towns of Lake Pátzcuaro and its islands near by. They say now that the railroad is to be extended from Uruapan down through the hot lands to the fine harbor of Zihuatanejo — *hacendados* of the rice lands hope soon, but, granting that it means progress, I murmur, 'Heaven delay it!'

For with a railroad leading from coast to capital there will be fewer burro caravans winding through the seemingly pathless forests of orchid-honored live oak and pine. There will be fewer little hoofs pattering along the age-old trails, rough, steep, and

perilous, to carry rice up to Uruapan and take back a strange mixture of wares for the needs of the monarchical isolated haciendas that lie fruitful in the almighty sunlight of the uncivilized hot country. The hot country — where there are wild cattle even to-day that have to be roped, and not as an exhibition, either; where dwells a straight, tall, fair race of people, who do as they please and look the white *dueño* calmly in the eye! I could not bear to see these things changed, after living in Uruapan. I shall go down into the Tierra Caliente before the railroad does and view those haciendas from a horse.

From one of the hills which overlook it, my Tarascan town is a cluster of glittering houses in a green cup of earth, surrounded without a break by lonely wooded mountains, on one of which, Tancítaro, snow lies some days. At the end of every street the green mountains wait for me. The roofs overhang the sidewalks, and you may shop with no umbrella in the rainy season. And when a roof has a certain decorated cornice, that shows that it's the house of a chief!

This is a city of a long story, an unprosperous present, an indestructible racial individuality — and Mexicans love to speak of it as 'the paradise of Michoacán.' But it is a paradise not without worldly temptations and ruddy drama. Its people are operatic-looking beyond belief; they are serene and kindly, too, but naturally a draught of festive *aguardiente* fills them with

gusto, and late at night they set off rockets and other explosives, and there is tuneful, passionate singing in the streets. I had been there but a day or so when I felt with some apprehension that all this was just my game.

A Tarascan city at the end of the line, remote and sufficient to itself. One's friends have never heard of it. They refuse to say the easy name, Oo-roo-áh-pan, and they wonder why you linger there, babbling of spurs and jasmine. If you try to tell them, there is all of a different world to tell.

To-day in riding we saw some of those winsome flowers that the Indians call 'sandals of San Miguel.' But it is strange that they call them sandals, because it was the glory and praise of Fray Juan de San Miguel, the Franciscan whose memory is still beloved and blessed throughout Tarascan country, that he went through all that wild region, in the days after the conquest, 'alone, afoot, unshod,' — the words recur like a refrain in every story of him, — no ravine being too deep, no peak too rugged, no way too hostile for his devoted feet. Fray Miguel was the founder of Uruapan on its present site, but the dates of the occasion are disputed and I take no stand for any year from 1533 to 1540. It was one of those. However, the city was dwelt in at the time of the wanderings of the Aztecs.

'At its foundation Uruapan numbered more than a thousand fires,' says an old Franciscan chronicler, and, reading this, I thought how to-day a fire still means a home. Riding out in the cold starlight of early morning, you see a gay flame bloom at the door of a poor hut, and you know that the occupants are getting up the fire to make the *tortillas* — that an Indian woman is kneeling beside it, patting into cakes the corn that she has ground with so much labor in her stone

metate, tossing them lightly on to the hot tin.

Fray Miguel divided Uruapan into nine *barrios*, and eight still exist, just as he planned them. La Magdalena is the barrio I like best. Its walls are hidden by vines of the night-blooming cereus and by orchids. Its brown or cobbled ways are bordered by poinsettias and darkened by cypresses and unclipped coffee trees gemmed with green and scarlet berries. Drooping bananas shade its dooryards, and I see other fruit trees of dark foliage — guavas, cherimoyas, avocados, oranges, and mulberries. On the ground, of a peaceful Saturday afternoon, sit whole families together, making firm white baskets of many shapes from the tall *carrizos* that grow along the river banks. La Magdalena is all aflower; whatever else these wretched huts may lack, it is never bloom.

As he restored and laid out the towns of the Sierra, Fray Miguel consecrated each one to a saint and gave to each its own peculiar industry. The people of Arantepacua made out of palm leaves those strange raincoats which are still worn here. Cocucho produced rosaries and *molinillos* — little chocolate-whirlers fashioned of cunningly carved wooden wheels, inlaid with bone. The other name of Parangaricutiro was Saint John of the Counterpanes! Tanaco made *reatas* (ropes); San Felipe, spurs; and the men of Tzacán were *filarmónicos* — musicians who played for hire at fiestas near and far.

And these callings stay unchanged! Many towns maintained themselves by *la arriería* (pack-animal driving) and by a trade whose name is racy of the place to-day: *la trajinería con hatajos*. *Hatajos* are strings of burros, or more rarely of mules or horses, and they were and are the freight trains, the post, the passenger service for women

and babies, and the very emblem of Uruapan. 'Traffic with burros'! Even now there are vast regions accessible in no other way. To Mexico it was as important as the covered wagon of our West, and without it the galleons could never have sent their cargoes inland over ranges or taken out the new country's wealth. So we read that the Indians of Tzirosto in Fray Miguel's day 'supported themselves by traffic with pack animals and by practice and playing on all kinds of wind instruments' — a satisfying combination. They do so now.

I love to say over these Tarascan names of towns. There's Cherañhátzicurin; Pomacuacán, Quinceo, Tingambato; many a queer procession of syllables, exploding at the end. And if you can repeat Parangaricutiro, Erongarícuaro, Jarácuaro, Puácuaro, Tzentzenhuaro, and Zurumútaro very rapidly you won't be doing much, after all, for they are plain Tarascan and pronounced just as they are spelled. And it is well to know a little Tarascan if you are riding far from Uruapan, at the end of the line. Spanish is not answered everywhere.

II

Before ever I rode away from it I wanted to be friends with the town itself. The days of autumn, winter, early spring, went by in brilliance and ended in cool fragrance as the patio shrubs were sprinkled with brooms from the fountain, and the sensitive tree, a tremulous mimosa, at six o'clock precisely shut its million leaves and slept.

I arrived from the station in one of the mule cars that provide Uruapan's thrilling if not rapid transit. Somehow the indomitable creatures, drawing scores of passengers, scramble up the rough, ditched roads, their hoofs

striking fire from the cobblestones. Baggage follows on the *plataforma* or flat car, and as those who come are usually returning hacendados of the rice, sugar, and lumber lands, or merchants or salesmen, it has much to bear. But nothing seems to be beyond the strength of these transitory mules.

Now I am the only woman and the only foreigner in a bowerlike hotel which offers 'superb cooking and the most rigid morality,' and, if you take the first, the second is obligatory. I savor the experience of being alone and never lonely, of daily sitting in my doorway in sunlight of an Indian winter that warms but does not burn, of enjoying day and night the companionship of plants. For both window and tall door give upon the flower-thronged patio, which responds to the incessant care bestowed upon it with a fresh glory of bloom and fragrance every morning. As I go to sleep in milky moonlight I can see from my pillow, above the lower blinds, cerise hibiscus flowers, ivory-white odorous magnolias — a foot across — hanging high in dark foliage, clusters of oleanders, and one perfect white rose which has lifted itself alone upon a ten-foot stem. Shadows of great palmlike plummy grasses stir upon the wall.

And in daylight I carefully tread the narrow paths leading out from the central fountain and see how the 'mantle of San José' has spread new petals of sheer, clear canary silk, how tuberose and jasmine seem to enchant the butterflies no more than petunias, geraniums, and marguerites, for over these too pass waves and flurries of black and yellow wings. The tree dahlia with its double lavender blooms branches overhead, and you must look up to see Uruapan's Madonna lilies. So much for this sun; yet the patio is no less lovely under the soft

winter rain, which makes the leaves glitter and dimples the fountain.

North, south, winter, summer, mingle. Here are chrysanthemums and azaleas, crimson camellias and gladioli, and always tea roses, softly tinted and sweet as roses of old time. There are cinnamon pinks and tiny scarlet peppers, borne upon a bush; orchids, petunias, begonias, cannas, lady's-slippers — all in a dark green background of aromatic herbs, like the cedron, of lustrous leaves and ferns. When that whispering patio stirs in the rippling breeze of dusk and the tree toads play upon their little harps in the magnolia boughs, then I feel that I have come to some imagined country of the soul. But still there is supper.

To-night I shall have *pan dulce* and hot chocolate, made as it was served at Montezuma's banquets — foamy and flavored with cinnamon! For dessert we may have passion fruit, *nísperos del Japón*, manzanillas, or stewed cactus, or there will be something with an imposing name: *dulce de tejocote*, or *dulce de ciruela*. The first is three little haws in syrup, alone in a large saucer, looking like the golden apples of Hesperides when clustered on the tree, and, next to cup custard, the great standard dessert of all Mexico. The *dulce de ciruela* is prunes.

It is for the best, I suppose, that I have never had enough hot chocolate as our pretty Tarascan cook makes it. I go out into the kitchen and watch her at the rite. The big, tiled, star-shaped *brasero* is in full blast, — a bed of glowing charcoal in each point of the star, — and a brown clay cup with my chocolate in it stands right upon the coals. When it has boiled she takes it off and begins the whirling process. This is done as it was centuries ago, with a highly ornamented wooden whirler, and she twirls and she twirls until the cup is more than half full of brown

spicy foam. I try, for it looks so easy, but nothing occurs beyond an agitation in the cup.

All the minutiae of life are different here. They sweep with witches' brooms made of palm leaves. Charcoal is the only fuel, and the barefoot Indian who brings it in from the mountains is somewhat terrible to look upon — bent beneath the bursting sack, bearded, and completely blackened, like a demon of the wilderness. He trots past my door in the early morning, his blackened little boy beside him, and I think how precious fire still is — how hard to keep. Charcoal burners know.

At daybreak, too, I like to hear our breakfast bread arriving at that same Indian trot. A handsome aborigine brings a day's supply for the entire hotel in his hat — a vast hat with a little central peak that fits upon the head and rolls out into an unfathomable brim laden with *pan dulce* — sweet bread of many flavors and fantastic shapes — and the good crusty loaflets called *pan bolillo*.

I rise and close the wooden blinds to dress. '*Hay pulquel*' chants a merchant from the street, his goatskin of maguey nectar swung over his shoulder. Some butterflies have flown in, and alight upon the typewriter. Miguel, the waiter, makes a statement through a crack: 'They have brought cherimoyas from Tingambato, señorita.' Now Tingambato is a cherimoya capital, so I hurry, and there they are, my favorite fruit, looking like objects of rough, dark green pottery, and disclosing flower-fragrant, snow-white flesh, starred with dark seeds — utterly delicious!

Then sometimes I have a mamey. We passed a tree of them along the road, and Don Carlos said, 'My friend has a fortune in that one tree alone. It bears three thousand mameys a year — an orchard in itself!'

Some of the finest coffee in the world

— the *caracolillo* — is grown in the *huertas* of Uruapan. We roast our own, here in the hotel, and I sniff with delight every third afternoon when Vicente, the watchman, crouching on the stones of the back patio, slowly turns the charcoal-heated roasting cylinder.

This whole high, tiled room is washed every day by Primitivo, the able Tarascan who is an artist sometimes, sometimes a teacher or a scholar, but whose work is as the work of ten, done at a tireless trot. He will brush the rug, which is the undressed skin of a bull calf; he will bring drinking water from the well; and for a last touch he will arrange 'the bouquet,' without which no day is well begun.

Primitivo in a month has never repeated a design for the bouquet and rarely uses the same flowers twice. To-day I may be honored with two dozen queenly calla lilies. Yesterday it was marguerites with one wide dark rose. For a holiday came seven kinds of tea roses with ferns and geraniums, and there have been wild marigolds and pink cosmos, brought in from the fields around Uruapan. You should see my cream-colored dahlias with a crimson camellia, my pitchers of hibiscus bloom, oleanders arranged with palm leaves, moonlike magnolias, as refreshing to smell as newly cut limes. Once there was a broad bowl of moss whence sprang heliotrope and tiny pinks. And Primitivo's white masterpiece is made of pale geraniums, roses, azaleas, oleanders, magnolias, lilies, and marguerites, mingled with ferns. He conceived it while mopping.

III

On Sunday evenings, says Primitivo, there is *mucho movimiento* in the plaza, and there is. A new general has come, with a splendid brass band,

and while it plays near the priestless church you may watch hour after hour the traditional promenade of mediæval Spanish times. Around the little flowery and fountained park curves a walk, trodden steadily and lightly by the beauty, chivalry, posterity, villainy, and chaperonage of Uruapan. The girls, women, and staid married couples walk on the inside, clockwise; the men and boys without, counter-clockwise. Glances from the outer circle intersect the inner, but the ladies ignore them. One would suppose that they had put on those carmine lips, those combs and *rebozos* and high heels, merely in order to take the air. The more they are looked at, the less do their gazes waver from the coiffures of sprightly promenaders in front of them.

Young cavaliers still park their coursers and sing at barred windows in Uruapan. Flirting still knows finesse. Even more charming, youth's idea of diversion is to take guitars and harps and sing in groups on street corners in the night, especially by moonlight. They call it 'drawing out a cock,' *sacar un gallo*, and the gallos of Uruapan are melodious, prolonged, and late. It seems like a very pleasing way of carrying on.

The plaza at the centre of the circles is dim and inviting, with designs in tiny border plants commemorating martyrs to patriotism. There are white and purple iris, acanthus, ferns, and violets. But none but me turns out to walk there. A sign among the roses says, 'It is forbidden to violate in this garden the Commandments.'

There is an easy, unaffected, and very winning democracy about it all. The barefoot and the shod step together. Every kind of trouser is represented, from the peon's white cotton pajama to the college cut. The Indian matrons wear modest, long, full skirts,

while paler misses affect Paris, but not extremely. A few gentlemen, scarcely prosperous, retain the dramatic black Spanish cloak. There are a great many white teeth and long dark braids. The decorum among the ladies is impressive.

Mucho movimiento! The sellers of sweetmeats, fruits, and gay cakes in the *portales* are doing well. Nothing is wrapped up. If you want peanuts you carry them home in your hat or handkerchief. But when you can purchase a pile for half a cent, and four newly picked oranges for five cents, you scarcely expect string and paper too.

Along the *portales* you progress from specialty to specialty. This is the cloth bazaar, and fabrics dyed in high colors are stretched upon the stones, lighted by flares. Gorgeous neckerchiefs and *sarapes* flutter in clusters. Here are the ambulant restaurants, where expert Indian cooks, squatting on the cobbles with stone metates and griddles, toss tortillas, while others make *chalupas* and *malotes* out of bits of meat or potatoes rolled in corn cakes. Busily they mix their fearful hot sauces and fan their *braseros* with palm-leaf fans.

Fare for all tastes! Sugar cane is stacked in little cords, and children gnaw it joyously. There is a *puesto* of cheeses and of bananas no bigger than your finger and rarely sweet. Great piles of oranges glow in taper light. Here are green coconuts from the inland hot country, — though coco palms are expected to love the sea, — broad wooden bowls of honey, and ears of maize roasted over charcoal. On this curbstone you may buy *naranjalimas*, the insipid offspring of an orange and a lime, as well as legitimate limes, small and pungent or huge and sweet. Does your mocking bird lack pepper berries? Here nod coral plumes of them. Do the children want some *jicamas*?

(They usually do.) You may find this turnipy-looking, cool-tasting vegetable in quantities, already scrubbed and peeled, while *chayotes* in their prickly coats — *son buenos para el estómago* — are for sale both cooked and raw. Papayas, too, are beneficent with pepsin, and I find granadillas, or passion fruit, tomatoes, and tiny *jilomates*, with enough kinds of *zapotes* in season to drive a gourmet mad, particularly if he should begin with the *chico-zapote*, whose grainy flesh tastes delicately of maple, or with the 'dark one,' the *zapote prieto*, which, broken, looks like the inside of an unripe puffball or some other product of forest decay, but whose black pulp, beaten up with cream and a dash of cognac, makes a divine dessert.

All such things you must know, to appreciate life in Uruapan. Otherwise you are likely to waste your days in seeking angrily for imported fare which cannot match delicacies which the hot lands offer to the open-minded intruder.

Chiles! Who dreamed there were so many peppers in the world? Gorgeous-colored, gemlike in the torchlight, they hang in festoons or are spread for the thoughtful choice of those who know. For in nothing else is a Mexican cook's art so tested as in her selection and use of peppers. There are more than a score of distinctly different kinds in the market place of Uruapan, and some are cheap, while some cost more than a dollar a pound. These chile aristocrats are bought only for making the festive and ceremonial gravy, *mole* (for wild turkey fricassee), one of Mexico's major contributions to cookery. If the ground peppers are n't blended to the finest nuance the mole will 'result' unworthy and perhaps ruin a wedding feast. No foreign tender-tongue could keep the honor of the Mexican chile.

The Uruapan cobblers, who have

almost a whole portale for their trade, are selling briskly to-night. Theirs is all handwork. Not the simplest machine aids them as they sit on the curb and add to the ranks of strangely shaped footwear that is built to withstand these punishing roads. Some sandals turn up at the toe in an Oriental way. Many are woven of fine leather thongs.

Whoever knows the native handicrafts of America has heard of the famous Tarascan *lacas*, whose lustre, fine designs, and pure lasting colors were the despair of all who sought to copy them, and which gave the state of Michoacán a high position in the world of Indian art. As Oaxaca is renowned for silver filigree, Saltillo for sarapes, and San Pedro Tlaquepaque for ceramics, so Uruapan is the metropolis of the painted gourds.

How do they make them? Books have been written about the craft. The Germans, in particular, were annoyed until they discovered that the secret of the lustre was largely what New England knows as 'elbow grease,' for the Tarascan artisan polishes his *lacas* with the inside of the wrist. Once earth colors only were used, but now, alas, the Indians find it simpler to import their paints, which of course are not so good as those of antiquity. The lymph of a plant louse is still used as a drying agent; the finest gourds still grow on Mount Tancitaro; the most brilliant products of the art are still for sale on the sidewalks of Uruapan on Sunday nights.

Primitivo is anxious to have me appreciate the *lacas* with understanding. He takes me on Monday to a 'studio' where men are carving designs into the clay, and women with agile thumbs are filling them in with color. Plants with leaves six feet long — *carámicuas* — stand about in tubs; a resplendent macaw disapproves of us; a gigantic

pig, pampered for profit, grunts in dream as we step around him.

'These are the old colors.' Primitivo points to peculiar yellows, pinks, and greens in a specimen standing on a shelf. 'These' — he includes the work of the toiling artists with a wave of his arm — 'are new, from Germany. A pity. This vine design, señorita, is two hundred years old; this one they took from a new ribbon from Paris.'

The Tarascans laugh gently because I cannot call the names of the shapes of the *lacas* of Uruapan. How strange to be a foreigner and have no knowledge of such ancient, essential things! A gourd with a little lid to it is, of course, a *tecomate*. A half gourd, which makes a bowl, is a *jícara*. The broad, flat tip of an enormous calabash, — who would think that gourds grew so big? — used for a tray, is a *batea*. Little gourds with the seeds left inside to make a rattle are *guajes*. And all of them glow, when finished, with wild hues and a burnish like that of a general's boots.

IV

At holiday times the plaza is exciting and exotic. One store has tried to fix up a Christmas window in a stylish Northern manner, and there a little cypress tree is hung with tiny bottles of inflaming *tequila* and with boxes of foreign candy, while in the corners of the case great orchids have been strewn with artificial snow. Among the sweets for sale on the sidewalk appear whole clouds of what looks like pink cotton. I thought it was, till I saw the Indian babies cry for and eat it. Spun sugar!

The fruit women, between sales, busily make *piñatas*, which will rain favors when hung in the centre of the room and broken by a blindfolded guest at a Christmas party. The

shapes are delightful, — a white Pierrot, a monster green parrot, a Spanish cavalier, a swan, a horn of plenty, — all fashioned out of tissue paper by dark, hard-working fingers.

It's not Christmas without a piñata in the home, but, though I had none myself, I enjoyed the day, for I took two little Indians to the *béisbol*. Baseball is pure pleasure in Uruapan — not a crudely emotional affair. The blue winter sky was darkening when we reached the seventh inning, and three señora cows, let out to pasture, walked sedately across the diamond. The players waited for them. At other tense moments of the game the military band from Morelia would take it into its chic head to play a bit, and all the spectators then turned away from the battling nines and gave their attention to the bandmaster. Pink button roses like those in Victorian bonnets bloomed in the hedges; fascinating horsemen rode past the field.

'Emilio,' I ask, as we suck our *paletas*, 'do you play too?'

'Señorita, yes — more or less. *Pero no me preocupa mucho.*' He does not preoccupy himself with baseball. He is twelve. But never think of Emilio as solemn. He is a dark Tarascan elf with a glittering grin.

'Did you go horseback when you accompanied the new gentleman to the falls of Tzaráracua?' It is a grilling hike of five brown miles.

'Yes, señorita. He wished it. But I would rather go anywhere on foot, because then I can dance all the way, and play as I go.' He dances naturally, like a pixie. He dances on errands.

And polite!

'Emilio.'

'Command, señorita.'

'Is the duck which you recently adopted in good health?'

'A thousand thanks, señorita. The duck is as usual.'

I like to shop in Uruapan, but I cannot unless I remember to be accompanied by Emilio. For without causing a social cataclysm I could not carry anything myself. A small purse — possibly. A hand bag — no! Before I knew this I bought a machete for a Northern woodland relative and took it back to the hotel by hand. Citizens suspended operations. Tote your own peanuts and your caste is gone. Not that you mind, but it offends Tarascan decorum. It's like crudely insisting upon keeping to the right, when they wish to honor you by giving you the inside of the walk.

So when I go to town to take a bath Emilio bears my comb, and at the Baths of the Jasmine another attendant will carefully put a pink egg of soap into the bird's nest of excelsior which is the local wash cloth. Sometimes the responsibility of being the *señorita americana* becomes appalling.

En route to the tub we pass stores called The French Post, The Two Worlds, The Sandbar of Tampico, and The Port of Liverpool and other ports. But best I like the harness shop and its perfect name — El Potro Abajeño: The Colt from the Coast. The globular proprietor came up from a Pacific town when a boy, and now he has a trio of Indian apprentices, — dark youths with artful fingers, — and they embroider cartridge belts and holsters and machete holders and make huge saddles and shining bridles all day long. You think such a glitter must mean a jewelry shop! Horses' headdresses stitched in silver thread; stirrups like a sultan's shoes!

The rancheros of Mexico take great pride in all their accoutrements, especially (since these form a part of their regular dress) in cartridge belts which are filled with highly burnished cartridges, too bright to use in any common argument. At Uruapan belts,

holsters, and many bridles and saddles are adorned with cunning embroidery in thread called *pita de Oaxaca*, made from a certain maguey fibre rolled between thumb and finger, glossy and creamy-white. The Colt from the Coast offers beautiful equine embroideries.

Partly because of their clothes, the arrival of a party of *rancheros* for breakfast at the hotel is a treat. There is a great clatter of hoofs on the cobbles at the door. The *mozos* lead away the steeds, and the cavaliers from the hot lands enter, spurred, booted, scarlet-kerchiefed, sable of moustache and flashing-toothed. They lay aside their broad gray hats, but not their weapons. The *ceintures* of polished cartridges catch the morning light as they sit down and order a breakfast fit for a horseman who has ridden since two in the morning to avoid the sun — beans, wine, coffee, and several meats. For in this equestrian region man almost lives by meat alone.

Yes, they are choice to look at. One day as we were riding far off in the mountains, Don Carlos reined in The Dream upon a ridge and gestured toward a dark, wooded valley with his whip. 'The bandit town is down there. They have a tradition of kidnapping only the most beautiful women. Perfectly natural selection.' Since that time I have put extra powder into my vanity case every day when riding in that direction, but ah, there's been no occasion to use it.

Many of the bandits around here are very amiable — 'Yesterday were run off the horses of Don Jesús,' you overhear at supper, or 'They were at this place two weeks ago' is whispered in a village where you pause to get your bearings. Don Carlos sometimes engages one to be his *mozo* when he is making a long trip to a hacienda in the hot lands.

All Michoacán is still very horsey — *muy de á caballo!* Not so long ago this was the correct form for letters of introduction to someone dwelling in the Uruapan region: 'Permit me to present the Señor don Fulano de Tal, *muy honrado y muy de á caballo*' (much respected and a splendid horseman).

It is a fine phrase. Don Carlos leans over and extracts a *garrapata* (tick) from Robespierre's ear. 'How — when I could n't?' '*Muy*,' he says modestly, '*de á caballo*.' And I vow that ere I quit Uruapan I will be *muy de á caballo* myself.

But I meant to tell about the *huertas*!

A *huerta* is the nearest thing to Eden now left on earth. It is a garden, an orchard, a pleasance, a bower, a plantation, an Elysian field, and a truck farm. There are many in Uruapan, the source of all those fruits and vegetables for sale in the *portales*, but of them three, as Emilio says, are the *más elegantes*.

And of the three fair and seignorial *huertas* of Uruapan my favorite is La Camelina.

It blooms in deep silence, even as the Garden before the curse of labor was laid on man. A grave Tarascan unbars the tall roofed gate and receives your *permiso*, and along paths bordered by a thousand tea roses, soft yellow, ivory, and salmon pink, you slowly go, unnoted, breathing that clear, shimmering, fragrant air. Often a guava falls, its pale skin crimson-mottled. The citron is in blossom, and it is a delicate pleasure to distinguish this perfume from that of the lime and lemon and the orange and grapefruit blooms, no less waxen. Here on coffee trees shine the pretty white flowers along with the berries, red and green, and I eat the pulp and wonder who first thought to roast and brew the seed.

A fine magenta bougainvillea climbs toward the sunlight out of all this shade and gives the huerta its name, for Tarascans call this shrub the *camelina*. You find still other paths, and now through the blissful stillness sounds the exultant speech of water. The Cupatitzio, born under a rock in the dark jungle above, nourishes all the huertas and has energy left to provide Uruapan with electric light and a sawmill. Three streams are drawn off from the river, and yet it leaps along in spangles.

I stand in a *mirador* and look out with unutterable contentment upon this paradise of ferns and waterfalls, fruit and roses, blessed by such a winter sun. A brook flows at my feet, and it is just as a brook should be, brimful, cool, clear green, mirroring lavender wild tobacco flowers and scarlet spurge, and overarched by ferns in six-foot filigree. I see the pebbles far under — no fishes live in the waters of the Cupatitzio.

Down the steep hillside on the far side of the river white scarfs and banners of thin-spun water stream. It is clothed solely in a lacework of water and great fern fronds, hanging like green waterfalls themselves. The long leaves of the banana plants droop unfrayed and luminous in the sunlight here. The glossy dark foliage glitters on guava, coffee, and aguacate trees. Granadillas hang heavy from the passion vine. Sweet single violets, such as I never saw except in water colors, gather in the shadows, and I come upon a fruit that I never even heard of and whose Tarascan name I cannot spell; it looks like a cluster of hard bananas, scarcely out of the bud and fairy size.

Roses and pines to breathe, water to hear, sun to feel, ripe guavas scattered. La Camelina is paradise, and beyond the gate, as I pass through at twilight,

I encounter the devil's sport of a cockfight. The poor birds are cutting one another to pieces with the little swords fastened to their spurs. Rescue, though it be but temporary, is worth a peso or two, and it can be arranged.

V

Days go by in a Uruapan huerta, and sometimes you remember how a dim antiquity harbored subways and alarm clocks, but it matters little enough. They cannot pass these sheltering mountains.

If I dream through an afternoon in La Camelina, at morning I walk in the Huerta Hurtado. That's where the poinsettias live.

Passing down the street, you are startled to look through a poor and dingy dwelling and see in the small courtyard on the other side a glow of scarlet — a tall poinsettia shrub hung with bracts like the incredible flowers embroidered at the centre of a Spanish shawl. They call this the *rosa del pastor* in Uruapan (the shepherd's rose), or sometimes the Christmas Eve flower, because it reaches its full glory at that time.

But in the Huerta Hurtado this flame of the poinsettia becomes a conflagration, the more gorgeous because some have yellow bracts. Poinsettias grow in avenues here; they rise above your head. With great white datura 'wedding bells' they are reflected from the lake waters, while at its margins bend calla lilies and mimosas, and in the midst rises an island of dripping pink patience plants. Ducks in handsome livery swim around it. If La Camelina is dream, the Huerta Hurtado is joyous life.

We come to a shadowy cedar bower, and within there is débris of fruits. 'Niña,' complains the old *huertero*, 'the bats gather guavas and bring them

here every night to eat while they hang upside down.'

I gasp at the barbarous splendor of the *colorines*, the trees almost leafless now, and somehow infernal-looking, with their peeling reddish bark and bare boughs set with that strange vermillion inflorescence, like marine forms. Crotons of maroon and violet foliage border the beds of azaleas and yellow marguerites. Orchids nest among high branches, and jasmine rides every breeze. Little fluttering rills slip past. The evergreens wear fantastic shapes of birds, baskets, and fountains, and the castor plants here are as big as forest trees.

Across a deep glade crowded with shining-leaved bananas I see the sweet, wooded Uruapan hills and then distant peaks, cutting a sky so blue that it looks like flowers when it shows in little snippets through an arbor. I have friends who have lived in Mexico forty years and never heard of these huertas. I feel jealous now; I would keep this place a secret.

And off there to the south lies a whole unknown empire — the rich hot country of Michoacán. Ride but twenty-five miles out of Uruapan and you see the sunlit Tierra Caliente spread below you like another world. I have not been so stirred, I think, by any of earth's sights which I have looked upon.

We set forth in starlight, passing through the Glen of the Goats, and reached the Slope of the Creature with One Ear Turned Down (La Cuesta del Gacho) in the fresh forenoon. Dismounting, we sat upon a boulder, and I tried to place and name the storied haciendas and the villages that lay within the enormous valley at our feet.

It is almost another day's ride to Nueva Italia, the domain of the Cusis, the rice kings of Mexico, where old Don

Dante reigned among his peons, an absolute monarch, for so many years. Theirs, too, is Lombardía, with all its ranches — Charapendo, La Gallina, Los Jasmínes. The Cupatitzio, which becomes the Marqués, winds among these fertile, vast hectares to join the Río Grande de Tepalcatepec and flow into the mighty Balsas, and so into the Pacific at last. The Balsas, to the left of us, divides Michoacán from Guerrero State, whose hills of Inguarán we can see. Yonder rise the twin peaks of the Condébaro Mountains, and even a new eye can make out the pueblos of Los Bancos, Parácuaro, Apatzingán — all without access to any railroad. To the right — sometimes you can see it faintly — rises the great volcano of Colima. Behind us the long and almost indistinguishable way leads back through the forests to Uruapan. Before, far off, is the ocean. We are gazing out from the Sierra de Uruapan to the stupendous system of peaks and ranges called the Sierra Madre del Sur.

'How much country do you suppose you see now?' demands Don Carlos, with narrow eyes upon the distant rice lands. He figures for a moment. 'At least — I should say — 1728 square leagues. About twenty-eight haciendas. Quite a *golpe de vista!*' There is Uruapano pride in his voice.

In level, tillable land alone the haciendas of Nueva Italia and Lombardía comprise more than seventy-two thousand acres, so Don Eugenio Cusi, one of the present owners, told me. In all they are much vaster, but he pointed out that some haciendas here attain to one hundred and fifty thousand acres. And the expenses are gargantuan, too. The Cusis often spend twelve thousand pesos a year merely for chasing ducks and other birds out of the rice. The ducks swim in the irrigating ditches and feed heavily in darkness.

'When I first went to Nueva Italia,' Don Eugenio chuckled, 'I was puzzled to find so many expense items for *pateando de noche* (kicking the covers off in the night), till I found that down here it means hunting ducks by night. Other robbers come to our rice in flocks that darken the sun — small black-birds, thrushes, and turtledoves.'

The Cusis in the busy season employ some five thousand peons, and Don Eugenio says that the average wage at Nueva Italia is eighteen pesos — about nine dollars — a week.

'But some of them own as many as fifty cows. They "borrow" the rice from us and fatten their pigs. They have horses and chickens, too. Each one has his house, and he may use as much land as he needs.'

A mediæval domain. The Cusis maintain two schools for their peons' children. They employ a doctor and furnish medicines and give a sick allowance.

'We keep only a few hundred burros ourselves because we employ *arrieros* with their *hatajos de mulas* to transport our crops up to Uruapan.' This trip takes a loaded burro three days.

The Cusi haciendas produce, conservatively, fifty thousand *cargas* of rice a year, a *carga* weighing six hundred pounds and being worth about thirty pesos. Other crops raised abundantly are sesame (*ajonjolí*), *cascalote* or divi-divi pods for tanning, cacao, and coffee. Fruits include lemons, oranges, grapefruit, mangoes, coconuts, the chico-zapote, avocado, and melons. Still more important are sugar cane, maize, and beans, while cattle rank with rice.

But, concerning the numbers of their multitudinous cattle, the Cusis are reticent. 'Thousands and thousands?' I ask. 'And thousands,' adds Don Eugenio. The cheese produced alone pays all of the expenses of keeping the

cows. The calves get the other half of their milk. The Cusi cowboys are expert with the rope. They work in groups of two to eight under an officer called a *caporal*. Other hacienda officials are the superintendent, or *mayordomo*, and his staff, including book-keepers.

'The people of that country are very clean and very independent,' says Don Eugenio. 'Soldiers never succeed in bossing them. They are great shots and unconquerable fighters. And they have civilized beds — not straw mats such as most peons use — with embroidered counterpanes!'

It is through this region that 'the interests' want to build a railroad. The hacendados, the state of Michoacán, and the Mexican Government are planning to divide the expense, and many thousands of pesos have been subscribed for the project. The engineers count on transporting eight thousand tons of sugar yearly to the coast from these valleys of Taretán, Nueva Italia and Lombardía, and Apatzingan. There will also be the yield of the great lemon orchards and dairy farms, with some other fruits and maize, but first of all there will be those Cusi tons of rice. From Uruapan to the harbor of Zihuatanejo is about three hundred kilometres, all through Tierra Caliente, still unopened and rich as paradise.

As I lay on the boulder under the pine trees and looked out upon it from the Slope of the Creature with One Ear Turned Down, the burro caravans, climbing up the trail to Uruapan or returning to the haciendas, passed and repassed in a strange silence. One scarcely heard their sure small hoofs. 'Burro!' shouts the arriero, and they go faster for a minute. '*Miralol!*' he sings out in a reproachful baritone at one lagging. 'Just look at him!' — and the embarrassed little burden bearer returns to the line.

Rice! Panniers of rice! All day, all night they carry it, the drivers camping at dusk in the forest. Only a few animals are loaded with cheese or fruits. They return with barbed wire, stone mortars for maize, coffee, pulque, flour, mats. There goes a woman holding a nursing baby as she calmly sits her tiny burro while he slides down the ravine.

We must turn out every little while for the caravans as we ride home. We have met hundreds of burros, in strings of from three to forty, winding up the gullies, keeping to very ancient roads that to me are utterly invisible. I never knew what burros meant before.

I think how down in the hot lands the unkind jaguar goes free, with never a lash, a burden, or a sore back, while these lovely creatures, so gentle, patient, faithful, and small, bear everything.

We rode slowly through the afternoon under branches hung with orchids, and we saw a woman in a scarlet skirt, her black braids swaying, kneeling as she washed clothes in a forest stream. We met three dark, barefoot harpers coming over the hills. They were bound to play for the *posadas* at haciendas far away. I never thought that I should see such things. Where else might you chance to meet three harpers in the hills?

THE ART OF DYING

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

ON the afternoon of November 16, 1927, a black man whose name was Tiger Flowers walked into the operating room of a New York hospital prepared for anaesthesia. His appearance, in point of dress, was striking and somewhat singular. In addition to the usual light garments of the hospital patient, he had attired himself for the occasion in a robe which invested him from head to foot in the tawny ground color and dark, rich markings of the tiger. This distinguished garment sat on him as on some well-conceived character in a play, its mellow ground and sinuous lines falling into a sort of harmony with his own rhythmic form and dusky hue. It is doubtful whether such proud habiliments, the mark of a primitive

and self-assertive profession, ever before made their way into the awesome realm of the ether cone and the scalpel. But the black man was so beautifully built, and his lithe and supple strength was so apparent in every move, that the tiger robe seemed hardly out of keeping. And as he loosed it and threw it back in readiness to place himself upon the operating table, the surgeon and his white-gowned assistants took in with new appreciation the hard, statuesque black muscle so smoothly built up on the faultless frame of the athlete.

Mr. Flowers, the prize fighter, always wore that particular robe, symbolic of his quick craft and swiftness in the ring, whenever he made his entrance for a fight; consequently this was not the first time that he had thrown it off

and stood almost naked and alone to make a trial of great issue. He had worn it on February 26, 1926, when he climbed through the ropes into the arena of Madison Square Garden to fight the battle of fifteen rounds which made him the middleweight 'champion of the world.' He had worn it again in the fight which was broadcast from Chicago on December 3, 1926, and which resulted in the unsatisfactory and much debated decision by which he ceased to be accounted the champion.

During the past year he had been steadily fighting his way back; and the sporting public, which now called him 'the black fighter with a white heart,' steadily demanded that he be given another chance. On this very day upon which he had come in to have his operation, there had been a conference in Madison Square Garden to plan measures for securing him another championship match. To Tiger Flowers, therefore, the fistic fates were once again propitious. Before long the great night would come: again the ring lights would be focused on him; again the reporters and the typewriters and the microphone would be busy with his every step and move; and the hundreds of thousands — perhaps millions — who thought well of him would be listening in. . . .

As the ether was brought closer to his face he took two obedient breaths. Before it had begun to affect him he closed his eyes in submission, and they heard him say a prayer: —

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

These were the last words that the Tiger spoke. After the operation he seemed to rally from the ether; but he weakened and collapsed.

'Counted out!' exclaimed the sporting pages the next day. 'The black

fighter with a white heart has been counted out by the Great Referee.'

Two elements, aside from the colorful and picturesque, make this a complete example of dramatic dying. One was that he died at the very height of his career. In the past year he had won nineteen fights; in his last week he had won two; and in one of these, only four days before his death, he had 'knocked out' his opponent. The public had its attention centred upon him and was highly expectant. The other feature was that Flowers was known to be a pillar of the church, a matter of such public interest that he was called 'the Deacon' — another epithet serving to enrich the vocabulary of sport. He never left his dressing room to enter a fight without 'kneeling a moment in prayer.' Consequently, when he donned his ring raiment to go in and be 'put to sleep,' and then repeated that simple, childhood prayer, he could not possibly have died more in character.

Prize fighter as he was, there was much that was good in Tiger Flowers. There was that in his eye especially which recommended him; it was deep-set and earnest, and of the type that has so often, in other days, been capable of fanatic fealty to a master or a friend.

II

While this may pass as an example of the art of death on a certain plane, and might have come, with much more expenditure of pathos, out of the pages of Stowe or Dickens, it is hardly a death that would be rated as Shakespearean. For a natural masterpiece of that high order, nothing has ever impressed me so much as the death of Stonewall Jackson.

The name 'Stonewall' — his other name was Thomas Jonathan — is hardly a good description of him. It

was given him too early in the war. A better abstract of him was tied up in a phrase which was invented, not by his friends, but by the admiring common soldier, who was wont to refer to his command as 'Jackson's foot cavalry.' This was a happy hit at the very gist of his military method — his faculty of being here to-day and there to-morrow; of dodging up and down the mountain chains, in by one door and out at another; and of working by a constant succession of forced marches and sudden, unexpected attacks. The pages of history are covered with terms that try to describe Stonewall Jackson — vigilance, vigor, sagacity, celerity, promptness, resolution. It would take a very long compound word to cover his qualities; and I think the soldier's way of saying it all is the best. Changes in the art of war have given us that seeming anomaly, the mounted infantry; but never before or since have troops so well deserved to go by the name of foot cavalry.

Jackson could rush in between converging armies where he would seem to have about as much chance for success as a rat in a pit, and by attacking first one and then another with forces inferior to either he could spoil the plans of all. He never ran away from one enemy without making sure that he was running toward another. As he was markedly capable of self-control, and never allowed a turn of fortune to upset or surprise him, the name 'Stonewall' covers him in part. Yet I think that on the whole it conveys but a static and stodgy idea of such a fighter.

Regarding his religion, at once the soft and the hard side of him, it was from this constant attitude or inner state that he wrought upon the significance of life. Peace and war alike, the quiet succession of days or the lurid burst of battle, all had to be encom-

passed as by the mind of the weaver and conceived as working to the end; and he never lost the thread of God's guidance running through it all. When he was a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, he obeyed the Scriptural injunction to give a tithe of his income to the church. He taught a class of negro children on Sunday, and gave lectures on the inspiration of the Bible. It was said of him that it was his custom, when he dropped a letter into the post office, to say a prayer in behalf of the person to whom it was going.

When the war came and he was made a colonel, he was sent to destroy the works and rolling stock of the railroad at Martinsburg. Having successfully carried out instructions, he said in his report: 'It was sad work, but I had my orders, and my duty was to obey. If the cost of the property could have been disseminated in spreading the gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been expected!' When he originated the rebel yell at the first battle of Bull Run, he commanded his men to fire at close quarters and then make a charge, adding, 'And when you charge, yell like furies.' One word used in this order is worth noting — 'furies.' He saw no force in picturesque profanity; and he had no need for posing. It was not his way of leadership. When his men marched past him and saw his lips moving they knew that he was praying for them. They trusted him absolutely, while he in turn trusted God; and this moral stability of the man and his men, together with the vigorous workings of a Scotch-Irish intellect and the impetuosity of Southern valor, performed miracles in war.

The bullets that struck him down, while he was reconnoitring after his successful attack at Chancellorsville, came by mistake from some of his own men. Eight days after being wounded

(having borne up under the amputation of an arm) he passed away in delirium; and history has recorded the things he said as he died:—

'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle. . . . Tell Major Hawks to advance the commissary train. . . . Let us cross the river and rest in the shade.'

It was a stubborn battle, a hot fight, with quick strategy and high and rapid thinking. And when it was over he crossed to the other side. He must have entered into peace riding at the head of a victorious army, for certainly if it had not been a victory he would not have given that order to cross the river and rest in the shade.

Here was a truly Shakespearean passing. It is great drama written by life itself. If Shakespeare had found it standing thus in Plutarch he would have kept it and made no alteration—a thing he was great enough to do.

The death of Jackson was a greater shock to the South than is now easy to conceive. It was an event that filled the Southerners not only with sorrow, but with forebodings of defeat; for his victories had been so notable, and so almost certain, that they had learned to depend upon him as on some newly invented engine of war.

III

'He died a soldier's death' is a phrase that carries meaning to almost anyone; but I wonder whether it would convey any sense whatever to speak of dying a literary man's death. None, probably, except to take the minds of the few into the attic with Chatterton, or into the gutter with Poe, and in any case to suggest a life completely mismanaged.

Yet they do die fighting, as witness Tolstoi, whose last word was one of stubborn argument. When it was

rumored that the famous writer was on his deathbed and very near the end, priests of the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia, which had deprived him of its soul benefits until he should recant certain opinions, came to visit and talk with him, hoping for a deathbed conversion. Tolstoi was invincible, and ended all by saying, 'Even in the face of death, twice one is two.' It is a conclusion worth remembering, even in the face of life.

Of lives mismanaged, or become sadly tangled and out of hand, the much loved O. Henry stands as an example. When he was dying in New York, none too affluent despite his industrious imagination, his mood seems to have gone back to the fears and trepidations of childhood; for as the light was fading from his eyes he said, 'I don't want to go home in the dark.' If there was ever a mind that had reason to be sophisticated, a soul that had a right to plead contamination by the world, it was the mind, the soul, of O. Henry. Instantly when he was dead the news about him was let loose: his true name was Will Porter; he had been a fugitive from justice in Honduras and other South American countries; he had served a term in the Ohio penitentiary; he had been the companion of criminals great and small. Yet in the end he proved to be essentially 'right,' and more sinned against than sinning. And he must have known all the time he was writing his stories that the newspapers had his obituary standing and ready to shoot broadcast in cold lead. Those who believe in the total depravity of human nature are partly wrong. There is that in some men, at least, which remains untouched and undefiled—a fire fed by experience and suffering which completely purifies this pot of clay.

Grover Cleveland—who was, I am proud to say, an avowed friend of

mine — died speaking the truth. No man was ever more vilely attacked than was Cleveland when he first ran for the presidency. The newspapers of to-day would not give space to such cartoons as I remember seeing when I was a boy — so much has the world improved. Yet his solid and homely figure looms large in the rank of presidents, while personalities that were more striking and spectacular have dwindled in significance. His last words were, 'I have tried so hard to do right.' It was a great ending, because the whole world knew it was the truth.

The Russian poet, Pushkin, who was fatally wounded in a duel, seems to have died the death of the true book lover. Miss Repplier tells us in one of her essays that when he was dying his young wife asked him whether there were no friends or relatives whom he wished to see, whereupon he lifted his eyes slowly to the shelf where stood his favorite books, and said, 'Farewell, my friends.'

In 1895, when I was a young man, I was sent to get some information from a priest in Chicago who was said to be the oldest priest in the largest Roman Catholic parish in the world. He was an Irishman, well past his ninetieth year, who no longer said Mass, but was, nevertheless, a witty and distinguished member of the family, or community, of priests who served the extensive parish. As I was leaving I remarked that he had reached an extreme old age; to which he replied, 'Yes, my boy; I already have one foot in Heaven.' Several times in the past thirty-odd years this remark has come back to me to be given further thought.

IV

No doubt the spirit in which a man dies is largely determined by his race,

temperament, education, and intellectual force, together with the spirit of the times. In these present days of the new poetry, the new music, and the new philosophy of living we might logically expect a new note in dying. While I do not pretend to be an expert, I am sure that I could submit some examples which a critic of dying, if there were such a personage, would identify as being neither Elizabethan, nor Queen Anne, nor Georgian, nor Victorian. Something, in fact, which would be at once recognized as an example of the New Dying. I can best indicate what I mean by setting forth an instance.

The Norwegian tramp steamer *Grontoft*, having taken on cargo at Galveston, New Orleans, and Norfolk, sailed from the last-named port on February 20, 1922, bound for Esbjerg. The *Grontoft* labored against heavy head winds until Thursday, March 2, when it became disabled and went down in a mid-Atlantic hurricane at a point seven hundred miles east of Cape Race. All that is known of the sinking of the *Grontoft* was picked up by the wireless of the steamer *Estonia*, of the Baltic American line, which went to the rescue of the *Grontoft*, but arrived too late. The messages from the wireless of the *Grontoft* consisted at first of the usual SOS signals of a ship in trouble, followed by instructions regarding the ship's bearing; but as time wore on and the end came nearer and nearer, the operator, who had been transmitting according to the captain's orders, began to add remarks of his own, and finally, when all hope was evidently at an end, he used the apparatus before him to express his own state of mind — a remarkable series of last words in the face of certain death.

The *Estonia*, a Danish steamer hailing from Danzig and bound for New York, was making its way out of the

Baltic into the North Sea, headed west, at about the time the *Grontoft* was sailing from Norfolk. The *Estonia* encountered hurricane weather all the way across the Atlantic, gale after gale springing up from different quarters with hardly a lull between. At ten o'clock on the morning of March 2, Edward Hansen, the radio operator, who was reading a magazine in the wireless shack with the receivers over his ears, heard an SOS. It came from the *Grontoft*, which reported its position as seven hundred miles east of Cape Race.

The call came loudly, as if from no great distance, and a computation of the *Estonia's* position showed it to be but forty-five miles west of the disabled ship, and running away from it. Great seas were breaking over the *Estonia's* stern, and the wind was terrific. To put about under such circumstances was a great risk; but Captain Jorgenson, against the judgment of his officers, ordered the wheel put over, whereupon the *Estonia* fell into the trough and rolled between mountainous seas that threatened to engulf the ship before it won its way around. Steaming under forced fires, the *Estonia* barely made its way forward at six knots an hour.

Meanwhile Hansen, in his wireless shack, was listening intently. Presently he heard the operator of the *Grontoft* passing flippant comments on the weather, followed by the appropriate 'ha-ha' of wireless laughter.

'God pity the poor boys at sea on such a night as this,' wired the operator. This is a stock jest of sailors, alluding to what the people ashore are probably saying about them. Then came the dots and dashes of a 'ha-ha.' To which was added, 'The old man thinks it may blow up by night.'

At eleven o'clock the *Grontoft* sent a second SOS. It was followed by

more comment by the operator. 'Well, the steward is making sandwiches for the lifeboats,' he remarked. 'Looks like we are going to have a picnic.'

At 11.30 the *Grontoft* cut in again. 'The old wagon has a list like a run-down heel,' the operator reported to his listeners. 'This is no weather to be out without an umbrella.'

The operator on the *Estonia* reported that they were making headway. 'Hold on; we shall soon be alongside,' he told the *Grontoft*.

To this came no reply. The operator of the *Grontoft* was now silent until 12.10 P.M. 'We are sinking stern first. The boats are smashed. Can't hold out longer,' he said. 'The skipper dictated that,' he added. 'He ought to know. . . . Where did I put my hat? . . . Sorry we could n't wait for you. . . . Pressing business elsewhere. . . . Skaal. . . .'

The *Estonia*, arriving four hours late at the designated point on the ocean, found not a vestige of the Norwegian tramp steamer and its crew of thirty-five. 'Skaal,' meaning 'Your good health,' was the last that was ever heard from the steamer *Grontoft*.

Holding now to our intention of examining into the art of tragedy, we must note that the foregoing has a decided touch of Shakespeare, especially in the regard that Shakespeare's great failing, as expressed by Dr. Blair, consists in 'the grotesque mixture of serious and comic in one piece.' Certainly this death scene by the wireless operator of the *Grontoft* would never have met with the critical approval of that bright pupil of Voltaire's, Frederick the Great, who was pained by 'the wretched taste' of Shakespeare, and who wrote, after attending a German theatre, 'You will there see, in action, the abominable plays of Shakespeare, translated into our language.'

There are, indeed, two schools of tragedy — the good-taste school of the French, who have always had trouble in understanding the incongruities of Hamlet, the frivolous Dane; and the Northern school, whose fathers began by outdoing Nature herself in her wild and changing moods. Considering that the operator of the *Grontoft* said 'Skaal' when he sank, I think he has a right to be judged according to the Northern or Hamlet school, which would entirely exculpate him from any charge of bad taste.

Something of this same spirit must have been working in Charles Frohman when he stood on the deck of the *Lusitania*, as on a mid-ocean stage with all the continents for an audience, and remarked, as the waters were coming up to get him, that death is life's greatest adventure.

V

There is another sort of dying which differs from either of these in the extent to which it makes the last scene a conscious and deliberate drama. There have been men so dauntless, and with such an instinct for showmanship, that, finding it incumbent

upon them to die in public with a curious throng of spectators, they have set to work and planned the scene with such effects that it was a complete and entertaining work of the imagination. Such a personage was the Mac Pherson whose sword is preserved at Duff House, the seat of the Duke of Fife, at Banff, Scotland.

Mac Pherson was a freebooter of great physical strength and of considerable musical taste and accomplishment. Among his accomplishments was that of playing the violin. While lying in prison under sentence of death he composed his 'Farewell,' originating both the air and the words, the latter of which began: —

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length:
But dauntingly and wantonly
And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play the tune and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows tree.

When brought to the foot of the gallows at Banff, he played his 'Farewell,' danced it round the gallows tree with steps that embellished its lively and springing air, and then broke his fiddle across his knee and was hanged.

LONG SILENT

OUR poet had been long silent. He had sung

In his golden youth, of the moon and the stars,
And the whispering winds, and the light that clung
In the heavens after evening put up her bars.

Now, after an aching interval, he came

With a new song from the old heart in his breast;
And over our world there burst a beautiful flame —
His last song his sweetest song, and his best.

But not of Death was his music, nor of tears.

He sang of youth and April and the days of his prime.
For only the old can know the glory of young years,
And only the old can sing of Once-on-a-time.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TEN THOUSAND HANDKERCHIEFS

BY MERLE COLBY

I

THE girl removed her glance from the Ohio shore past which they were traveling, and cast a shy look at her companion, smoothing out as she did so her full-cut dress of rosebud satin trimmed with lace. She adjusted to a more becoming angle the muslin pardessus, lined with honey-colored silk, which draped her shoulders. Her lips parted as if to speak, but instead she caught her lower lip in her teeth, blushed, and again fell to gazing at the river bank.

The young man at her side on the passenger deck of the Ohio steamboat stroked the roll collar of his fawn-colored frock coat and pulled down his buff waistcoat. Stealing a look at the girl's profile as she persistently stared over the rail, he cleared his throat, reddened, then retreated again to the pensive contemplation of the brass buckles of his Monroe shoes.

Conversation is so difficult a thing! Why was it not part of the curriculum at the College of William and Mary? If only Miss Nancy Tuwaite would let slip the copy of *Affection's Gift* reposing in her lap, that he might restore it to her with a graceful phrase and a deep Virginian bow! So thought young Roger Sanders, and continued to mistake his companion's shyness for an air of pretty assurance. He gazed despondently at his shoe toes until, with a relief that was diluted with despair, he looked up and saw approaching two men. One was dressed carelessly in a long black frock coat and a pair of

baggy trousers, and wore a string tie and a slouch hat. His long legs bowed slightly, as if they were more accustomed to bestriding the barrel of a horse than walking a steamboat deck. His dress was that of a circuit-riding parson. He talked animatedly to his partner, who listened attentively, from time to time gravely nodding his head.

The latter swept off his bell-beaver hat, smiled at the girl, and patted her hand. 'Your aunt desires me to tell you,' he said, 'that she will take her dinner this noon in her stateroom. I left her supplied with a mountain of comforters and a bottle of smelling salts, the better to aid her sustain the rigors of her voyage.' With a grim smile he turned to the parson. 'Tis well for Mrs. Pritchell that our means of transportation is not the packet of ten years ago. In those days there were but two berths in the cabin: one curtained off for the gentlemen and the other for the ladies. The whole also served, I recall, as the dining saloon. In such a case a single vial of smelling salts could hardly have sufficed my wife.'

Miss Nancy's companion saw his opportunity. 'Truly,' he agreed, 'the saloons are marvels of comfort and beauty. The richly paneled folding doors; the commodious staterooms, allowing both privacy and comfort; the carpeted floors; the walls set with mirrors — all go to make of this noble vessel a habitation of the most elegant description.'

'But you have forgotten, young Mr. Sanders,' remarked the parson, 'that

luxury inevitably carries with it the seeds of its downfall. Last night in the gentlemen's saloon I witnessed a game of cards played between two planters for the highest stakes that ever I saw set.'

The young Virginian's eyes shone. 'May I enquire the amount of the stakes?' he asked.

'You may,' said the parson gravely. 'A human soul. A slave changed hands at the fall of the cards.' He fell silent, and his plastic, weather-beaten face worked like putty under a glazier's hands. 'How long, O Lord!' he muttered, and turned his face away.

Sanders's eyes darkened, and he seemed on the point of blurting out an angry comment. The girl hastened to turn the subject.

'How goes the campaign, Uncle?' she asked. 'Will the lovely young Mrs. Van Buren, wife of the President's nephew, continue to give her elegant dinners in the White House after the election, think you?'

Mr. Pritchell smiled. 'As a good Whig, I protest your making the coming election a matter of dinners in the White House. Perhaps there are those among us merchants who consider Mr. Van Buren's entertainments needless extravagance.'

Miss Nancy was unabashed. 'I seem to have heard,' she suggested, 'that a very great deal of specie was spent by the Whigs a few days ago at Baltimore, on the occasion of their convention there. Tell me, Uncle, was it indeed very gay?'

Pritchell smiled gravely. 'The convention seems to have stirred up much interest in our candidate, the so-called backwoodsman, General Harrison. I have in my wallet a cutting from the *Baltimore Patriot*, which with your permission, my dear, and that of the parson and young Mr. Sanders, I will read. The words of the anonymous delineator of that scene convey its

liveliness far more eloquently than might my untutored tongue.' The merchant drew out a folded paper, settled on his nose a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, and began to read:—

'Never before was seen such an assemblage of the people in whose persons are concentrated the sovereignty of the government. The excitement, the joy, the enthusiasm of every man in the procession; the shouts, the applause, the cheers of those who filled the sidewalks and crowded the windows; the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies; the responsive cries of the people; the flaunting banners; the martial music; the loud roar at intervals of the deep-mouthed cannon. In no country, in no time, never before in the history of man, was there a spectacle so full of natural glory. A thousand banners burnished by the sun, floating on the breeze, ten thousand handkerchiefs waved by the fair daughters of the city, gave seeming life and motion to the very air.'

'I had not guessed so much enthusiasm could have been aroused by the backwoods Indian fighter,' remarked Sanders, uncrossing his striped knees and bearing his dark eyes on the merchant. 'This inhabitant of a log hut in the wilderness of Ohio would seem to have gained no small hold upon the mind of the populace.'

The merchant looked amused, but the circuit rider stared reproachfully at the lad, his great hands drying their palms again and again on the knees of his baggy trousers. His blue eyes, set startlingly in his wind-browned face, clouded over. His voice deepened in pitch.

'William Henry Harrison is my friend,' he said slowly, 'as I am happy to say he is the friend of every other such humble man as myself. It is common knowledge that every day at his table an empty place is laid at which any hungry man may seat himself, regardless of religion or condition. I myself have stopped at his residence

below Cincinnati, as have others among my brethren in the Lord. He refused all compensation from our Congress for his Tippecanoe expedition, and maintains himself solely by his efforts on his farm. For these and many other reasons, he has the support of all who dwell here in our spacious West. I am sure any thinking man deprecates many of the follies of the leaders of the Whig campaign. To portray Harrison, for the sake of a few prejudiced votes, as the untutored inhabitant of a log cabin is absurd, as anyone who has seen him can testify. That "log cabin" is better appointed, and set in more lovely grounds, than many a Southern planter's mansion. I shall shortly have the pleasure of pointing it out to the company. I am sure I fail to understand why he cannot rightfully command the respect and vote of a young Virginian gentleman.'

'Especially,' put in Pritchell slyly, 'when the young gentleman has occasion to take the river route from Wheeling. For in the last few years no further improvement to the river bed has been made by the Government. Perhaps another administration . . .'

The boy leaped to his feet. 'If you mean, sir, by your remarks to cast a slur upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren, pray understand that I, and all loyal Democrats with me, stand ready to defend him to the death.'

'Pray be seated,' protested the merchant. 'I am sorry words of mine should have been taken in so deadly earnest. Permit me to remind you, as well, that we are in the presence of a lady. I trust, my young sir, that you will not fail to remember the respect due her, and hasten to make your apologies.'

The boy flushed crimson and sat down. His apologies lacked something of the grace that four years in William and Mary College should have lent

them, but they were accepted by Miss Nancy Tuwaite with the most gracious of smiles. The parson hastened to fill in an embarrassing silence.

'Pray observe, madam,' he said, addressing himself directly to the girl for the first time, 'the group of men lounging on the forward part of the boat. They are a queer set of fellows, and their business is to handle the freight, of which a great quantity is carried on these vessels. The river people have honored them with the expressive epithet of "deckaneers."'

Miss Nancy was not listening. As she leaned her head against the back of her chair, her eyes were far away. 'Ten thousand handkerchiefs,' she murmured. There was a faint smile on her lips. 'Ten thousand handkerchiefs. And all waving at once! I should like to have seen them.'

II

One of the deckaneers forward returned from gazing back along the rail.

'Look at the pretty little dears, would ye now!' he exclaimed, settling his shoulders against the deck housing. 'As grave and solemn they are as if they was their own grandparents. And him no bigger through the waist than me thumb. There's the parson with his friend, come up to spoil all their fun, the crayturs.' The others paid no attention, but watched with lazy intentness the shores past which the boat was churning.

'Tis an ugly enough bitch, to be sure, this craft,' said another of the group. 'Built like a seegar box, she is: square at both ends and ondacintly fragrant in the middle.'

A little wisp of a man, with a gray fringe surrounding his ruddy bald head like an aureole, chuckled shortly. 'Did ye not choose to deckaneer on the O-hi-o yourself, Jim Dorgan? 'T is late

in the day to find fault with your maize bread and other heathen victuals.'

Dorgan drew sharply at his pipe, then coughed and spat as some of the foulness of the bowl worked its way up into the stem. 'Did I, though!' he said. 'I was took contrary, and that was the way of my coming.' He laughed silently, holding his pipestem at a little distance. 'I was took contrary,' he repeated. 'Tis poor consolation to find yourself the biggest fool among many. Took contrary I was, and by a better man than myself. Have any of ye heard tell of General Harrison?'

The question was a purely rhetorical one, for the coming election had been the subject of deck-hand conversation and argument all the way from Wheeling. Recognizing it as such, the group preserved an expectant silence.

'I see ye have. 'Tis well, for I'm about to tell ye lads a tale, the which has nothing to do with the General.'

Dorgan blew strongly down his pipe, then drew at the stem, to be rewarded with a great whiff of smoke. After looking at the bowl with the pained expression of a man whose worst enemy has spoken a kind word, he embarked on his tale.

'T was late one summer in the old country, but where and when 't would do no good to inform ye lads, for ye are all Kerry men, onable to onderstand what ye do not see. There was no rain, nor any sign of the same, and the sod was as parched and dry as a drinking man's Sunday-morning gullet.

"Jim," says me mother to me that day, "ye're a strong, upright lad, and kin lick or eat your weight, and thribble," she says, "whichever comes handiest. But the little patch is as burnt as if the Evil One had breathed upon it, bad luck to him and no fresh young souls to his cupboard," she says, "and them that lives must eat. Ye're a lad grown," she tells me, and me

scowling at the old woman, wondering what was coming, "and so get gone with ye," she says, "with my blessing and this cake I have baked. And get ye up to town, where they'll be offering fair pay and food to them will immygrate," she says, "to the river of O-hi-o, the same being longer than it is high," she says.

'When I sees the old woman making her bit of a joke out of a sad matter, I knows, as every mother's son knows, that she means what she says, and in my hurry, boylike, to be away, I sets off without the cake, waving "God be wi' ye" to herself on the step, and that's the last I ever see of the two of them.

'When I arrive in town, toward noon of the next day after, I walks to the square and refreshes meself in the horse trough. After drying the sweat of me face and arms with a bit of fresh water, I looks about me and sees a gang of unlikely-looking lads in yellow breeches, all in a cluster like a swarm of hornets around a drop of treacle. I elbows my way in amongst them, and soon stands in the front row of them all, feeling of a tooth that had come loose and tasting salt in my spit. Standing on a keg of nails was a soft-spoken feller, dressed somewhat atween a beetle and a bottle fly, singing a bold story out of his nose. The lad next dug me ribs with his elbow and says to look clost, for there's a Yankee, and I may never see one again.

'The little man on the nail keg says as how there's good pay to be got on the river of O-hi-o, in Ameriky. He says there's steamboats on the river, and the steamboat companies has sent him from Ameriky to injuce some passengers for their steamboats. There is no fare, says he, for them that comes, and they is given a fancy title, a kind of letters patent, and called by the name of deckaneers. Just to keep our minds off the pretty girls along the

river, by day, he says, we kin turn our hand to a packing case oncet in a while, or roll a keg or two of beer out of the sun on the banks of the O-hi-o to the shady deck of the steamboat, says he. The pay's three shilling a day, he says, and found, which we knows for a lie. "Who'll come?" he says. "One at a time," he says. "Take your time, boys, and don't hender one another signing their mark on the paper I have here and accepting three shilling as first day's pay."

"Nobody moves. Some of us, thinking the show was over, turns to go away. The others stands, oneasy, wondering what was coming next. All to oncet there is a hell of a commotion, and I sees the bodies of a couple of lads in the front row opposite me being stepped over ontenderly. A big black-browed man he was, and stood there, sucking his teeth and scowling at the lot of us as if he was trying to decide whether we was there.

"The little man squeaks and lets out a little yelp and goes up to the man and grabs his hand. "Why, Mr. O'Connell," he says, and seems real delighted. "I had given you up. I had just about persuaded these-here quiet, stiddy-appearing men," he says, looking at us out of the whites of his eyes like a skittish horse, "to sign up as deckaneers on the O-hi-o."

"The feller next me lets out his breath like he had been binged in the belly. "An Irishman from Ameriky," he says. "I always suspected them children's stories about Indians," he says. "He's from Ameriky, too," the feller says, breathing hard, "and he's as Irish as the Pope."

"O'Connell did n't wait for no comments, but he pushed the little man away with the flat of his elbow and stepped up on to the nail keg.

"Whatever this little ki-yi has been telling ye," says O'Connell, looking us

over careful, "'t is a damned lie, and the steamboat company from Ameriky has hired me to say so," he says. "The pay's three shilling a day, all right, and that's the truth, but it ain't no help, for the food is foul rotten, living is high, and the girls too damn particular. If ye sign on as bloody deckaneers, ye'll wish ye was dead four times a day, and three of them four times will be mealtimes. Ye will not be allowed to sleep, and they'll set before ye a mush made out of maize, which is a kind of bastard corn, and what ye don't eat of it ye kin spleen against. There is a flying beast haunts the river of the O-hi-o," says O'Connell, "that will suck your blood, and killing one gives birth to three. It's a breaking life," he says, "and if ye sign on ye'll be under me, and ye'll learn why they call me Breaker O'Connell. 'T is no life for a dacint man," he says, "and I warn ye fairly."

"Well, all the boys liked this O'Connell first-rate, and we was all wavering. He'd put up a powerful argument, and the kind we all understood.

"Somebody sings out, "What about them three shilling in advance?"

"O'Connell kind of grunts, scornful, and picks the man out of the crowd and stares him down. "Another lie," he says. "There's a shilling advance," says he, and the feller looks cheerful for a minute. "A shilling advance," says O'Connell, "to be paid into my fist by every man which signs on."

"At that the crowd gets real respectful. Another lad sings out, "Is there whiskey on the O-hi-o?" he says, and we all hold our breaths to listen better.

"There is that," says O'Connell.

"And the cost of the same is thirteen cents a gallon. If there's any man among ye kin do sums in his head, let him figger thirteen cents into three shilling, and explain it to the rest. I will be setting here under this tree,"

says he, "with my bit of paper, and them of ye that has n't a shilling, let him stroll up the street and bring it back the handiest way. I'll be waiting," he says, and waiting he was when I returns with me shilling, won fair in open fight from another of the lads was resting face down across the horse trough. So we signs on to be deckaneers on the O-hi-o. O'Connell he takes our shillings and turns us over to the little squeak was standing by all the while.

"Do ye take these men under your care, and ye're responsible for them," says he. "Ye're a good little man, but ye ain't learnt that an Irishman must be took contrary if he is took at all."

"And that," concluded Jim Dorgan, sighing until the ashes of his pipe fled the bowl, 'was how I was took contrary to be a deckaneer. And that's how it is with General Harrison,' he explained to the loungers. 'Everything he says is to be took contrary. "I live in a log cabin," says he, not mentioning the long white clabberds to the outside of it, and the shingled roof, and the wings, and the pretty green lawn looking out over the river. We'll see it presently. "I'm a farmer," says he, and him a gentleman, not to mention a soldier. "I'm the people's friend," he says, and then he ups and runs for President!'

Dorgan tapped his pipe vehemently on the deck railing. The pipe slipped out of his fingers and fell. With a curse, Dorgan leaned over the rail.

'It's brook,' he said at last. 'It's brook clean in two, having been stopped by a naygur's head on the deck below. Ah, well, perhaps 't was a lucky thing. That pipe had always more heft than coolth, and 't is time I got me another.'

III

A black hand reached out and caught a white object as it rebounded from his

head. Part of the stem of a chalk pipe tinkled to the deck.

'Hes hit got hurted, Calderwell's Joe?' asked a voice.

The black hand brought the pipe nearer a black face. 'De bowl's good. De stem hes kinda sho'tened himself. Baccy still in her, dough. Dig out flint 'n' steel, Smalkin's Ha'y.'

His companion produced a flint and steel. 'Doan know's we should keep hit,' he muttered. 'De Lawd may hone us dat pipe, see-en we nuther roghtly bought ner stole hit.'

The other cast the timorous one a look of scorn. 'Whut's flung, pickers-up kin have.'

His fellow nodded assent, enviously watching Calderwell's Joe as he surrounded his bare woolly head with a nimbus of smoke.

'Let us-all have a puff,' he begged.

Joe drew a lingering draft, raising his arms slightly to give his lungs full play. He watched his toes intently, as if he half expected some of the smoke to trickle out from under their nails, then handed over the pipe to the eager hands of Harry. As he watched his companion suck eagerly at the bitter dregs, an annoyed look began to steal over his wide face. He sat thinking intently, and at last spoke.

'Lemme beg to bemind you,' he said severely, 'I has changed my name. I no longer is n't Calderwell's Joe. Ise Letchford's Joe now. Letchford's Joe — Mister L. P. Letchford, Squire, of Natchez. Sho'ly you is 'ware of my changen hands las' night, on a lucky turn of the cyards for the Squire.'

Smalkin's Harry stared, then slapped his thigh in sudden mirth. 'Letchford's Joe!' he wheezed. 'De name change, un' black boy stay whah he is. Letchford's Joe. Calderwell's Joe was, Letchford's Joe is!'

He repeated the two names several times, as if he saw therein some subject

for vast and esoteric mirth, hidden to his companion.

Joe watched his contortions with mounting anger. 'Stop hit,' he commanded. 'Stop hit, you tah-faced twister. Stop hit, will you now!' His commands had no effect, and at last he bent over Harry's writhing form, leaning close as if to bite his ear. 'I 'ull name you to 'um!' he threatened. 'I 'ull name your black name to de 'Bolishionists!'

Harry sat up suddenly, and his face changed to the gray pallor of the ashes in the pipe. 'No!' he choked, catching Joe by the knees. 'No!' He tried to say more, but the words would not come.

Joe solemnly nodded assent to his own words. 'I 'ull name you to 'um,' he said. 'There's one of 'um on bo'd dis boat — a long feller in a black coat. I 'ull go up to him, un' I 'ull say, "Mister 'Bolishionist, there's a no-count nigger on bo'd dis boat. His name," I 'ull say, "is Smalkin's Ha'y.'" Harry cowered, unable to speak. "'He laughs at he betters, un' has no 'speck for 'um. I is on'y namen 'um to you,'" I 'ull say. "Mister 'Bolishionist, you kin do de rest."

Harry moaned, but Joe remained inflexible. 'I ain't sayen whut he 'ull do,' he went on. 'I does n't know myself. But I 'ull tell you whut he *kin* do.' Joe leaned nearer, and his voice dripped a sanguinary whisper. 'He kin buy you, un' set you free!'

Finding his voice at last, Harry howled in anguish. 'Gawd, no!' he pleaded. 'Not dat! No, no, Joe!'

Joe nodded. 'Un' when you is free, you 'ull walk down de centre of de road, all alone in de No'th by you'self. "Who's dat black boy walken down de centre of de road?" somebody 'ull say, un' somebody 'ull answer, "Hit's Ha'y." Un' dey 'ull say, "Whose Ha'y? Smalkin's Ha'y, er Letchford's Ha'y, er whose?" Un' dey 'ull say, "No-

body's Ha'y. He don't belong nobody. He's a free nigger. Hit 'um," dey 'ull say. "Kick 'um," dey 'ull say. "Stick a knife in his froat, so's he can't holler none, un' string 'um up by he heels so's he 'ull bleed away easy.'"

Smalkin's Harry began to blubber, and with a shaking hand fumbled in the pockets of his tattered janes. He brought out a piece of red string, a horn-handled knife without any blades, and part of a plug of chewing tobacco.

Joe's eyes lit up, but his voice was steady. 'Is dat all you got?' he asked.

'I — I got a cent. I was kinda saven hit.'

'On'y a cent?'

'I meanted three cents. I was kinda saven hit to buy me a good time wiv in Looieville.'

'Hand hit over.'

Smalkin's Harry reached into his shirt and brought out a large copper. Joe grunted, and pocketed the lot.

'Un' whut's my name, now?' he demanded.

'Calder — I means Letchford's Joe.'

Joe grunted again, and, retrieving the broken chalk pipe, thrust it into his shirt front. He smiled broadly. 'Wipe your nose un' dry your sorrow,' he advised. 'Sho'tly we comes to Gen'l Ha'ison's log cabin — on'y hit's a house — un' I shows hit you. So does de foolish profit fum de wise.'

Smalkin's Harry brightened, and he wiped his nose with his sleeve. Soon he was smiling, too, as he watched with interest the antics of two farmers signaling the steamboat from the bank.

IV

With a great splashing and puffing, the steamboat slowly turned, quartering the current; rounded to, and felt her way in toward the steep clay bank. A long gangway shook itself and fumbled cautiously for the shore.

Two roughly dressed men stood beside two large crates, hands in pockets, with an air of having all time to themselves. The taller of the two possessed a large mouth and a roving eye. The smaller, an intent little man, stood with a hand on the neck of a sleek cow tethered to a cottonwood. The cow and the man chewed rhythmically, keeping unconscious time, an identical expression of mild thought in their eyes.

A smart-appearing man stepped out of the pilot house.

'What's yer freight?' he bawled.

The taller of the two farmers looked up unhurriedly at the pilot house towering over him, searched the sky for signs of rain, and spat to clear his throat. 'Who said freight?' he asked in a tone of gentle surprise. 'My brother and me, we was jest brushen off the skeeters so's we could read the name of yur boat.' He turned to his companion. 'Must of thought we was signalen.'

The man on the pilot-house deck looked annoyed. 'Don't kill them skeeters,' he suggested, 'or you'll tie up the whole traffic on the river. No nonsense, now. What's yer freight?'

The farmer pulled one hand out of his janes pocket and scratched behind his ear. 'Lemme thenk,' he said. 'A cider press, a grestmill, two barns, and a cow.'

The man on board the boat stared a moment, then grew very red. He opened his mouth as if to say something, thought better of it, hesitated, and dived for the pilot house.

The shorter of the two farmers took his eyes off space. 'Gollup,' he remarked, 'you must of riled him. Mebbe she's goen on 'thout us.'

'No, she esn't. Here comes the pilot. That war n't only the capt'in. The capt'in of thet boat can't scratch 'thout asken Mort Dawson.'

The brisk man reappeared from the

pilot house, like a small and nervous tug at the bow of a transatlantic paddle wheeler. The pilot drifted in his wake, engines dead, large, red of face, and slow of movement. He hooked an elbow over the rail and looked down complacently.

'Howdy, Frank,' he said. 'Hullo, Charley. Nice-appearing critter you got there. How's that gangway? Sot right for her?' Frank nodded, and the pair became very busy with their freight. The pilot turned to the captain at his side.

'Them's the two Barnes brothers. If you ain't heard their joke about freighting two barns, it's a sign you ain't been long above the Falls. It's the poorest joke on the upper river, and the frequentest.' He lumbered back to the pilot house. The gangway came up and nested itself, the scape pipes sighed, and the boat got way on her.

Returned from bedding down the cow, the two brothers drifted forward on the lower deck, twiddling vanished oat straws between their teeth, a pleased and expectant look on their faces. About the forward deck, directly underneath the pilot house, lay, sat, or sprawled a few farmers and drovers, a deck hand or two, and a few men of indeterminate aspect who in one way or another got their living from the river flowing past.

One of the drovers looked up lazily. 'Et's the Barnes brothers.' He turned to the shorter of the two. 'How d' y aim t' vote come illection, Charley?' He grinned and winked at the rest.

Charley Barnes squirmed, reddened, and turned in his toes. He cleared his throat, gulped, reached for his plug, bit off a piece, chewed, cleared his throat again, and spat. 'I'm a-consederen,' he said.

The drover guffawed. Frank, unoffended, turned to the rest of the company.

'My brother Charley, here,' he explained, 'he admires to consider. He considers so much he can't hardly make up his mind about anythen. So we hes et all worked out, sort of. When any question comes up fer argyment, Charley he considers, and I do the deciden. Et works out fine. Don't et, Charley?' Charley beamed and nodded.

'Rought now,' went on Frank, 'he's a-consederen about the illection. Both Harrison and Van Buren has thur points, and ef a man aims to vote honest, he should ought to try and consider both sides.'

'That's fair,' said one of the farmers.

'Me and Charley,' continued Frank, 'we ben to buy us a grestmill and a cider press. On the way we pecked up a good cow, cheap. The cider press, she's one of them new kind, not no hand-lever press, but a hoss press, 'uth a twelve-foot screw of black gum, 'uth ench threads to et. A man ought to generate considerable apple butter and cider 'uth that press. Me and Charley es rought pleased 'uth et.'

Frank exchanged the frazzled end of his straw for the unfrazzled end, and chewed thoughtfully. 'Speaken of the cider press,' he said, 'puts me en mind of whut the feller that sold et to us said. He says, jest like you,' turning to the drover, "'Who d' y' aim t' vote fer?'" He spoke to Charley, kind of, and Charley he says, jest like he says to you, "I'm a-consederen." And the feller says, "While you er' consederen, read this, er else git et read to you," he says. 'Uth that, he hands Charley a piece of paper, prent on one side and blank on th' other. And Charley takes et, and puts et en his janes. Ded n't you, Charley?'

Charley nodded and fished in a pocket. 'Here 't es,' he said.

Frank took the paper. 'I'll read et,' he announced, 'be-en et's mostly prent large.'

He cleared his throat, threw away his straw, and began to read in the laborious fashion of a man whose schooling has been sandwiched in the intervals of work on a farm. The paper was one of the inflammatory posters issued by the Whigs in the heat of the 1840 campaign.

"For the Battle Ground." That's the headen, prent in large black words. Then comes a petcher of a stagecoach, 'uth passengers en et, the males 'uth beaver hats. The four-hoss team es too heavy fer coachen work, and es checked too high. Like enough the feller that drawed et was thenken of somethen else. And underneath the stagecoach et says, "Every man to his tent!" And next et says, "To the Log-Cabin Boys of Ohio." The log cabin es drawed out, and not prent at all, which makes et easier to read. "Do you know that the greatest and most universal gathering of the People; of Farmers, Mechanics, Laborers, and all classes of the community, who are in favor of" — then thur's one of them damn chicken-stealen hawks holden a rebband en his beak, and on the rebband es wrote out "Harrison & Tyler"; then et says "are to meet upon the Battlefield of Tippecanoe" — that's down near Shelbyville, in Indianny, on the Michigan Road — "on the twenty-ninth of May, to welcome the Old Soldiers once more to that scene of glory, where everlasting benefits were wrought in blood for Ohio"; then thur's a curlycue which means et's a question.'

One of the farmers crossed his hands over his belly and spoke languorously, his eyes closed. 'I aim to git me to the Rally,' he said. 'The quality of Ohio, Illinois, Indianny, Kentuck', and Michigan 'ull be thur. Thur's to be a grand barbecue, 'uth shoats, oxen, and sheep roasted hull, and all the hard cider and speech-maken a man could desire. Roast shoat and speech-maken!

Thur's a well-broke team t' hitch yur wagon to.'

'They do say,' observed another, 'that the Rally 'ull be the beggest gatheren of folks ever come onto one spot en the State of Indianny. I reckon my Conestoga wagon 'ull be thur.'

With an awful suddenness, the bow of the steamboat headed for shore. A drover, busily engaged in a song and shuffle, lurched wildly, tried in vain to recover his balance, and fell heavily to the deck. His companions were thrown into various positions against the deck rail or housing. Each remained where he was, as if playing the game of 'frozen holts.' All had an eye or ear cocked in the direction of the pilot house. The paddle wheels stopped, threshed backward once or twice, stopped again. A plank sailed along with the current and drifted slowly past the bow. Then the scape pipes sighed, the paddles started churning again, and the steamer swung back into the middle of the stream.

'Gollup!' gasped the drover, picking himself up. 'Whut was et?'

Frank Barnes went to the rail and peered back along the wake of the boat. 'Must of been a clost theng, what et was ever. Whur are we to? I don't reklect thes-yur part of the rever.'

A farmer glanced ahead, where a great bluff jutted over the stream. 'Jonas' Point. That 'ud make us nineteen mile below Cencennaty. We 'ull raise the General's cabin less than a mile.'

'So 't es,' said Frank. 'Priest, whut a swerve! That warn't never Mort Dawson's hand on her wheel.'

V

Basking in the afternoon sun streaming through the windows of the pilot house, Mort Dawson sprawled comfortably in a backless chair, a box filled

with sawdust between his feet. From time to time he addressed the shoulders of his spare pilot, who stood with his feet planted wide apart before the ornate four-foot wheel. The spare said nothing, but occasionally nodded or twitched his head in reply.

'She's a pretty little trick, as I say,' remarked Mort, brushing a crumb of tobacco off the fleshly stairs of his waist. 'Don't know's this craft ever carried prettier. And full of fool girl ideas. What do you suppose she said to me, this very while ago?'

The spare moved his head the fraction of an inch.

'Don't answer me,' warned Mort. 'If you say a word, or take your two eyes off the river, I'll learn you a couple. What do you suppose she said?'

He paused, as if tempting the silent figure before him into giving an answer. When none was forthcoming, he sighed and resumed.

'She asked me what them cottonwoods along the river bank looked like to me. "Look like!" I says. "Like trees, of course, and quick-grown, punk-hearted, good-for-nothing wood they be. They look like cottonwoods," I says. "What else?"'

The spare scratched the back of his neck with a finger.

'Put that hand back on the spokes!' commanded Mort. 'So she says, "Not to me, they don't. When the wind comes along, and shakes 'em, and their leaves turn inside out and show silver, the trees look like thousands of people waving their handkerchiefs," she says. "Like ten thousand handkerchiefs," she says. "Ten thousand handkerchiefs, all waving, and all being wove at oncet." What do you think of that, now, for a girl's foolishment? Don't answer me!'

The spare gave an almost imperceptible negative shake of his head without removing his eyes from the river.

'I did n't think you would,' remarked Mort, adjusting the position of the sawdust-filled box.

The spare took up a point or two on the wheel as the current veered the boat off her course. Without otherwise shifting his position or moving a muscle, he began to whistle softly through his teeth:—

'What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,

The country through?

It is the ball a-rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!'

'Motion!' fumed Mort Dawson. 'I'll motion you. Stop letting that steam outa your scape pipes, you damned Indianny corduroy-hopper. A man steering a steamboat has no time for politics. You been listening too free to some of the talk on board. I'll set a ball a-rolling around here that the pit of your stummick won't like.

'Miss Nancy Tuwaite her name is,' continued Mort placidly, as if there had been no interruption. 'She showed it to me, all wrote out in a book she had. Her uncle's with her, and her aunt. I seen them come aboard, the two of them, at Wheeling. A cranky, ill-ballasted craft her aunt is, kind of beamy for her len'th. Come from somewhere around Baltimore, they do. Her uncle's all right. They kind of struck up acquaintance with a young dandy name of Sanders. Not a bad lad, though. You should sec his eyes snap when he's crossed. He's from East, too, though I don't know where. LOOK OUT, YOU DAMN FOOL!'

With a great bound, the huge body of Mort Dawson flung itself out of the chair and at the wheel. The spare was thrust spinning away, and the spokes of the great wheel blurred as they revolved under Mort's hands. At the same time he whistled down the tube, and the scape pipes sighed, fell

silent, whistled, and puffed jets of steam. The paddle wheels, thrusting backward, sent gobbets of foam forward under the bows. Mort stood rigidly, his foot on a spoke, for a long minute. Slowly he thrust over two spokes, then two more, and finally gave the go-ahead signal and brought the boat back on her course. Without a word he handed the wheel over to his spare and resumed his seat. The spare stood as before, silent, with no change in his appearance save for a slight ruddiness of the neck.

Mort settled himself comfortably in his chair. His voice was very gentle.

'An eddy,' he explained, 'ain't a ripple, and a ripple ain't got no resemblance to a rip. A planter and a sawyer is two different things, and a bar don't look like neither.'

The spare's neck grew redder.

'If you answer me I'll kill you,' said Mort. 'Next time you see a dimple in the cheek of Lady Ohio, don't wait to chuck her under the chin. When she shows a dimple, you move outa wherever you be, and sudden. But for the grace of God and the eye of Mort Dawson, you'd a snagged the bottom right out of her, and we'd all of us be feeding the catfish.'

Pacified by his outburst, Mort allowed his gaze to wander out over the river. 'We're nearing the bend,' he said. 'Look out for that bar just beyond. It keeps shifting. But you'll run clear if you keep a line between the bluff and the house on the bank opposite.'

He gaped and stretched sleepily. 'Just keep a line on that house and you'll run clear,' he repeated. 'A big white house it is—easy recognized. There's two large wings to it, and it's sot in the middle of a big green lawn. A nice-appearing house, that looks as if its owner kind of liked to take care of it. A white house, with a shingle roof, overlooking the river.'

ELIZABETHAN AMERICA

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

I

WE know a land of Elizabethan ways — a country of Spenserian speech, Shakespearean people, and of cavaliers and curtsies. It is a land of high hopes and mystic allegiances, where one may stroll through forests of Arden and find heaths and habits like those of olden England.

We are speaking of the Southern highlands — Appalachia and Ozarkadia. Putting it generally, Appalachia includes the four western counties of Maryland, the Blue Ridge hills, the Allegheny Ridge country of Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northwestern South Carolina, Northern Georgia, and Northeastern Alabama — an area of about a hundred and twelve thousand square miles, approximately that of New York and New England combined, or of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales put into one. And by way of an appendage there are the Ozark hills of Southern Missouri, Northwestern Arkansas, and the southeastern tip of Oklahoma, a country in dimensions near a hundred and fifty by two hundred miles, or, roughly, about the size of New York State. The people of Appalachia generally call themselves mountain folks; those of the Ozarks, hill people. The Southern highlands have between six and seven million people, which is somewhere about the population of England during the days of Shakespeare. Nearly 86 per cent of the Southern highlanders are rural

people, which is approximately the ratio which held in Elizabethan England.

Husbandmen and ploughmen of Shakespeare's England and present-day upland farmers could very likely have rubbed shoulders and swapped yarns with few misunderstandings, lingual or otherwise; for Elizabethan English, as well as Elizabethan England, appears to have survived magnificently in these isolated Southern uplands.

The speech of the Southern mountains is a survival of the language of older days, rather than a degradation of United States English or a falling away from blunt-edged journalese. Mountain speech has little slang or sauciness. While it does, of course, show local differences a plenty, a surprisingly large number of old words have survived, along with a surprisingly large number of old ways, giving a quaint and delightful flavor of olden England. Illustrations are plentiful enough. The most casual of listeners will become conscious of the preponderance of strong preterits in mountain speech: 'clum' for 'climbed,' 'drug' for 'dragged,' 'wropped' for 'wrapped,' 'fotch' for 'fetched,' and 'holp' for 'helped' — all sound Elizabethanisms, to be found in Shakespeare, Lovelace, or King James's Bible. The Southern uplander says 'fur' (for) with Sir Philip Sidney, 'further' with Lord Bacon and in common with Hakluyt, 'allow' for 'suppose.' Like Chaucer, he forms the plurals of monosyllables ending in 'st' by adding 'es' — 'postes,'

'beastes,' 'jystes' (joists), 'nestes,' and 'ghostes.'

Shakespeareanlike, he probably calls a salad a 'sallet,' a bag a 'poke,' says 'antic' for 'careful,' and 'bobble' for 'mix-up.' Like Piers Plowman, he says 'heaps of people,' and Spenser-like says 'mought' for 'might,' rimes 'yet' with 'wit,' and says 'swinge' for 'sing.' He keeps such Elizabethan pronunciations as 'sence,' 'ag'in,' 'scriptur,' 'ventur,' 'natur,' 'yit,' and 'yander.' He still 'toles' hogs with corn, and, like Gower, comments upon 'a sighte of feynold flowers.' He gets up 'afore daylight' to make a 'soon start,' 'rives' oak blocks into shingle boards, carries a 'budget' on his back, looks out for 'quiled-up' snakes, and on particular occasions uses a 'handker.'

Theseus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, commends the 'pert and nimble spirit of mirth.' Ephraim Kilgrew may reasonably testify that he is raising up a pert bunch of young 'uns. Like Othello, the hillman 'spends' his opinions. He most likely says 'dorts' for 'sulks,' 'dauncy' for 'ailing,' 'chat' for 'gravel,' 'swarve' for 'crowd together,' and 'tinsey' for 'tiny.'

Southern uplanders have a charming capacity for making words and phrases fit the want of an occasion, to express thoughts which are still mobile. Elizabethanlike, their speech is still rollicsome and fluid.

'The mill war consider'ble damified.'

'Can I get over that road?'

'Well, I don't jest edactly know. Some places the rain has gouted it out mightily. You 'll have to surround them places.'

'I done been and had dinner.'

'Sheep is natured like deer.'

'B'ar is destructious. They kill hawgs.'

'Hit'll take two slugs er buckshot to moralize Forgy Dell.'

'I ain't saw Tom in forty year. I can't hardly memorize him.'

'If it don't disfurnish ye none, I'll pay fur that ham-meat later on.'

Comparatives and superlatives are generally formed by adding a final 'er' or 'est,' regardless of the length of the word: 'endurabler,' 'fast-runnin'er,' 'fiddlin'est,' 'preachin'est,' and 'hog-killin'est.' Just as 'wealth' is a collective of 'weal,' to a majority of uplanders 'stealth' is what one steals, 'spilth' is what one spills, and a 'blowth' is a mass of blowing things or blossoms. They take the *y* from 'yeast,' but add it to 'earn'; 'queer' is usually 'quare'; 'care,' 'keer'; 'chair,' 'cheer'; 'crop,' 'crap.' Extra *r*'s frequently invade such words as 'warter,' 'orter,' 'arter,' and even make a way into names, such as 'Caurdle' and 'Orsborne.'

The Chaucerian 'hit' is frequently substituted for 'it,' but by no means invariably. The choice seems to be governed by an instinct for euphony. Like Spenser, they say 'swarve' for 'swerve,' and, like the immaculate Alexander Pope, 'jine' for 'join.'

Elizabethan exactness of thinking is easily discernible in upland speech. They talk of cow-brutes, ham-meat, lard-cracklin's, of tooth-dent, church-houses, biscuit-bread, and rifle-guns.

'Was the new baby at your house a boy?' 'Yessur, hit was a boy, and I reckon hit's a boy yit.'

'Does that jug hold a gallon?' 'W'y, no, not hardly. But hit'll hold quite a content.'

'I'm clearn'n' a field to raise my bread.'

II

Broadly speaking, the Southern highlanders are an Old England folk, English and Scotch-Irish, whose forebears came forth from Elizabethan England, a nation of young life which had just

found its prime, a nation of energy and daring, a nation leaping from childhood into manhood. And the spirit of Elizabethan England has long survived the weathering of time. The first settlers brought with them Elizabethan ways of living, and these ways have lasted in a country of magnificent isolation, one little touched by the ways of a modern world.

Southern uplanders do not have the Elizabethan's wealth, galleries, or his mechanics and autocracies of high living. They are rather the counterparts of rural Elizabethans, 'folk of plain and splendid ways.'

'All the corn we make our bread of groweth on our own demesne ground. The flesh we eat is all of our own breeding. Our garments, also, or much thereof, are made in our own home. Our own malt and water maketh our drink.' Thus went a good husbandman's boast of self-sufficiency.

It goes in much the same way with the Southern uplander. He gambles squarely upon the benevolence of soil, growth, and weather. He plants crops, hunts game, catches fish, and harvests fruits and berries with a basic idea of self-sufficiency. His wife cooks, churns, makes the clothes, keeps the home, and picks the geese for feather beds. Coffee, baking soda, kerosene, sugar, and lamp chimneys are virtually the only commodities to be bought at the village store. And if times are hard he can use maple or molasses sweetening, make parched-wheat coffee, and sit about in the firelight; or, more expedient still, go to bed at dusk. He cuts elm and ash for cart parts and ploughs, hickory for axe handles, and apple wood for saw rounds, much as was the 'presidence' in the days of fair Bess.

Countrysides have their midwives, their herb doctors, their basket makers, their carders, and their millers. Water mills still turn which have ground their

community's grain for fully a century, and farm boys continue to ride toward them, with bags of shelled corn swung over their horses' withers — shirts open, lips pursed for whistling, bodies asway to the leisurely, plodding gaits of their mounts.

Trevesses's *Good Plowmen*, as a polaris for rural life in Old England, has this to say of the country fare: —

Look weekly of custom and right
For roast meat on Sundays and Thursdays
at night.

But the rest of the week pease and bacon washed down by a draft of cider or good homebrew ale, made the husbandman's ordinary dinner. To the haymaking field he and his workers took with them a bottle or two of good beer, with an apple pasty, potted butter, churn-milk bread and cheese. The well-to-do ate wheat bread and manchet. The poor ate bread made of rye or barley, and in time of dearth, beans, pease and oats.

The culinary outlay of a modern-day uplander offers a pretty consistent parallel. Sunday calls for meat, pork or beef roast, chicken, squirrel, or fried wild turkey or fish or rabbit. The settler will probably have a meat dinner or two during the course of the week. But the Elizabethan countryman's stand-bys of pease and bacon hold general following among mountain people; pole beans or bunch beans, picked green in season and 'shilled' and kilned for winter use; corn-meal breads, with flour breads the occasional luxury; and pork meat, bacon, jowls, sausage, ham-meat, backbone, spare-ribs, and shoulder joints, boiled, fried, stewed, or baked — those are the hillman's day-in and day-out dependables. Except in the pasture, country beef is generally scarce. Hogs represent the easiest source of meat. The standing motto regarding pigs is to raise plenty and eat plenty. Mongrel sows are astonishingly prolific. The pigs range

at large, get their growth from eating herbs and acorns, and have only to be 'topped off' with corn at slaughtering time. Frequently a hill family will slaughter twenty or thirty shoats for a season's meat. We know a patriarch in the vicinity of Hawg Eye, Arkansas, who regularly slaughters twelve pigs for the nurture of each of his twelve offspring — a hundred and forty-four a year. Now, since four of his daughters and three of his sons are married and moved farther on up the creek a way, the benevolent old squire can hardly reckon how he is going to range enough hogs to provide for the coming harvest of grandchildren.

Nicholas Vreton tells of rural England of old: —

August brought the harvest and the end of the husbandman's year, a merry time wherein honest neighbors make good cheer. The sun dries up the standing ponds. Now begin the gleaners to follow the corn cart, and a little bread to a great deal of drink makes the traveller's dinner; the melon and the cucumber are now in request, and the oil and the vinegar give attendance to the sallet herb.

The pipe and the tabor is now lustily set on work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead in their heels. The new wheat makes the gossip cake and the bride cup is carried above the head of the whole parish. The fermenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers. Then come the brisking nights of autumn with new revelry. The young folks, smiling, kiss at every turn in the dance; the old folk sit about talking and laughing; the children dance for a garland or play at stoolball for a tansey and a banquet of curds and cream. There is much drinking of old nappy ale and casting of sheep eyes, much exchanging between men and maidens of pairs of gloves or pretty handkerchers.

In Elizabethan America, October brings the corn harvest and the end of the tenant's year. But the tilling season

is pretty thoroughly over by late July or early August. Flails have almost altogether lost their place as the yield of wheat barley and buckwheat continues generally decreasing. Corn huskings and county fairs offer the uplanders their autumnal daytime diversion.

Then comes the regular run of the season's merrymakings — hay rides, fish giggings, possum hunts, candy pullings, and quiltings. And if you should chance to be roaming about in the vicinity of a back-hill meetinghouse on a Saturday night, it is altogether probable that you will first hear a vague, far-off pounding noise, and on coming nearer you will gradually come to identify the squeak of a fiddle. Inside you will see gyratory merriment — big and little, young and old, executing square dances, flings, and reels, sedate and otherwise; virtually everyone in the frolic, whole-heartedly, from toe to top hair. And then there are the moonlight picnics and pie suppers, where frolic holds sway and foodstuffs are consumed in splendid profusion.

III

As a people the Southern highlanders are surprisingly free from awkwardness and uncouthness. Theirs is an unassuming dignity, a quiet courtliness, unspoiled by the conventional forms of etiquette and politeness. Theirs is a genuine, unhurried serenity. They are a folk who can afford old-time, homely ambitions.

The other day we were asking about an upcountry acquaintance.

'Do I know Uncle Bog Sellers? Why, this creek were named fur him. He been right puny this winter, but he's perter now. You see, he'd killed ninety-nine b'ar in his lifetime, and war fixin' fur another hunt when he tuck sick with a misery in the stummick. The doctor told him he'd got to die. But

Uncle Bog, he prayed the good Lord to raise him up to kill jest one more b'ar — and, shore 'nough, He done it.'

We know another upcountryman in Taney County, Missouri. His name is Elijah Shrum. In his young days Lige was commonly taken as being worthless, merely because he seemed to have an insuperable aversion to following the guiding end of a bull-tongue plough. So Lige took up treasure hunting as a life's occupation. He spent better than forty years at searching for bountiful treasure. He followed down marker trails, prowled through the backmost recesses of innumerable caves, digging and delving, following out generally the path of high romance. Mr. Shrum has not, at this writing, unearthed the manifold treasure, but he still figures to find it — to unearth, one of these days, an iron-bound chest altogether too heavy for one man to hoist. So he continues high-heartedly at the search, and the years have in no way dimmed his ardor.

We know another searcher after stars, a dwarf named Sammy Blank-hall. For twenty-odd years he ran a store near Eagle Rock, and did well enough, too, until one night his store burned to the ground, leaving him not only penniless, but heavily in debt. We took a tramp together the other day. He showed me into the one-room log cabin which he calls home. In the far corner of it was a bin filled with bushels and bushels of hulled black walnuts. Sammy explained that he is n't stout enough to swing an axe, nor has he the heft to follow a plough, and so he is paying off his debt to the wholesale grocery house by picking out walnut kernels and selling them to town confectioners. Sammy is sixty-four. By the time he is seventy he reckons he will have paid out the whole of his indebtedness.

The uplander's vital philosophy re-

sembles that of the Elizabethan's in that it is usually more proverbial than speculative. Both were doubtless prone to agree with Launcelot Gobbo that it 'was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning.' Lore of spells and magic, strange fantasies of moon destinies, ill omens and bringers of wealth and fertility, still hold sway in the Southern back hills. When ordinary means fail, the hillman is an edge more likely to consult a witch doctor than to call a skilled veterinarian when the old cow gives 'quare milk and won't no butter come.'

Here is a somewhat typical story of magic coming from the Cumberland country.

'Old Doc was a-walkin' along with his wife. They was both elderly, and she says, "Let's go up to this house and git a light for our pipes." Folks did n't have matches none to speak'n of in them days; many a time I've walked a mile to a neighbor's with a shovel to borry fire. Well, they found a child that screamin' an' kickin' — bewitched.

'So Doc told 'em to git him nine new pins that had n't never been stuck in cloth, an' a bottle. He putts the pins in the bottle and sets it on the mantelshelf. Then he got a shingle and drewed a picture of a woman and told the man to set it up ag'in' a stump and shoot it jest at sundown.

'About a week atter that, Doc was comin' by ag'in, an' he inquired atter the child. Then he axed had anybody died suddintly, and they told him an old woman across the holler had died with a shriek everwhen the man shot the picture with his rifle-gun. And the bottle on the mantelpiece busted into a thousand pieces, and they never did find ary one of them pins.'

Just as the Elizabethan countryman took the blood of an elephant mingled

with the ashes of a weasel as a cure for leprosy and dead moles as a cure for baldness, believed in love charms and the avenging power of a wax figure pierced through with a needle and put to melt before the fire, so the Southern mountaineer will drive a spike through the heart of a tree to make it fruitful, or devise tonics or healing potions from cobwebs or iron rust.

Some of them will tell you that the moon and stars are eternal lamps set out to show the signs and the seasons, and that the lay of the Milky Way predicts the direction of the prevailing winds for a period of a lunar month. The set of the horns of the moon indicates rain or prevailing dry weather. The set of the oak leaves and the habits of fireflies they take as ready barometers. When cattle munch restlessly at pasture, or barn owls whoop in the daytime, or snake trails show in the dust, they begin making ready to stack the hay or tote in the fodder, for the signs say rain. In the wintertime, if the household Tabitha sits with her tail toward the fire, or if the wind whistles through the orchard land, they figure to fetch in a few extra armloads of firewood—cold weather is coming. Grain crops, beans, and vegetables they plant during the light of the moon, because these are sunlight crops, but they plant potatoes in the dark of the moon, since potatoes are tubers, growing in underground darkness. They take medicine and cures under a waning moon, so that their ills may also wane. Very generally they split rails, chop post timber, rive boards, and slaughter hogs when 'Ma Moon' is appropriately set. They 'witch' for water with forked twigs of willow or peach wood. There are treasure finders who witch for buried gold and silver by slipping a silver dime or a piece of gold into the fork of their twig. So their folkish ways

go. As a race they place inestimably more confidence in elves than in elevators.

IV

When it comes to folk romancers and romantic rascals, the Southern highlands again smack of Merry England. Not too specifically speaking, the moonshiners are the upcountry Robin Hoods. They have their Friar Tucks, their Maid Marians, their Little Johns, their Greenwood revels, and their Sheriffs. They hold Saturday night gambles and gambols in palatial chambers of mountain caves.

The run of moonshiners are, professionally speaking, a cave people, but their homes are the open hills. It is true, too, that some of the young radicals make their runs in the open brush, trusting their fortunes to isolation, legal degression, ready defense, and a fast get-away. But the old-timers continue to labor underground and to jubilate in the open wildwood or wherever the spirit directs.

The ethical stand of a moonshiner is closely akin to that of the forest poacher in the days of Queen Bess. Moonshining began merely as a household economy. The first settlers lacked means and utensils for canning or evaporating their surplus of fruit and produce. Their potatoes, parsnips, and turnips could be 'holed up' in the field for winter use; cabbage they put to kraut, meat was salted and smoked; but for saving their surplus of fruits and berries they trusted to alcoholic preservation. They made brandies of their cherries, peaches, blackberries, and pawpaws; they made alcoholic preserves of their plums and apples, made 'sweet rum' from their sorghum 'seconds,' and put their surplus of corn, rye, and barley to the making of paralyzing stimulants.

The world grew up about them,

leaving them still in a country of young frontiers. Roads were few and far-scattered. They are yet. Back-hill travel routes usually follow the stream beds, and this involves sundry fordings and blockades. Commodities bulky as grain, or perishable as fruit or eggs or butter, were next to impossible to market. And a hillman needs a little cash money now and then, even as you and I. A gallon of corn in the keg may fetch more cash than an acre of corn in the ear. Just as the poachers of olden England slew the Queen's deer and made ready to take the consequences, so the 'blockaders' of Elizabethan America crush their corn, set their 'beers,' make their runs, keg their wares, swig their surplus, and 'let go roll — life, and a dollar for the fiddler's toll.'

Moonshiners have no time for mincing or bickering about professional casualties. Should one be killed or lamed by an enforcement officer — well, that is all in the day's labor. And if it appears expedient to plug a 'law' in the back where the suspenders cross, or to shove one over a high wild bluff with only moonlight, mountain air, and limestone ledges below, then that, too, is part of the game of swap.

But the chances are that the moonshiner will pay his debts, give milk and meal to the widow lady, prove helpful at births and burials, and, once convinced of your harmlessness, take you into his home with a hospitality which is nothing short of princely.

So moonshining has come to be a hardy trade. Liquor is hard to make by the hill-country recipe. Corn must be shucked and shelled and cracked in tub mills or with hickory mauls or pestles. The distilling must be done in a creek bed or beside an underground stream, for running water offers the only means of refrigeration. If vaporization is too slow or too fast, then all is not well with the product. To make a first run requires from thirty-six to forty-eight hours of firing, which means that the moonshiner must be on his toes, alert and laboring, virtually every minute of that time. And there are the hazards and hardships and luckless slips.

While the moonshiner draws out his thread of romance, he cannot forget that its spool is tethered to handcuffs, jail houses, penitentiaries, and buryin' grounds. His candle is lit at both ends, and it burns with a clear blue flame.

BŒOTIA IN AUGUST

BY STANLEY CASSON

PIGS, treachery, stupidity, and frogs; the normal reaction among historians of ancient Greece to these terms is — Bœotia. But yesterday at Lebadeia I drank of the waters of the spring of Lethe which make one forget unpleasant and remember pleasant things. So to me these lovely fragrant Bœotian fields under Helicon and Parnassus suggest only Pindar and Hesiod, the Muses and the fountain Hippocrene, Philip and Alexander. Why, Bœotia is the very heart of Greece: it is one of the very cradles of the race — though metaphors, like meteors, frequently explode on contact with reality, for geologically Bœotia is much more like a bath than a cradle! It is a great hollow of plain land ringed round by hills on east and south and by the long flowing range of Helicon and by the dominating bastion of Parnassus on the north and west. The waters of these plains, which slope gently from north to south, are hemmed in on all sides by a rocky rim, as in the great plain of Thessaly. But in Thessaly they have cut their way out through Tempe, while here they pass by underground channels.

It is a burning August blazing with the heat of molten silver. The great plain shimmers and shakes in the mirage, and a dozen tall pillars of dust, like tall thin trees of immense height, stalk uneasily up and down in the noon-day stillness, then vanish into a wisp of dustiness and are gone, to be replaced by other devils like themselves.

But where were once Copais Lake and its eels is now a fertility of green lucern,

lines of willows and clovery pasture, cotton and maize, so that even in August its freshness recalls the spring.

Along the edge of the old lake, whose water line is clear against the smooth cliffs, there once ran a strip of narrow land between cliff and lake, and behind it rose Helicon. Along this strip, which in places is not fifty feet across, there passed Dorians, Persians, Macedonians, Gauls, Goths, Slavs, and Turks, and all the invaders who had ever forced Tempe and Thermopylæ. Here was their final test, their ultimate battle before Athens and the Peloponnese dropped like ripe fruit into their hands. So the towns of this strip recur time and time again in history. Chæroneia, Coronea, Haliartus, are the sites not of single battles only. Last of all was the battle of Petra, the real gate of the pass where, in the war of independence, Prince Ypsilanti cut down to a man the Turkish armies at a Thermopylæ more pregnant with success than that of Leonidas. But with the draining of the lake the Bœotian Thermopylæ had vanished.

I think that what chiefly distinguished and still distinguishes Bœotia from other Greek provinces is the fact that it has no real seaboard and no real touch with the outer world of the two Greek seas, Ægean and Ionian. Bœotians were never sailors, and there is no large town on any Bœotian coast. It was rather a self-contained unit, hemmed in by an edging of rock. The black Cephissus River that fed the great lake was its central artery, while

round and near the plain there stood on spurs the great cities of Bœotia. Northward on the uplands that slope to Parnassus is the unheard-of beauty in spring of flowers that stretch in meadows and scent the air of the plain — narcissus and jonquil, in pale waves. But now it is August, and instead of spring flowers and the sound of waters there are everywhere the lovely chalky pink oleanders in the dry river beds, and on the parched lowlands the sound only of the hoopoe; even the frogs are silent, and the friendly chorus that made the plains in May one cheerful shout is replaced at night by an utter quiet.

As the burning sun sinks, Parnassus emerges from its heat haze blue and majestic, snowless and gaunt, to change, after sunset, to a mighty hump of sepia. To the east the sea is felt rather than seen, and Eubœa rises a pale silvery filament of limestone cliffs, wind-blown and verdureless. Where the plain narrows to the borders of Doris, the city of Orchomenus stands out clear-cut on its spur, and to the south the ancient island of Gla rises from its dry lake bed.

Thebes the seven-gated and its many waters lie over the divide on a lower plain, hotter and dustier than this, a plain that is the lowest of the steps by which Bœotia descends southward. But I remember the loveliness of Theban almond trees in spring.

I called Bœotia the cradle of Greece — forgive this ancient tag, but, after all, Greece mustered at Aulis under Agamemnon in those wide and lovely bays that indent the coast opposite Chalkis; and before Agamemnon brave men held at Orchomenus and Gla one half of the plain while their kinsmen at Thebes, half Cretans, half Mycenæans, princes whose names are not wholly forgotten, held the other half. The richness of the Mycenæan palaces at

Orchomenus and Thebes was the richness of more than a local chieftain. In fact Bœotia in Mycenæan times must have been the wealthiest province of all that prehistoric empire. Orchomenus, insignificant on its spur, is really one of the most unassailable fortresses in Greece. The river Cephissus winds along one side of the hill and then doubles back to defend the other, encircling the head on which the city stands. Across the neck of the spur runs a gigantic wall of defense. The fortress is complete.

But to-day the barren waste of Orchomenus gives little hint of riches. It is only when we look at the plain that the source of wealth is obvious. And in Mycenæan days, as to-day, there was no Lake Copais. The mouldering dikes and barriers that still protrude from the plain are the work of these prehistoric folk, mighty engineering feats for those early days. They hemmed in the rivers of the plain and guided them whither they wished to the natural underground exits that still partly drain the lake to the sea. Their constant care was that these exits should not be blocked in flood time by floating logs or drifting silt. These exits once blocked, the plain became lake again.

After the ruin of that Mycenæan empire, neglect brought about the flooding of the plain again, and throughout Hellenic times it remained a lake, and a hundred square miles of cultivation were lost forever. Only Alexander seems to have attempted the drainage once again, and a vast but unfinished tunnel in the rocky divide is the handiwork of his engineers. To-day all the streams and marsh waters are led to one great canal that empties its flood with a mighty roaring of waters through a tunnel half a mile long and twice the height of a railway tunnel. But the Cephissus River still emerges by its underground outlet as of old.

After the Mycenæans came the Dorians, pressing south from Macedonia. Thebes and Orchomenus fell, and Hellenism, as we know it, began here on the ruins of a fertile and highly organized province. Bœotia has never known eclipse; even if she let the Persians pass and gave them Thebes, she was a favored land in all ages. French knights at Elatea on the northern marches founded a duchy here in the Middle Ages until they were exterminated in a strange battle at Orchomenus by Catalan Spanish mercenaries, who seized their wealth and their duchy. The battle was the final proof of the futility of mediæval chivalry and its mode of war. The French knights charged across a swampy field, and half-way across stuck solidly in the mud and marsh. The weight of their armor on man and horse held them fast until the enterprising Catalans killed them like rats in steel traps. Hardly a family of note in France was untouched by this curious battle, and the Catalans held the land for eighty years.

Rival always to the neighboring Phocis, Bœotia had its oracle as well as Delphi. The strange deity called Trophonius had his dark and secret rites at Lebadeia, that charming hill town at the mouth of a wild gorge that leads to Helicon and the valley of the Muses. Trophonius was as old as Time and no upstart Hellene, but he was later called a son of Apollo (by what uncouth mistress?) and by some held even to be a form of Zeus. His oracle was in the cliff side facing those waters of Lethe that are now so prosaically given to you in a glass to wash down your Turkish coffee at the inn beneath the plane trees. As you drink you see in the cliff face a neat, squarely cut grotto, and within it deep shafts, barely large enough for a man, run into the rock. Those who consulted the oracle had a fearsome time. This was no suave

Pythian Apolline shrine, with marble waiting halls and the hard work all done for you by an intoxicated priestess and the oracle written down on tablets by obliging priests. Here you had to come utterly free from defilements, and get the oracle yourself from the grisly deity who awaited you at the bottom of those pits and shafts. What actually happened no man knows for certain. Pausanias, who had taken the oracle himself, tells us something, but not much, for one does not give Trophonius away with impunity! All he says is that the answers you seek may be given you either by sight or by hearing, but that, in any event, you are 'overwhelmed by fear,' and that many men who have passed through the ordeal 'never laugh again afterward,' although *as a rule* 'the power of laughter comes back again later.' But what happened we know only in the sketchiest way. Somehow you were projected headfirst down these slanting shafts, and at the bottom you found your oracle in some inner chamber that was crawling with serpents and horror. Then up you came again, feet foremost. Once, we are told, a scoffer took the oracle for fun, just to see what it was like. He emerged later right enough, but by some other shaft (presumably that reserved for scoffers), and he emerged dead.

On the cliff face near by are the cuttings, small squares inset in the rock, where the devout fixed the marble tablets they had dedicated in memory of the ordeal.

In Greek legend and religion the beautiful and the grim are seldom far apart. Œdipus and Narcissus are both Bœotians; why, Œdipus slew his father at the crossroads not half a day's journey from the pool at Thespiæ where Narcissus clutched his image and died; and the Narcissus is the true Bœotian flower still.

Against Trophonius and his underground horrors we must set the lovely vale of the Muses and Helicon, with the fountain Hippocrene on its rocky summit. No poisonous herbs, Bæotians said, grew on Helicon's slopes — even the venom of serpents was decreased through lack of evil sustenance in so lovely a valley. Somewhere in the valley was a shrine of the Muses with statues by half the famous sculptors of Greece, all now vanished to dust even if the loveliness of the valley remains. The Muses came hither from distant Thrace, in the days when they were three and not nine in number. A growing culture called for more Muses, as it called for more of everything, and the old three, who were (says Pausanias) Experience, Memory, and Song, had to endure the presence of new-fashioned colleagues who came to birth as man invented writing and numbers and other strange exercises of his new-fledged ingenuity. So to-day perhaps in their quiet valley the nine will have to endure a Muse of Wireless and a Muse of Machinery and other gaunt thin-lipped ladies of the kind.

There is a strange story of ancient archæologists at Haliartus on the edge of Lake Copais. For generations the townsfolk had shown a mound and said that it was the tomb of Alcmene, mother of Heracles. Local antiquaries, about the time of Alexander, disguised as pious relic hunters, excavated the

grave and found bronze bracelets and queer tablets inscribed in an unknown tongue. The Society of Antiquaries of Haliartus of the time, thinking, like our Anglo-Israelites, that the Pyramids were the explanation of all things not clear to their fuzzy brains, sent the tablets off to Egypt for an expert opinion. 'Yes,' they were told, 'these are Egyptian right enough, but *very*, *very* ancient and in a script no longer known in Egypt.' I have my doubts. Egyptians were always good propagandists and defended well their claims to be the origin of all things. But here, in the great province of Mycenæan Thebes and Orchomenus, Greeks always said that the invention of letters was first made by the ingenious Cadmus the Theban. And at Thebes not so long ago Mycenæan inscriptions were found painted on a vase. Surely these antiquaries of Haliartus had found Cretan or Mycenæan tablets in some prehistoric grave. Would that we could find more!

As the sun sinks behind Parnassus the heat rises from the plain and the mirage fades. Somewhere in mid-air the heat belt balances and shimmers, and the fields below are cool and fragrant; only the cliffs and rocks remain hot and scalding to the touch, and wise folk keep off the rocky slopes at night, so great is the heat they give off until dawn comes to cool their parched expanses.

MY FRIEND IBN SAUD

BY MOHAMMED LEOPOLD WEISS

[IBN SAUD is King of the Hejaz, which includes Mecca and Medina, and of Nejd, his dominions as a whole embracing the entire area of Desert Arabia. — THE EDITOR]

I

I CALL him my friend, although he is a king and I a journalist. I do this not because he opened the portals of his soul to me — for that he has done to no man. Nor do I speak of him in this way because of the many evidences of friendship and kind-heartedness that he has given me during the past two years that I have spent in Arabia, — years not free from bitterness, — for he has treated others no less cordially. Also let me make this clear: Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud does not call me his friend — I call him mine. And I do this simply because he is a *good* man. Not merely good-hearted — many people are good-hearted. Just as we say of an old Toledo blade that it is a good weapon, because it possesses all the qualities that can be demanded of a weapon of that kind, so I call Ibn Saud a good man. A fully rounded out character, obeying only the dictates of his own conscience — sometimes in the wrong, but never failing in his honesty toward himself.

Ibn Saud was born about fifty years ago in Riyadh in Central Arabia. He is a collateral descendant of the royal family that gained control over the greater part of the Arabian peninsula at the beginning of the previous cen-

tury and that subsequently fell into a state of decadence. During Ibn Saud's early childhood all power passed out of the hands of his family into those of a former vassal, Ibn Rashid of Hayel, in Northern Arabia. And the proud, reserved boy had to sit by and watch a foreign emir usurp his father's city of Riyadh, all in the name of Ibn Rashid. Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud and his family then became mere pensioners of the bounty of Ibn Rashid, tolerated without being feared. Presently this became too much for even the peace-loving father, Abd-er-Rahman, who departed with his family to Koweit to spend the rest of his days there in the home of his friend, the Sultan. Little did he dream of the future and of his son's aspirations.

There was probably only one person who detected the indomitable passionate spirit that slumbered in the boy's breast and the future greatness it betokened. That person was one of his aunts — an older sister of his father, who loved him dearly. While he was still a little boy, when no one else was present she used to clasp him to her bosom, telling him of all the great deeds he must accomplish. 'You must be a great man,' was her unending refrain.

In Koweit he got his first taste of solitude. This arose from the fact that, as a boy, Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud was thin and tall. So much taller was he than other boys of his age that they would laugh at him and mock him. He was immoderately ashamed of his stature, which attracted all eyes in his

direction, and he would carry his head bent in the hope of appearing shorter. It hurt his feelings to seem different from the people around him, but since his peculiarity was not solely physical he was unable to adjust himself.

Gradually his youthful intelligence grasped the situation, and his ambition stirred within him. He began to look beyond his immediate surroundings. He approached his father, saying, 'How can you tolerate having the Ibn Rashids rule over your home? Attack them, and drive them away. No one has a better claim than you to the throne of Riyadh.'

It must be understood that Ibn Rashid was at this time the most powerful chieftain on the Arabian peninsula. His domain extended from the Syrian desert to Robâ-el-Khali, and all the Bedouin tribes lived in terror of his mailed fist. It was therefore hardly surprising that Abd-er-Rahman, exiled, old, and impoverished, should have considered the demands of his stormy son fantastic. The boy urged and the father refused for years, but the son's enthusiasm was more stubborn than the father's lassitude, and Abd-er-Rahman finally yielded. With the assistance of the friendly Sultan of Koweit he assembled a few faithful Bedouin tribes and set out across the Arabian desert with dromedaries, banners, and flintlock muskets to attack Ibn Rashid. But the expedition was speedily repulsed. It returned to Koweit, — secretly, no doubt, somewhat relieved, — and the son was told that it was all to no purpose. Determined to spend the evening of his days in peace, the father renounced all his claims to Nejd.

But Abd-el-Aziz, the son, did not despair. He summoned a couple of his friends, and they assembled a troop of forty men, mostly Bedouins. They departed from Koweit without flags or

music, but secretly, furtively, like thieves. By hasty night marches, avoiding the heavily traveled caravan routes, the forty men, mounted on camels, drew near to Riyadh and hid close by in an obscure valley. On that same day, Ibn Saud picked out five of his forty companions and spoke to the others as follows: 'We have laid our destiny in the hands of God, and we are going to Riyadh either to conquer it or to fail completely. If you hear a sound of fighting in the city, hasten to our aid. If, by sunset tomorrow, you hear nothing of us, then we are dead — and God have mercy on our souls. You who are left will return to Koweit.'

The six of them set forth on foot. By nightfall they reached Riyadh, entering the city through a breach in the wall that Ibn Rashid had made to show how secure he felt. With their weapons hidden in the folds of their garments, they made their way to the Emir's residence. It was locked, for the Emir, fearful of the inhabitants, was in the habit of spending the night in a near-by fortification. The intruders, however, beat upon the door, and a slave admitted them. Without making a sound, they overpowered him and bound him, along with the few other slaves and women who were also there. The rest of the time until dawn they spent reading the Koran by way of preparation for the task ahead of them.

Early in the morning the gates of the fortification were thrown open and the Emir sallied forth, accompanied by a considerable body of armed servants and slaves. Ibn Saud and his five companions promptly hurled themselves upon the company, shouting, 'Ibn Saud!' and took them by complete surprise. Abdallah ibn Jiluwi, Ibn Saud's cousin, who is now the Emir of El-Hasa, hurled his spear at the Emir,

who dodged just in time, and the spear buried its quivering shaft in the wall of the fortification, where it remains to this very day. The Emir fled back through the gate, and while Abdallah was pursuing him Ibn Saud and the rest of his followers laid about them with their swords among the Emir's bodyguard, who were so surprised that they offered almost no resistance in spite of their numerical superiority.

While this struggle was in progress, the Emir suddenly rushed out on the flat roof of the fortification, still pursued by Abdallah ibn Jiluwi. Screaming for mercy, the Emir fell against the barrier at the edge of the roof, which gave way beneath him just as his enemy's sword cleaved his neck. Ibn Saud then shouted, 'Come hither, you men of Riyadh! Here am I — Abd-el-Aziz ibn Abd-er-Rahman ibn Saud, your rightful ruler!' And the citizens of Riyadh, who secretly hated their late oppressor from the north, laid down their arms, while Ibn Saud's thirty-five reserves galloped through the city gates on their camels. In another hour Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud was the undisputed master of the city.

II

At this point — it was January 1901 — Ibn Saud's youth came to an end, and he entered upon the second phase of his life, a grown man and a ruler.

Now began those systematic conquests of Ibn Saud's which soon proved him to be altogether different from the usual Arabian *condottiere*. His expansion was as calculated as the plans of a European general staff working with maps, although Ibn Saud had no general staff but himself and had never laid eyes on a map. The process proceeded spirally with Riyadh as its fixed centre, and no forward step was taken until all conquered territory had

been thoroughly subdued and organized. He first acquired the provinces to the east and north of Riyadh, and in 1904 took over the busy and prosperous province of Qasim. He then extended his realm over the western deserts, most of which were inhabited by the Ateybe tribes. In 1914 he launched an attack on the province of El Hasa on the Persian Gulf, which had belonged to Nejd fifty years before, but which the Turks had since taken. He captured the capital city of Hofuf after a few minor engagements, and established himself there firmly. The Ottoman Government was about to send out a punitive expedition against him when the World War broke out.

In 1921 the Djebel Shammar and the city of Hayel were also added to his kingdom, and, since it was in this city that the house of Ibn Rashid originated, that family lost its last stronghold in Arabia, apparently for all time. But the climax of Ibn Saud's expansion did not come until 1924 and 1925, when the Hejaz, together with Mecca, Medina, and Jiddah, was united with his kingdom.

It should be remembered that none of the territories he conquered were brought to heel in the old high-handed Oriental manner, but that in each case a nation was established. In every one of these states all who were willing to coöperate were placed on equal footing. Ibn Saud always tried to conquer from within and always endeavored to win his subjects' affection, showing them that he was working as much for their good as he was for the good of his own country. And this was something that no Arabian ruler had done since the great Caliph Omar ibn al-Khattab.

Ibn Saud long since has ceased to be merely a citizen of Riyadh. He has outgrown the narrow tribal confines. He has mastered the art of keeping his inner man on a par with his outer

power. He has never left Arabia and, outside of his own province, is familiar only with Bahrein, Koweit, and Basra. He knows no other language than Arabic. His reading has been confined to religious books and a few works on Arabian history. None the less, he has been able to extend his intellectual fields more widely than any Arabian king before him. No man alive has a better understanding of the present state of Islamic countries, and he is better posted than many professional politicians on the various parties in Egypt, Java, and India. The scientific discoveries of Europe, such as aviation and wireless telegraphy, which many Arabs, even the educated ones, believe to be fairy tales, he understands and appreciates fully as much as an educated Occidental.

Yet all the while he has never ceased to be a devout Moslem. From the premise that all existence originates in God, he arrives at the conviction that all material progress is futile unless it deepens our belief. It is therefore only natural that Ibn Saud's country should have developed in a religious direction. He belongs to the so-called Wahhabi movement. The Wahhabis are a reforming sect that follows the teaching of that great Nejd scholar, Mohammed ibn Abdul-Wahhab, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The aim of this sect is to cleanse Islam of the heresy it has gathered during its long history, and particularly to eliminate the custom of praying to Mohammedan saints instead of to Allah. It is the most severe of all Mohammedan sects, and it is based on the theory that all believers should imitate in their lives the simplicity and self-discipline of the Prophet.

As Occidentals, we generally do not understand Islam, because we are too prone to judge it by the modern Mohammedan countries. The form of

Islam which such countries exemplify is anything but the original religion. It is a cult that spread like wildfire from the distorted teachings of a crazy heretic who advocated honoring graves and saints, although such teaching flatly contradicts the original Islamic beliefs. Modern Islam has arisen from a *laissez-faire* attitude which is as remote from the original teachings of Mohammed as are the ideals of most Europeans. Mohammedan countries cannot blame Islam for their decadence, but rather the fact that they have twisted and ignored the pure teachings of Islam without supplanting them with anything better. The disease of Orientalism is not Islam. A truly Islamic society, systematically organized, would produce a more proportioned and orderly organization of life than we can find under any other system, although from a practical point of view it would be impossible, because Islam forbids any form of progress in culture or civilization and because its very thesis denies every scientifically proved fact.

Nevertheless, the goal of Ibn Saud's efforts is to establish a really Islamic state — the first since the time of the companions of the Prophet. He has no desire for personal aggrandizement — he only wishes to serve the Idea. He imagines himself as standing very much in the background of all his activities, and in this sense he is a thoroughly modern ruler, quite different from the old-fashioned Oriental sultans who regarded their subjects as mere servants of their own ego. A foreigner, seeing Ibn Saud for the first time, would laugh at the primitive aspect of this king who sits, simply dressed, in a simply furnished room, rises and gives his hand to every one who enters, even to the poorest Bedouin, and eats his meals with ministers, stenographers, and chauffeurs.

But the visitor's laughter would come to an end as soon as he regarded this king from closer range.

Ibn Saud began his constructive labors with the endeavor to establish domestic security by means of strict laws and effective punitive measures directed against bandits. Before his time, Arabia was a veritable den of thieves, filled with warring Bedouin tribes who plundered caravans and made all travel immeasurably dangerous. The new king promptly forbade his Bedouins to fight among themselves. All disputes had to be brought either to him or to the court of some emir. All criminals were punished in strict accordance with the code of the Koran. For a murder a man was beheaded; for robbery his right hand was cut off; and for armed robbery his right hand and left foot.

But soon Ibn Saud realized that mere force could not transform wild beasts into human beings. He began describing to his people the ethos of true belief. He sent scholars and preachers to various tribes to teach the Bedouins to read and write and to make them zealous disciples of the true belief. After a few difficult years, the movement suddenly caught hold. A miracle occurred. This kingdom of Ibn Saud's, as big as France, Germany, and Italy put together, now enjoys a state of security that the so-called civilized countries of the West cannot begin to duplicate. In the broad deserts of Central Arabia, where nobody ever dared travel unarmed in the old days, a visitor can now go quite alone, unarmed, laden with gold, and encounter no danger. Battles between individual tribes, which were everyday occurrences twenty years ago, are things of the past in the territories of Ibn Saud — though not, it may be said, in Syria and Iraq, where the 'civilized' powers of Europe hold sway.

But Ibn Saud's labors did not end here. He has built his cultural structure on a broader basis. Fifteen years ago he conceived the idea of persuading the Bedouins to establish themselves in permanent residences. It was clear to him that the nomadic life of these tribes was not conducive to progress and civilization or — and this was the really important point in Ibn Saud's estimation — to profound belief. He therefore began preaching this new, unheard-of idea to the Bedouins of Arabia. His success exceeded all expectation. One after another, the various tribes perceived the advantages of a settled mode of life. They were assigned land, built themselves houses, and planted palm trees. At first, during the early and difficult stages of transformation from nomadic herders into settled agriculturalists, the king backed them to the limit, giving them money, food, and grain. And he had to keep on helping, because new tribes kept allying themselves to him. It is estimated that now, fifteen years after this movement started, one third of all the Bedouins in Central Arabia have settled down, and the movement is going forward with undiminished intensity. The cultural significance of this aspect of Ibn Saud's work cannot be overestimated. The future historian will be compelled to assign this king a high place among those who have speeded human progress.

These Bedouins, who had been wild desert robbers mounted on horseback only a generation ago, began to feel that they were fulfilling a great destiny when they took permanent homes. The religious teachings that Ibn Saud had planted in their breasts awoke in them that peculiarly Arabian instinct for absolute belief. They understood that here was a true Islamic nation and that they had been called upon to lay its foundations. These men, to whom

Islam had once been nothing but a word, now became zealous champions of the belief, and quite naturally they came to regard Nejd as the capital city of their faith, set in a world of unbelievers and half-believers. They gradually gave up their old ideas of tribal loyalty and called themselves *Ikhwan* (brothers) — brothers of all who fully recognized God's word. As an outer symbol of their new attitude they gave up wearing the traditional Arabic braid about their heads and adopted white turbans, following the example of the Prophet.

The great importance of the *Ikhwan* to Ibn Saud's nation resides in the fact that all members capable of bearing arms voluntarily place themselves at the service of their king in case of war, thus providing him with a highly spirited body of troops. Since they regard themselves as the only real representatives of the true belief, any war is a war against unbelievers and therefore a holy war, and it is the highest honor, according to Mohammedan belief, to die fighting in a holy war. The result is that the *Ikhwan* not only do not fear death, they even court it — without despising life. They are the bravest, most tireless, and most mobile troops in the world, and, with adequate technical equipment, could make extensive conquests. In times of peace they are scattered throughout the land, but within a month they can assemble in any place the king commands, all of them mounted on dromedaries and armed with modern weapons, — Ibn Saud's booty in his various campaigns, — swords, and daggers, each with his own rations, which include a little rice and a sack of dates. They receive no pay from the king, but occasional presents, and they always count on booty. This inexpensive army of enthusiastic volunteers makes Ibn Saud stronger than any Arabian ruler before him.

III

All this is the work of a single man — Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud. All the help that his emirs give him — and some of them are important men — consists in carrying out his plans. The burden of his work is tremendous.

All day long, from early morning until late at night, he works incessantly, pausing only to pray and to spend a very few moments with his family. Each day he receives hundreds of communications and reports, all of which he reads himself. He dictates hundreds of letters. Countless Bedouins and representatives from all parts of his kingdom come to him daily, laying their complaints and demands at his feet and receiving his orders. While they are in Riyadh, all of them are his guests. He puts up an average of a thousand people a day, and when they depart each one receives an article of clothing and some suitable gift, in accordance with the generous Arabian code. But the personal expenses of the king are small, except for his big automobile park, which is really a national necessity. His private life is devoid of luxury.

People say that Ibn Saud is very fond of women, that he has married often, and that he keeps changing his wives. That is true. But he is capable of genuine and devoted affection, as few other Arabs are. Everyone who knows him at close range testifies to this and talks about it.

He is also capable of real forgiveness. About five years ago, one of his wives put some poison into his incense vessel at the instigation of Ibn Rashid's family. Ibn Saud was alert enough to observe it, and lost only the sight of one eye. He then forgave the woman, because he was convinced that she had been the victim of insuperable psychological influences at the hands of

her family. He gave her a letter of divorce, together with clothes and money, and sent her back to Hayel.

He is never revengeful, though he can be hard and relentless to lawbreakers. On one occasion, when fifteen ringleaders of a conspiracy were being beheaded, he watched the proceedings as coolly as if he were witnessing a horse race, and sipped coffee all the while.

Ibn Saud is very tall and possesses superb virile beauty. He has a high, thoughtful forehead, a slightly bent nose, a small mouth with thick lips that are sensuous yet sensitive. Anyone who meets him is at once impressed by his smile — a charming, understanding, and inexpressibly sweet smile; and one cannot but love him.

Ibn Saud has been compared to Napoleon, but I prefer to liken him to Cyrus as Xenophon depicted him in his *Cyropædia* — a wise, farsighted ruler, working for the good of his people and not for his own advantage;

estimating men at their real worth; reading their souls before he speaks a word; always aware of the fact that the people one works with must be satisfied. To these people he gives more than they ever expected — security of life, the gifts of a great heart, and a love that is never forgetful of true worth. Yet all the time he stands among them a solitary spirit — solitary because he is great.

A deep loneliness dwells in the breast of Ibn Saud, although many people surround him. No man can penetrate behind his smiling mouth or behind the broad gestures that his hands make when he is discussing problems of state or religious matters. No man knows what he will do to-morrow, for his future desires are dark and mysterious. But his yesterday and to-day are without mystery, without secrecy. His is the solitude of greatness. No leader points the way before him — only the living spirit. And behind him lie great achievements and great wisdom.

SAMARKAND RETURNS TO POWER

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

I SHALL always be glad that I first saw Samarkand in the golden glow of her beauty, when frosty November dawns melted swiftly into gorgeous sunny days; when the first rains had saphired the sky and turned desert hills into snow peaks and laid the dust of the plains, but had not yet made mud. Then I learned that, having loved and left many cities, one can still fall in

love with a new one; that sheer blue-gold weather can be as intoxicating to the critical senses as champagne, or as youth. There came other rains, and the grayness of shabby old age descended upon her, on old Samarkand still sitting where she sat twenty-three centuries ago, to receive her first recorded conqueror, Alexander. Yet two hours after the rain she again wove sunny magic.

Even the animals felt this magic.

Elsewhere camels are plodding creatures, patiently threading walled streets or desert sands. Here I laughed with fellow feeling as I saw a camel gallop blithely around a bend in the boulevard, tossing into the air a foot above him his human freight — a ball of colorful rags topped by a brown-faced grin. Elsewhere in Russia the horses are beasts of burden, dragging ramshackle droskies over the cobbles; here my first horse frightens me by racing madly down the street like the desert nomad that he is, quite unaware that he has a cart behind him.

After all deductions for the weather's magic, surely nothing could make those tiny donkeys on all the streets and boulevards anything but a constant entertainment. They are surmounted by such solemn men, bearded and turbaned, much larger than the donkeys, with feet tucked up to keep them from dragging. The booths at street corners, festooned with green and purple grapes in monstrous clusters; the long-cloaked red and maroon merchants solemnly clasping hands in an historic market place, to seal some bargain involving a few rubles; gay plush cap shops festooning the walls of some famous ruin; colored laundry hung out to dry from carved walls of some ancient seat of religious learning — here is the golden heart of sunny Asia, mellow mother Asia, hot young Asia.

Samarkand is renewing her youth. There is, to use a flippant Western word, a 'boom' in Samarkand. Never, it seems, have I seen so many new buildings side by side with so many historic monuments. Here is a new bank, a new Department of Agriculture building; across the boulevard from it a new girls' school, complete with dormitory and classrooms. Here is a new building for the Department of State Industry; a new Teacher Training School. These I notice in my first

casual walks through the heart of the city. Farther out, to be reached only with intention, is the new silk factory for nine hundred and fifty workers, most of whom are housed near by in new workmen's dwellings; and the new Hospital of the Uzbek Republic, costing \$600,000, a cluster of gorgeously modern buildings of stone and glass. Around it also are scattered new workmen's quarters; these seem to be in many places.

Power has come again to Samarkand. She who was a capital of many conquerors is a capital once again. In the new division of Turkestan into Soviet republics, Samarkand is the government seat of the Uzbeks. Here is the tomb of Tamerlane, and here is the farm-hand president's six-room White House. Here meets the Central Executive Committee of the Uzbeks, and here are the headquarters of education, and health, and agriculture, and justice. Here is a Musical High School from which gay youth goes forth to sing and dance propaganda into the villages of Central Asia.

Samarkand is very crowded. Congresses and conferences flood her halls, and the building of hotels has by no means kept pace with the building of government offices. On none of my visits to Samarkand did I find a room in any hotel. But this may be accounted luck rather than otherwise, for I was most hospitably entertained on each occasion by kindly Samarkanders who took pity on the stranger. The first time I stayed at the Clara Zetkin School for Women; the second time in the president's own mansion. Neither quarters were palatial. In the School for Women I shared a tiny bedroom with the director, her sister, and the teacher of physical training; in the presidential home I was given a divan in the secretary's living room, also occupied for sleeping by his mother.

II

Because I wished to learn of Samarkand the Ancient, I called first on Professor Viatkin, who, under varying rulers and conditions, has given all his life to studying the archæology of Central Asia and is to-day head of the 'Committee on Ancient Monuments.' A kindly and rather sad gentleman, not interested in politics or in all the fury of new building in this old capital. He is well aware of the world importance of the great monuments of the past; he remembers the Germans who journeyed hither before the war for research, and the Americans of the Carnegie Foundation back in 1908; it hurts him to realize that he is responsible for the preservation of all these relics and has so little money to care for them properly.

'Seventy important memorials of the past are in Uzbekistan alone,' he told me. 'We do not know how many more are undiscovered. For such research we have no money at all. Our 34,000 rubles this year barely suffices to keep the most important from falling to pieces. In the famous Righistan of Samarkand we must chain columns in position, or they will crash into ruins and spoil other things as well. A few things like this we can do; it is next to nothing.'

The glory of Samarkand from before the dawn of history unrolled before me as we talked in Professor Viatkin's crowded dining room, used also as study, and he pictured to me the many conquerors who have come into these rich watered lands of Central Asia. Always there has been here a settled people, farmers, clustering from prehistoric days around the hillside streams and following them with irrigation into the plains. Always the harsher nomad hordes from the surrounding deserts have overwhelmed them and become

in their turn settlers. Samarkand, like a fair mistress, submitted to their violence, and then subdued them to the ways of her household. Each of her masters, as far as he might, destroyed the remembrance of all past lovers. Nothing to-day remains of Alexander's days but a few Greek coins and figurines unearthed from time to time as sign that once Hellenic culture enriched this soil.

The earliest known peoples here were the Tajiks, Persian in race and culture, high in musical and poetic attainments; they still survive in the distant mountain villages and as a city population in the valleys. They lost their fertile lands to the invaders, but they kept the superiority of trade and culture. The Arabs came, bringing the Arab civilization of the seventh and eighth centuries; there followed a local dynasty of high attainments, when irrigation flourished and books were many and the arts were prized. Raw Turkish tribes from the East overwhelmed this and passed beyond to settle Asia Minor. They were followed in the thirteenth century by the Mongols under Genghis Khan and his lesser sons. Warlike and strong invaders, but destroyers who left the rich lands ruined. Tamerlane, who followed them, brought a renaissance of literature and building; his are the most magnificent monuments now remaining. After him descended from the north the Uzbeks, uncultured but virile nomads. Later, only fifty years ago, the Russians.

On invitation of Professor Viatkin, I took next morning one of the large red autobuses which furnish modern transportation to this ancient city. I was bound for the Righistan, for hundreds of years the central market place, flanked by stately medresses, the religious academies of the Moslems. It is still to-day a market place much attended, as I realized when I stood in

line and fought for a place in the bus. No prestige whatever attaches to being a white woman in a crowd of jostling natives bent on purchase. This, it chanced, was one of the market days, which occur twice weekly. Past the various government buildings we swept, along the wide shaded boulevards of the new city, and across a ravine to the colorful jostling streets of Samarkand the Ancient.

A certain stark grandeur distinguishes the ruins of Asia. Torn and lofty, covered with brilliant mosaics, they stand in patient aloofness under the golden noons. Beneath them whispers or roars the life of the market, with its petty barter, and its satisfaction of daily needs. Under the gorgeous walls of the Righistan I saw a popular peep show, behind the curtains of which veiled women removed their veils to chuckle at what they saw; by the pictures of Egyptian and Assyrian gods and the scientific mottoes, I judged it was antireligious propaganda. From a high tribune in front of the famous medresse which faces the square a speaker was taking subscriptions to the latest government loan while a small crowd stopped to listen and edged away — as no doubt was done in some form in the days of Tamerlane.

Avoiding massive processions of camels and rumbling processions of carts, I sought refuge from the traffic under a high stone cavern, built for who knows what purpose by its original architect, but serving now as the cap market, where the males of Samarkand beautify themselves with giddy designs in plush and velvet. Dodging down a side street, I came to still another ancient medresse, now turned to secular uses. A crowd of young Tajiks hailed me, and pointed out the relics in their building. They were taking a short course to become

village teachers. The mechanism of my kodak so enthralled them that they all took turns looking into the finder, and shouted with triumph when they saw the scenes; at this gleeful occupation they lost their places in the waiting line for lunch, and, remembering this, ran suddenly away.

The gauntly beautiful ruined arches of Bibi Khanum cut the blue sky at one end of the street. Of this ancient mosque there are varying legends, chiefly concerning the favorite wife of an emperor, who built the temple to honor him during his absence. It is said that the architect became inflamed with love for his sovereign, and could not set his genius at work without her favors; and that she, burning with impatience to celebrate her lord's return, sacrificed his household honor to honor him the better in public. The fate meted out to the culprits is variously recorded; there are tales of death connected with the high towers of this old ruin. On some of its broken slabs I saw two Uzbeks from the market reclining; sipping tea in the shade of the walls and cutting juicy melons on the storied stones.

III

Beyond the walls of Samarkand, and beyond the dusty plain devoted to trading in horses, rise the exquisite domes of tombs built for the family of Tamerlane. In all Central Asia there is no cluster of ancient monuments more harmonious in their setting of trees and sky, and perfectly balanced stairways lead from mausoleum to mausoleum. Vivid mosaics, stone steps worn by the feet of pilgrims, a famous old Koran exhibited reverently in the central mosque, where Tamerlane himself may have stood to pray for the souls of his dead — these are the perfect memorials of the power that is

gone. On my way back to the Righistan I saw the cruder modern emblems of the new power that has come in Samarkand.

In the midst of the bazaar, with its shouts and camels, its donkeys and bargaining merchants, arose a large and ugly building: 'Universal Stores, Uzbek State Trading Company, No. 3.' The crowds outside were greater than anywhere else in the market; they were standing in line to buy cotton goods or soap at prices below those in the private booths. Around a corner, with plentiful red banners, stood the 'House of the Dekkans.' I stepped inside and found a small exhibition of modern farm machinery, intermingled with placards about fertilizers and seed selection and the war on pests. The room was empty; with some trouble I unearthed the doorkeeper, and was told that the *dekkans* (the Central Asian word for 'peasants') were all out shopping, but would return en masse for sleep in the evening.

Some of them, in fact, were already assembled in the red *chai-khana*, or tea house, around the corner, where they squatted on carpeted platforms above the roar of the market and solemnly quaffed tea under pictures of Lenin. A placard on a hall near by announced the 'Fourth Congress of the Uzbek Teachers Union,' and informed all delegates that dormitories had been opened for their accommodation at the Central Labor Union and also at the Club of the Teachers. A block away was the main workers' club, named after Tomsky; a congress of the Peasant Coöperatives of Uzbekistan was going on in its crowded, badly lighted hall. In a high-pitched, monotonous voice, an Uzbek peasant woman, unveiled, with her hair covered by a Russian kerchief, was complaining from the platform about the bad organization of village coöpera-

tives. Here was some change, surely, from the days of Tamerlane.

Following her came a tall, dark peasant, in a coarse wrapper of brown unlined homespun, with high leather boots and little round embroidered skullcap, now very shabby. Though only a farm laborer, he spoke with an air of fierce, firm authority that would have well suited a chieftain of Genghis Khan, just descended from his charger. 'I don't know the methods of order in a meeting and I don't much care,' he said with a fine casualness. 'I don't know how to begin a speech or what must be included. But — what do we see in the village? The rich peasants get the new machines on credit and we poor ones don't.'

As the discussion proceeded, a baby boy wandered down the aisle pulling his rough coat back from his otherwise quite naked brown body. No one paid any attention to him. Leaving the assembly, I mingled with the after-market crowd of shoppers jamming all means of transport on their way home. Sacks of nuts and melons and rich green raisins, the kind most highly prized, filled carts and buses. Above the crowd tossed turbans of blue and white and orange, sometimes stuffed with the smaller purchases. In more than one turban I saw a shining glass lamp chimney thrust, like a strange ornament, to keep it safe above the jostling turmoil. I returned to the chief restaurant of Samarkand, whose oilcloth-covered tables were already very sloppy from the succession of diners. On its walls were placards with fiercely gesticulating figures pointing fingers, conveying this reproach: 'You, You, You — are NOT YET a member of the Coöperative.' Truly American advertising methods had come to Samarkand.

A few evenings later I attended the opening session of the Central Executive

Committee of the Uzbek Republic — the highest administrative authority in the land. It does not control railways, or posts and telegraphs, or army, or foreign trade and ultimate economic programmes; these economic lines of dominance are dictated from Moscow, in whose central government Uzbekistan is represented. The session which I visited controls, however, education, health, agriculture, courts, local trade and industry, making its own budget within the limits of a general tax policy fixed by the Central Government of the Soviet Union. The budget of the Uzbek Republic, incidentally, shows large and increasing deficits, due to the expansion of education, health measures, and irrigation in a region too backward to pay heavy taxes. The deficit this year amounts to forty million rubles and is met by Moscow, as part of its announced policy of 'equalizing the backward regions with the centre.'

It was a report on the budget that the Central Executive Committee was considering when I entered. I saw before me a long narrow hall, unimposing, the typical meeting hall of a small town, decorated in the typical Asian manner with strings of tissue-paper flags in all colors festooned from wall to wall. To these were added many red streamers, and a more than life-sized statue of Lenin at the rear of the stage, arising from a sea of red flags. Above the stage a large red banner bore, in place of the slogans on world revolution which used to grace such assemblies, the much more sober words which are to-day the fashion: 'We grow, we strengthen, we are building socialism and will complete its building.' A larger banner at the far end of the hall was inscribed with the words of Lenin: 'The Soviet Power will be carried to success only when in it take part the millions of workers and peasants.'

Much calmer ideals, these, than the war cries once expressed! And were, indeed, the millions of workers and peasants taking part? Certainly the members of this governing body were native, under whatever methods of pressure they might have been chosen from distant villages. Uzbeks in many-colored robes, padded against the sharp autumn weather, were the chief figures. The proceedings went on in the Uzbek language, but the more important parts were translated into Russian, 'for the benefit of the Europeans.' These 'Europeans,' by which name were included Russians, Jews, and one Lett, numbered forty-eight, one quarter of the assembly. Of the rest, one hundred and twenty-seven, or a clear majority, were Uzbeks, while twenty-six came from minor Asiatic nationalities, resident in the Uzbek Republic.

Behind the long red table which filled the front of the stage sat the Presidium, a dozen or more Uzbeks, in the usual gaudy gowns and plush skullcaps. One of them was a woman, Shadiva, aged twenty-two, with the naïve, friendly smile of a sixteen-year-old girl.

When Shadiva flitted about the hall in a mussed blue flannel blouse, with a green velvet cap on her long black curls, it was impossible to believe the tales I was told of her past. A miner's daughter of Fergana, sold in marriage at the age of ten, she lived with her middle-aged husband a tragic existence. When Russian women began to organize the woman's movement of Uzbekistan, Shadiva was one of their first adherents. They taught her to read; they discovered and trained her capacity for eloquence; they got a divorce for her. She is married now to a youth of her own age, a modernist and communist; she holds great audiences spellbound with her oratory. Her former husband also has remarried, but

they say he has never ceased to regret the flamelike Shadiva.

In and out among the members of the Presidium moved the secretaries of the Central Executive, some of them Russians, some of them drawn from the Asiatic nationalities of the Caucasus, which have had more education than the Uzbeks and are now supplying many organizers and secretaries in Central Asia. I inquired of one of these to what extent the government in Samarkand was run by the natives. In the chief assembly their predominance was obvious, but how about the civil departments of government? He told me that the departments of Education and of Social Welfare are almost entirely manned by Uzbeks, since teaching is chiefly done in the Uzbek language. The Finance Department is 70 per cent Uzbek. The Department of Agriculture is Uzbek except for its farm experts; the Water Department except for its engineers. The local courts are all Uzbek, but in the higher courts some 15 to 20 per cent are Russians. Russians persist throughout the Health Department, since practically no Uzbeks have as yet had time to learn medicine. In the higher economic departments, such as the State Planning Board or the Department of State Industries, about half the staff is Russian.

IV

The life of Samarkand is in her water, brought by a primitive system of irrigation learned from the Arabs. Every year its dikes of wood and earth need repairing; in some years high water destroys the dikes and floods whole regions. The Water Department invited me to visit their new irrigation dam at Revat Khoja, thirty miles from the city. Built in the modern fashion of reinforced concrete, under an engineer who once constructed the Baikal

section of the Trans-Siberian Railway and part of the line to Murmansk, it is attracting visits from peasants throughout the Uzbek Republic.

The methods of modern technique know neither race nor boundary. When I stopped for lunch at the chief engineer's house near the main dam, it seemed that I might have been in any one of a dozen construction camps in the far West of America. The same clean, bare floors, the same white-washed walls covered with blueprints, the same bare furniture of working tables and hard chairs. Even the food was the same — chiefly canned goods, the diet of the breaker of trails the world over. Sitting across the table was the same type of keen face, lean and efficient, busy with the skilled subduing of nature and caring little for politics. Out of the window was the same type of landscape — brown unreclaimed fields leading to mountains, and a single telephone line to connect with civilization. Only when I crossed the room to look at the dike with its medley of turbaned figures and colorful Asiatic garments did I recall that this was the oldest continent of earth instead of the youngest.

When, after lunch, we went to see the dam, which runs for two kilometres across many channels eaten by former floods, we met a delegation of peasants that had come to inspect it. Middle-aged men, with voluminous robes and large white turbans, sat sedately on little clay mounds above the river, staring long and contentedly down at the swiftly working machines. Layers of reinforced concrete were being applied under their eyes; men like themselves in turbans and flapping robes were working at pumps. Besides these shrewd and patient peasants there was another inspection. Jumping hastily from crag to crag, the photographer of the State Cinema of the Uzbeks was

busily snapping scenes which would go forth to village movies. Propaganda of modern irrigation was to reach those peasants too far away to visit Revat Khoja.

'The local peasants were very skeptical when we began,' smiled the engineer. 'But now that our dike and canal are nearing completion, they know enough about irrigation to be very enthusiastic. Even before Revat Khoja opens, scores of peasant delegations come to Samarkand from all Uzbekistan, asking for similar improvements to their ancient irrigation systems. They offer to pay for the engineers, the machines, the cement and iron, and to furnish their own unskilled labor. Some fifty such local companies have been organized; a Meliorative Fund exists in the Water Department to aid them with three- to five-year credits. No longer does the Government rebuild their irrigation systems for nothing; it reserves its budget funds for reclaiming entirely new land. On the old land the peasants themselves are willing to pay for improvement. But Revat Khoja was done on government budget; the dike and the ten-kilometre canal cost seven million rubles. These will stabilize irrigation on a million acres, of which one hundred and fifty thousand will be newly reclaimed land. This will be distributed without cost to the local peasants, but we estimate that the Government will get its money back on the increased cotton crop in not more than seven years.'

The usual social life of the Russian industrial community had already been introduced, rather sketchily, into this temporary construction camp, where somewhat less than half the workers were Uzbeks. There was equal pay for equal work regardless of race; but the Russians had a greater proportion of the skilled jobs. The single men lived in barracks; the married men who had

worked for some time on the job had attained perhaps to private quarters of two rooms. The Uzbeks had separate dormitories from the Russians, 'since their habits of living differ from ours.'

I asked the secretary of the Camp Committee if there was much race prejudice. 'No,' he said, after a moment's thought. 'Rather the opposite. When quarrels occur, it is Russians who quarrel with Russians, and Uzbeks with Uzbeks. They know their own kind better and fight with them more readily.'

The secretary of the Camp Committee showed me the workers' quarters and the various facilities maintained under the trade-union. A thousand workers were employed on the dike, he told me; the average wage was about eight rubles a day, but the lowest unskilled labor got only three. They had a clubhouse, and a motion-picture apparatus; a small permanent library of 500 volumes, supplemented by traveling libraries of 150 to 200 books sent by the Construction Workers Union from Samarkand. A drama circle of thirty members, a musical circle, a chess club, as well as political, military, and sport circles, gave occupation for leisure time in the lonely camp on the desert. Not all was bliss, however, among the workers at Revat Khoja. As I entered one of the dormitories, a large Russian near the door rose and blocked my way. He was garrulous from a recent celebration.

'So you're an American,' he said. 'Well, what do you think of our bunk houses? Fit for humans, are they?' He spat disgustedly. I glanced around; sixty men in one enormous room certainly allowed no privacy. Yet each man had his own bunk, with a shelf and hook above it and a table beside it. There were no upper bunks; the room was high and airy, the wooden floors well raised above the winter damp.

'Not much comfort,' I admitted, 'but I've seen worse in the lumber camps of America.'

'You lie!' he shouted, proceeding to inform me that all American workers had automobiles. Why not the Soviet workers? I remarked that, since work on the dam was a temporary job, he could hardly ask the tax-paying Uzbek peasants to furnish better quarters for the dike workers than they themselves had permanently. 'You're a hell of a delegate!' he cried, disgustedly. The other men paid him no attention; they went on playing chess or reading.

Leaving the barracks, I caught the last truck back to Samarkand. Passing along the line of the new canal, I saw on a tiny railroad a small tractor, remodeled to act as locomotive, pulling twenty tons of trailing cars along the rails. Thus was cement delivered to line the new waterway. Not far beyond, along the trees by the road, a train of fifty camels had made camp for the night; their Kirghiz owners, nomads of the desert, were earning an honest ruble working for Revat Khoja. Thus also was cement delivered to the new canal. The old and the new means of transport were working side by side to reclaim the deserts of Asia.

The Russians in Samarkand, however, found my enthusiasm a bit naïve. Not so easily do the old and new work together as it might seem to me, a stranger. They complained that Samarkand is hard to work in; that progress goes slowly. The hot Asian summer had tired them; they longed for Moscow — craving perhaps some winter tonic needed by Northern blood. They did not share my excitement over the picturesque life of the markets.

The endless rows of old men, sipping their tea in *chai-khanas*, — those open carpeted platforms along the streets where a man may squat and musingly contemplate all passing life without the labor of sharing it, — were to these new crusaders no picturesque background, but a positive obstacle — something to be removed that young life might flourish. 'Those old men take their tea as seriously as one does the Revolution,' complained one of the Russians.

When I mentioned the scores of new buildings, the six hundred thousand dollar hospital, the local representative of the newspaper *Pravda Vostoka* said grimly: 'That hospital was supposed to open last May Day, and again in October; now they say, but we do not believe, it will open in January. True, there are many workmen's dwellings finished; but we also know workers' houses promised two years ago and still awaiting roofs. We know what is to blame; not lack of workmen or money, but wasteful and bureaucratic planning and changing of plans. Deadwood at the top. It is hard to get action so far from the centre.'

And the local manager of the Dobrolet airplane line said, more briefly: 'It is easy to put up buildings from a state budget, but hard to transform a backward people.' Yet the mere fact of his own existence — manager of airplanes in the capital of Tamerlane — was in itself an unnoticed revolution.

Impatient souls, destined never to be at peace in the war of changing worlds. Yet it is their impatience which is remaking in a brief generation the lands which had remained unchanged from the days of Tamerlane. They are too near the conquest to know its triumph.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'WE LOOK BEFORE AND AFTER'

I HAD picked up casually a book which lay on my friend's table. It was Bertrand Russell's *Mysticism and Logic*, and my eye fell on the following sentence, which I read aloud: 'We all regard the past as determined simply by the fact that it has happened; but for the accident that memory works backward and not forward, we should regard the future as equally determined by the fact that it will happen.'

My friend made a wry movement of his lips, but a luminous expression appeared in his eye, and he said, with somewhat exaggerated matter-of-factness, 'I suffered an accident once which had the effect of making my memory work forward instead of back.'

'You did!' I exclaimed. 'What a peculiarly unfortunate accident it must have been!'

'Why do you say so?'

'Well, I should have thought it would be a depressingly hopeless position to see the future arrayed before you, and to know that everything unpleasant in it was unavoidable. Why, you would have suffered all your griefs before you felt them, and yet you would have known that they were still to come! And the pleasures you might have enjoyed anticipating would be past before you experienced them. And then, think too of the loss of the entire past. Griefs themselves are said to be agreeable in retrospect, while everybody knows that chinning over the joys of the days that are no more is one of the inalienable privileges of middle-aged success.'

'You speak plausibly, but super-

ficially,' said my friend. 'The effect of the accident that turned my memory forward instead of back was not quite as you describe it. Sorrows remembered are, as you say, often turned into a kind of sentimental joy. But you must not neglect the fact that real pains tend to be forgotten. So, although my memory was directed to the future, I was quite unaware of most of the really painful incidents that were to befall me, as a child has to be told by his elders of diseases suffered in early infancy. I never could recall, for example, that I was to lose most of my money through unfortunate investments in the great panic which I knew to be coming in 1943 — or was it 1946? My memory was never of the best, whether my reminiscences were of the future or the past. As for my approaching attack of appendicitis, the first time that memory presented its circumstances to me they were painfully vivid; but, like most recollections of the sort, they soon slipped from my mind, and the nearer the actual occasion approached, the harder it was for me to recall the agonies I had suffered from it. The impending loss of my teeth and hair as I grew older was similarly removed from my mind by the blessed power of forgetfulness. I had an excellent memory, however, for all the misfortunes of this sort which the future held for my friends, and I enjoyed malignantly every recollection of their approaching decline, especially when it preceded my own.'

'Not only were most of my appointed evils mercifully spared me, but my pleasures were surrounded with delightful uncertainty. For you must

know that memory is a fallible organ always, and I never felt sure of any of the welcome prospects to which I could look forward. Was it the Robinsons or the Hancocks who, ten years hence, had invited me to spend a week at their summer palace at French Lick? And was it at French Lick, or at Hot Springs? Often the event delightfully surprised me, and revealed the extent to which a capricious memory had misled my thoughts. And as I never believed in courses to strengthen my powers of remembering, I cultivated with a good conscience the habit of useful vagueness.

'Nor was it of such disadvantage as you suppose to have lost the past altogether. No inferiority complex, born of domination by elder brothers in early life, or dinned into me by righteously overbearing parents, could check the buoyancy of my mind or dull the confidence with which I mingled with my fellow men. No haunting infantile shames or rankling unquiet conscience could interfere with the joy of the moment or restrict the free use of my faculties. No one could show me a photograph of myself in petticoats and expect me to be embarrassed, for I had no sense of a personal history, with its sorry weight of errors and weaknesses. On the contrary, instead of recalling the puny picture of my youth, I remembered the appearance I had come to wear in my old age, and, faulty as it was, I could rejoice that I should have more dignity on leaving the world than I brought at my entrance into it.

'The past was all a delightful mystery, a veil which I felt it would be impious to raise or to wish to raise. I did not know whence I had come, or by what strange paths my neighbors and I had arrived at our present situation and habits. Yet I was not ignorant of the forces that govern

human events, nor unfamiliar with the causes that operate in human life, for all these were spread before me in the future. I had the memory of what was to come to guide me, and could discern where men were going if not whence they had started. After all, it is a question which half of time shall be blank. Perhaps there is not much to choose. Personally I always detested history, and I feel that it is one of the most serious embarrassments attending an individual man or a nation to know his past. Consider how much more freely and wisely the world could act if it were unaware of the follies and hatreds it has accumulated in forty-odd centuries of recorded time!

'Of course, most men find it one of the principal pleasures of life to recall their early days and to dwell with maudlin affection on the past. But I need not remind you that usually the past which they delight to recall never existed, and that their exploits and adventures are largely produced by the imagination of the moment. I am as free as anyone in this respect, and my powers of invention are as lively. If my recollections were of events that had not yet occurred, they were none the less glamorous and sentimental. And I lied as bravely about the future as other men about the past.

'On the whole,' said my friend, 'I don't consider my accident a misfortune. I think you must agree with me that it had its uses.'

'But you have now recovered from it?' I asked.

'Perfectly,' he assured me.

'And you prefer your present state?'

'How can I say? I am glad to have experienced both states. And at best any human faculty is but a faint candle gleaming uncertainly in the midst of darkness and mystery. If it play forward or back, hither or yon, the difference is not much.'

OUR EDUCATIONAL TABLECLOTH

It is our usual custom to spend our summers and an occasional winter week-end in our camp, a log cabin, simple, but commodious enough for comfort. Since our object is chiefly to escape for a time from the monotonous conventions of ordinary social life, we try to reduce our housekeeping duties to the lowest possible terms of simplicity.

Personal cleanliness is easy enough, for there is always the lake, and swimming is one of the pleasures of summer life. One's body linen, too, must of course be washed regularly; but table linen is a different matter. The thing itself is only a convention, and a comparatively modern one at that. The baronial halls of feudal days knew nothing of it, and those were the very times when knighthood was in flower. We therefore determined to see if we could not dispense with it. White oil-cloth should serve us instead. It would not have to be washed. A few swipes with a damp cloth would restore it to pristine spotlessness.

But when we tried it we found that hot dishes cockled it, that blueberry and blackberry stains resisted the damp cloth, and that the enamel cracked along the edges. We disliked bare boards; and besides, they had to be scrubbed. Then, partly by accident, we hit upon our great discovery.

It was Nora, our maid, who did it. She happened one day to spread a newspaper over the table that she was laying for a hurried luncheon before we were to set out on an afternoon hike. The meal seemed to be passing in unusual silence. Looking up, I discovered that each of the others was not only eating but also reading, as I had been.

The portion of the paper that happened to lie in front of me contained the picture of a pretty girl and an article on the value of sage tea in pre-

venting the hair from turning gray, a subject to which I had never before given any thought — the sage tea, I mean. The Lady of the Camp seemed to be absorbed in trying to determine the chances of the Wisconsin Wildcat against Red Mike Morrissey in what was described as a coming 'mill.'

When we got back to camp that evening the table was still covered with newspapers, but on sitting down to supper we found that they were not the same ones. Nora had removed the top layer and thus exposed a fresh literary menu. This time my portion disclosed the fact that marabou-trimmed negligees were to be had for twenty-eight fifty, in heavy beige or orchid *crêpe de Chine*, lined with silk and interlined with wool. The Lady of the Camp was puzzling over the description of a new hydraulic dredge, which, she said, made no mention of how to get the flour into it.

Since then, whenever we have been in camp, we have continued, to our great satisfaction, the practice of using newspapers for tablecloths. Our papers come to us a day or two late — just long enough after publication to prevent the world from being too much with us, and just soon enough to keep us within sound of the band. At home we give them only a brief selective attention; but in camp it is different. As

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,

so we read what we find beside ours.

The process is broadening and educational. In the city one grows so accustomed to reading certain parts of the paper and neglecting others that the mind gets into ruts. In camp there is always the element of surprise. Nuggets of thought gleam from the most unexpected corners. There is Violet Ray's column, for example. I had never given any attention to it before, but now, when I am so fortunate as to draw it in the literary lottery, I always

find in it some fundamental, incontrovertible truth that I can cling to. 'There are many things to be said in favor of keeping our bureau drawers neatly arranged. It indicates a sense of order and a respect for our possessions.' 'How much there is to know in the world, and how little we know or ever can know!'

Hazel Nutt has also had a deep and chastening influence on my life. 'Every woman,' she says, 'should stand in front of her mirror at least once every month with an all-seeing eye'; and again, 'No woman can understand men, even the specimen she spends her life with.' Two well-balanced ideas, you will note. If I am a little disturbed by thoughts of what that all-seeing eye may discover, I am reassured by the second statement, even though 'she' has 'no woman' for its antecedent.

And then there is the Household Column, another department that I had always neglected, but that is now a constant source of pleasure and profit. It was there that I found the excellent receipt for prune nog, contributed by 'Woolly Lamb' in return for directions for making a molasses pie, offered by 'Silver Threads.' But it has its shadows, too, that column. So far as we have discovered, no one of the 'sisters' who contribute to it has been able to offer any suggestion that would cure 'Pond Lily's' husband of a habit that annoys her. 'He is good and kind,' she writes, 'and always wipes his feet and brings me his pay envelope every week; but he will crumb his doughnuts into his coffee and eat them with a spoon.' You can easily see by her name that 'Pond Lily' is of a sensitive and refined nature, whereas 'he' most likely answers to the name of Jake or Bill, has large hands with reddish hair on the back of them, and on Sunday mornings likes to sit in undershirt, trousers, and stocking feet and read the sporting news.

'Pond Lily' will never understand him.

We find too that, when read to the leisurely accompaniment of a camp meal, items that we should ordinarily pass with hardly a thought are sometimes provocative of deep meditation, so that we carry them with us in our minds and debate their meaning. 'Boy Drowns While Skating on River.' 'Man Fractures Skull as He Falls from Staging.' Here, as you will see, is room for argument. Is death by drowning a glacial rather than, as we had supposed, an aquatic tragedy? And did the man knock his head against the wall on the way down? How else could he have fractured his skull 'as he fell'? We have not been able to decide.

And, having seen a number of skiing upsets, we have wondered if there was not a hidden meaning in an item that we found in the Fashion Column: 'A very smart skiing costume consists of five pieces, and is both practical and good-looking enough to convince even the most timid sportswoman that there is more in the sport than appears on the surface.'

But all other parts of the paper grow tiresome and pall on the mental appetite before the attractions of the advertising pages, especially those devoted to real estate and secondhand—I should say 'reconditioned'—automobiles. They alone never grow stale and monotonous, but retain their zest and flavor as bacon does in the diet.

'Just listen to this one!' exclaims Bob, who loves the country: "'Old-fashioned house of eight rooms, fire-places, near state highway, beautiful view of lake, boating, bathing, fishing, large barn, carriage shed, room for 200 hens, 40 acres high land, plenty wood, timber to pay for place, trout-brook-watered meadow. Can better be imagined than described. Only \$1500. \$200 down.'"

It is one of the delights of living

in New England that every farm has a trout-brook-watered meadow or at least a spring-fed brook, provides boating, bathing, and fishing, and can better be imagined than described — many of them much better.

And there are the bungalows. They may have been designed by the man who put the bungle in bungalow, and built by an Italian shoemaker; and they may stand so close together that you could hardly slip a case knife between them; but they all have boating, bathing, and fishing, and all must be seen to be appreciated.

The 'reconditioned' automobiles are another source of rapture — to read about. They climb hills like the Rocky Mountain goat, burn up the road like the wild ass of the desert, have the acceleration and pick-up of a skyrocket, and bear you to far places on the wings of the wind, as one might aptly say. The verbal picture rivals Job's description of the war horse, and you almost shed tears that circumstances compel 'ole marster' to sell this faithful slave 'down ribber.'

So much for the positive advantages of our discovery. It has other merits. The ease with which the camp table is laid, the gain in tolerance and breadth of view, as well as in knowledge and spiritual uplift, that we get from our educational tablecloths, and the thoroughness with which, when the meal is over, the fireplace performs the usual functions of the wash tub — all are arguments for our plan.

THE TRAVELER

It isn't that America is dull, dear,
You've actually *got* to live some place, of
course;
But every now and then there comes a lull,
dear,
Like that between one's marriage and
divorce.

I always travel when I get the fidgets:
You can't *domesticate* an active brain.
I'd simply have an intellect like Bridget's
Unless I'd been exposed to France and
Spain.

There's nothing better than a trip to Rio;
I've always *thought* I'd sail around the Horn.
It's nice to watch the stars and look at Leo;
I've had the wheelman show me Capricorn.

Last year I went to India and Darjeeling:
I was n't taken with the Taj Mahal.
Mohammedans are friendliest when kneel-
ing;
There is n't much in Suez but canal.

What is there *half* so pretty as a fez in
The morning, like a painted flowerpot?
I *love* to hear the voice of the muezzin —
But still the Orient is very hot.

Imaginative people look for Eden
From Labrador, in summer, to Shanghai.
I have romantic memories of Sweden,
And natives singing quarter-tones in Skye.

Nothing geographic is consistent:
The Matterhorn is only sweet because
You're drinking beer in villages quite dis-
tant.
It's always the *comparison* that awes.

One finds it pleasant taking a siesta
Somewhere in Salamanca or Seville.
In Italy officials are *podesta*:
I knew one once. I always called him Bill.

A *fascinating* little place is Java,
And Sicily's idyllic for its goats.
Volcanoes with some vestiges of lava
Are stimulating from the decks of boats.

It does n't matter much the place or
country,
That *foreign* feeling is the thing one needs:
An attitude of insolent effrontery
Behind a comfortable suit of tweeds.

It is n't that America is *dull*, dear,
But somehow I *prefer* a steamer chair.
I'm just a little restless, like the gull, dear,
When April isn't here, and England's there.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXI

As Finch walked swiftly along the country road that led to the lake, the feel of the thick fine dust through the thin soles of his canvas shoes gave him an aching sense of pleasure. The balls of his stockingless feet, his toes, seemed to have acquired a new sensitiveness that morning. They pressed the earth hungrily as though to imprint on it a palpable and lasting caress.

His eyes, dark-ringed after a sleepless night, moved constantly, as though to drink in all possible beauty from the dew-drenched burnished land. He loved it so, and he was going to leave it. So often had he traversed this road, afoot and on his bicycle, and now this was to be the last time!

He could endure his life no longer. He had thought it all out through the long night, reviewed its nineteen years of blundering, cowardice, and terrors, and he had reached the certainty that he could endure it no longer.

If he had had one friend — one person who could have understood, and pitied his forlornness!

There was Alayne, but she was inaccessible because of the presence of Eden. And, even if he could have gone to her and poured out his miserable heart, it would not have sufficed, for there was the family, a solid hostile wall, impervious to his tears as to his batterings. It was not to be borne! In that wall of his own flesh and blood there was no relenting crevice through which he might creep and timidly touch hands again with those he loved. . . . He had wronged them, and there was only one way to make it right.

The old uncles, wondering all these years about their mother's money — and it had come to him! . . . And Renny! But he could not think of Renny, and that look of shame for him on Renny's face!

All night it had been necessary to compel his mind from the remembrance of that look. There had been moments when he had felt that he must run down the attic stairs, throw himself on his knees at Renny's bedside, and beg his brother to forgive him, to comfort him, as he had after childish nightmares. Renny, whom he had wronged most of all!

Well, now he was going to do what lay in his power to set things right. They would have to take the money now and divide it among them!

This morning it required no effort to keep his mind clear. It was as clear as crystal, exquisitely empty, as though washed clean by a hurricane. It was like an empty crystal bowl held up by the hands of his soul to receive the wine of duty. From every side that wine ran into it, from the pine-sweet darkness of the ravine, from the reddening fields, along the slanting rays from the sun through which God spoke to him.

He passed the crossroad. Here once they would have buried him, when his drenched body had been taken from the lake, with a stake driven through his heart. A warning to those who contemplated suicide. He did not think he would have minded that. He would have been no lonelier buried at the crossroad than in the churchyard with his kin around him. What he was about to do seemed so natural that he felt as though all his acts for years had been leading up to this. To obliterate himself — to dash from

his lips the bitter cup of living. He had brought with him into the world not much but the power of loving beauty. He would take out with him all that he could absorb of beauty, and perhaps God would leave that with him, while he slept, as compensation for the pain.

Oh, the caressing softness of the dust! For this last little way he would have nothing between his soles and it. He cast off his shoes and ran barefoot. He threw back his head, drinking in the cleanness of the breeze from the lake. Now he ran over dry, coarse grass, now over shingle that cut his feet, now over fine sand, hard as a marble floor.

The sun was hanging, a great lantern, just above the horizon. A red pathway crossed the lake from it to his very feet. The morning was as pure, as crystalline, as though it were the first morning that had broken over the earth. As he ran splashing into the water, fiery drops were flung up all about him. Translucent ripples disturbed the glassy surface of the lake. He ran out, his bare head empty and untroubled. He was not afraid. He sank into the water and swam outward on his side, following the red pathway. He would swim till he was tired, and then . . . He embraced the gently heaving water. He flung his arm again and again across the early morning ruddiness. He closed his eyes and saw bright panels set in amethyst walls against the lids. . . . There was no thought in him; he was empty as a crystal bowl moving through the water; feeling neither pride nor shame, exquisitely unconcerned; fragile, yet capable of receiving and holding fast the beauty that was flowing with him. . . . He heard music. . . .

Slowly he relaxed, and surrendered himself. . . .

The music became by degrees blurred, resolving itself into an overpowering humming, as though the arch of the sky were the dome of a vast beehive. His ears ached with the burden of it. He longed, with a sad longing, to be free of the fantastic, terrible droning, to hear the music, pure and clear once more. . . .

It is no longer morning, red sunrise, but night, black night, and all the stars are

bees, filling the universe with their humming. They swarm in the cold black heavens, hungry for honey, ceaselessly humming. . . .

He must conceal the fact that he is a flower, full to the brim, overflowing with honey, for, if they discover this, they will swarm down upon him and suck the sweet essence out of him, leaving him empty, bruised and forlorn. . . . He shudders and draws his petals close about him to conceal the treasure. He is rocked on his stem, and is terrified that he will be broken from it and fall into the abyss below. . . . His petals are now white, now red, changing their color constantly, veined with violet and gold, drawing and withdrawing above the honey that is the centre of him. . . .

He is convulsed with agony, for the bees have found him out. Their humming is becoming deafening, their wings clash like armor; they fly down, carrying lances to pierce him. . . . There is one golden bee that has seized him. They struggle. He curls up his petals desperately. He tries to scream, but knows that flowers have no voice. The abyss yawns below.

The great golden bee clutches him and will not be thrown off. Another comes to its aid. They are dragging him away now, helpless, fainting. No use to struggle. His petals, red and white, are falling into the abyss. He is torn to pieces.

Eden's face was close to his. Eden's face, white and dripping, with a wet lock plastered over the forehead. Someone else was there too, someone who had been doing strange things to him, knocking him about. He felt weak and sick, but he managed to gasp out, 'All right . . . all right . . . pretty well, thanks.'

He did n't know why he said that, unless they had been asking him how he felt, and he knew he must conceal the terrible truth. He had completely forgotten what the truth was, but he was poignantly conscious of its terror.

Eden was saying, in a staccato way, as though his teeth were rattling, 'God, what a mercy that you were here! I should never have saved him alone!'

It was Minny Ware's rich voice that answered.

'I'm afraid you'd both have been drowned.'

'And this first-aid business — you're simply wonderful! I've never felt such a duffer in my life!'

'You were splendid the way you plunged in! He'll be all right now, I think. It's you I feel worried about. You've been so ill. I must get help at once!'

Eden's hand was on Finch's heart. 'It's beating more regularly. You're better, old chap? You know who I am?'

'Yes, Eden.'

He lay stretched on the sand now under Eden's coat, his face, of a deathly pallor, half-hidden in the crook of his arm. Eden crouched beside him, gripping between shaking jaws a pipe that had long been out. He patted Finch's shoulder. 'Someone will be here, old chap! Do you feel sick?'

An inarticulate sound came from the prostrate figure. Eden patted him again. 'You'll soon be all right. Those feelings come to us, but they pass.'

'Ugh!' Finch shuddered from head to foot.

Disgusted at being brought back, poor young devil, thought Eden. Preferred oblivion out there to that tidy little fortune of Gran's. Ah, he'd been having a rough time of it — no doubt about that! But he'd get over it — live to play the fool with the money. . . . Money. What must it be like to have money! Why the hell did n't Renny come? If only Gran had left the money to him, Eden! He'd have snapped his fingers in the family's face. There the boy went — shuddering again! Poor little devil!

The Whiteoak car! Rattling down the stony road as though it would fly to pieces. Bang! Some rut that! Rattle, jiggle, bump. Ungodly racket, but how the old car could go! There was Renny at the wheel, his face set, too weather-bitten to show pallor even though he'd had a fright. Serve him right! Serve them all right if the kid had been drowned. Eden guessed at the scene which had brought about this reckless act.

'Hullo!' he shouted. 'Here we are!'

The car bumped on to the beach, stopped with a jerk, and the master of Jalna leaped out.

He came with a long, crunching stride. 'What's this?' he asked sharply.

Eden got to his feet. 'This boy's been trying to do away with himself.'

'Do away with himself! Minny Ware told me that he'd got cramps swimming!'

'She was trying to spare your feelings! I'm not.' Eden's face was set also. His characteristic half-smile was frozen into a queer grin. 'He has n't been able to tell anything, but I'll venture to say he was hounded into it!'

Renny bent over Finch. He looked into his eyes, felt his heart. 'I must get him into bed. I've brought brandy with me.' He held the cup from a flask to Finch's mouth, and, when the boy had gulped the brandy gaspingly, Renny refilled the cup and handed it to Eden. 'This has been enough to kill you,' he said grimly, 'after all you've been through!'

Eden shrugged, then looked steadily into Renny's eyes. 'I have an idea,' he said, 'that I've done the best thing in saving this youngster that I've done in all my life.'

'Minny Ware told me that you'd never have got him if it had n't been for her.'

Damn Renny! How he took the wind out of one's sails!

'She was there,' Eden admitted, 'and I guess *she* never did a better thing! He must have had a hell of a time to make him do this!'

'Time to talk of that later.' Renny picked up the boy, too light for his length, and carried him to the car. He supported him against his shoulder while Eden drove to the Vaughans'. Meg met them on the steps. The old people at Jalna must not get a fright. Meg's full, soft lips were ineffably tender, and behind her stood Minny Ware. Maurice helped to carry Finch up the stairs.

He was rolled in blankets before a fire, drowsy, perspiring, sensing already the sweet, sticky smell of petunias that came in on the hot sunshine through the open window. But he had something to say to Renny, who stood drawing down his shirt sleeves. He had been rubbing Finch with alcohol.

'Renny,' he said hesitatingly, 'you won't tell them what I did . . . you won't let the others know?'

'All right,' returned Renny, looking down on him with brusque compassion. His mind flew back to other times when Finch had entreated, in the very same tone, 'You won't tell them that you licked me, will you, Renny? You won't let the others know?' And he had answered then as now, 'All right, I won't.'

Meg came in with a step which she tried to make noiseless, but she was getting heavy, and the things on the bedside table jiggled. She bent over the sausagelike form on the bed and stroked the damp hair.

'Comfy, now?'

'Uh-huh.'

She asked Renny, 'How is he, really?'

'Half-lit and as hot as blazes.'

'Poor fellow!' She sat down on the side of the bed and tried to see his face. 'Finch, dear, how could you do such a dreadful thing? Frightening me almost to death! As though I minded your having the money! What upset me was Gran's giving her ruby ring, that I always understood I was to get, to Pheasant. You must understand that. Do you?'

He pushed his head against her palm as a dog urgent for caresses. He felt broken. He tried to drag his mind from the well of muddle-headedness, exhaustion, and submission into which it had sunk, and reply to her, but he could not. He could only feel for her fingers with his hot lips and kiss them.

'He feels so hot!'

'That's the way he ought to feel. Come along and let him sleep.'

Meg led Renny into the sitting room, bright with glazed chintz. Eden was seated by a tray on which were a dish of poached eggs on toast, a pot of tea, and a jar of quince jelly. The shadow was lifted from Meg's face. The agitation caused by Finch was eased. He was safe in bed, and here was a delicious breakfast tray.

'She exclaimed, "This is Minny's doing! She has had breakfast brought up for the three of us. She knew we must be faint for food. What a girl! . . . How lovely to be breakfasting together!"'

'I thought you liked eating alone,' observed Renny. 'Have another egg, Eden?'

Eden shook his head. 'I wonder,' he said, 'what the upshot of this is going to be!

Brother Finch and the money. I wish the old lady might have left me a thousand.'

Meg said, spreading quince jelly on toast, 'Finch has been getting out of control for a long time. I've seen it, though I have n't said anything.'

'I commend your reticence,' said Renny, looking down his nose.

Meg looked pensive. 'Finch is really a nice boy — underneath. He's ever so generous. Don't you think he might do something for Eden?'

'He does n't come into the money until he's of age. Almost two years. By that time Eden will probably be famous.'

'Oh — his poems! But they pay so badly for them, don't they? Can't Alayne do something for you, Eden?'

'Good God,' exclaimed Renny, irritably, 'she's done almost enough for him, I think! Giving up her work and coming here to nurse him!'

'But why not? He's her husband. I think she'd a perfect right to nurse him.'

'And yet,' retorted Renny, 'you were angry with her for coming!' And he added bitterly, 'But she could never do anything right in your eyes!'

Eden's eyes, full of mocking laughter, looked from one face to the other.

'Quarrel over me, do!' he said. 'It makes me feel so important. And I have n't felt very important of late. I'm quite well again, I've no job, and my wife does n't care a damn for me. In fact,' his eyes narrowed with malice, 'it's my opinion that she only came back to Jalna to nurse me so that she could be near Renny!'

Renny sprang up, with lean red face redder with anger. The table was jarred; a miniature squall slopped the tea from the cups.

'I don't expect anything better of you, Meggie,' he said. 'But I thought that you, Eden, might have a little gratitude — a little decency!' He strode to the door. 'I must go. If you want me to drive you home, come along.'

This day seemed set apart for one emotion on top of another. He could not endure the indoors. Meg followed him to the porch. Before the bed of purple petunias, whose sweetness had risen to Finch's window, knelt Minny Ware, her face close to

the flowers, absorbing their perfume drawn out by the sun. She liked the untidy, luxuriant, sticky things. They had n't troubled themselves about delicacy, precision of form, like some flowers, but had given themselves up to sucking in all the sweetness possible and wastefully exuding it. Though she was conscious of the two in the porch, she made no sign, keeping her head bent over the flowers.

Meg clasped Renny's arm in both her hands. 'There's someone,' she said, indicating Minny with a glance, 'who is deeply disappointed for your sake.'

'I like her nerve! I don't want her sympathy. . . . Meggie!' He turned his dark eyes reproachfully on her. 'Why will you try to shove that girl down my throat when you know that I love Alayne — and Alayne only — and always shall?'

Meg said, with a melancholy vibration in her voice, 'No good will come out of this! Why should she have come back? She is full of deceit. It's just as Eden says — she made his illness an excuse to be near you! I'm glad he's not grateful to her! I'm not grateful to her. I despise her and hate her.'

His carved profile showed no sign of emotion. He let his arm remain in his sister's clasp and his eyes rested composedly on the bright head of Minny Ware, but Meg was aware of an inexplicable magnetic current from him which, if she had been more sensitive, she might have interpreted as a volcanic disturbance in the restrained tenacity of his passion.

Eden appeared in the hall, slid past them, and went to where Minny crouched above the purple mass of petunias. She was not aware which of the brothers had approached, and scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when it was Eden's voice that said, 'I'm afraid you feel very tired. Heroic exertion, that — saving the lives of two able-bodied men.'

She tilted her head so that he looked down into her eyes, and saw the sunlight on the satin prominence of her cheek bones. She denied heroism emphatically. 'I only helped you a bit with Finch. He would struggle. But — I am tired — I don't sleep well — I'm restless.'

He said, 'If you should be taking another

early stroll to-morrow, we might meet again by the lake. We could talk.'

'I'd like that. . . . Mrs. Vaughan's a darling, but — I'm getting bored. Oh, I'm a beast! I'm always like that.'

He laughed. 'So am I. We'll meet and compare our beastliness. It's going to be fine to-morrow.'

In the car the brothers rode in silence, broken at last by Eden's saying rather fretfully, 'Sorry, old chap.'

The Whiteoak car was an inauspicious place for an apology to a driver whose ears were not only assailed by its rattle, but who was trying to fathom the meaning of a new jerking movement in its anatomy.

'What'd you say?' he demanded, turning his head with a gesture so like old Adeline's that Eden's apology was marred by mirth. He repeated, 'I say I'm sorry for what I said — about Alayne, and all that.'

Renny had caught nothing but the name of Alayne. He stopped the car with a jerk and gave Eden a look of mingled encouragement and suspicion.

'Yes?'

'If I have to repeat it again,' said Eden, sulkily, 'I'll take it back. I was trying to apologize for what I said about Alayne.' He continued with a frown, 'The fact is, I'm absolutely fed up with being grateful. I've spent the summer oozing gratitude to Alayne. It's got on my nerves. I suppose that's why I said what I did. I'd no right to say it, but — it's true, and you shouldn't mind that. She'd go through hell — and being under the same roof with me is a fair imitation of hell for her — for the sake of setting eyes on your red head once in a while. She can't help it . . . I can't help it . . . we're caught in a net. . . . She's not suited to any Whiteoak that ever lived. But neither of you can ever be happy as things are. I want you to believe I'm sorry — horribly sorry.'

Renny said, 'I hope this affair has n't given you any cold. If you feel a chill we must have the doctor to you. You must n't be running risks.'

He started the car and concentrated once more on that dubious, jerky movement in its interior. What could it be? He was afraid the time was at hand when he would have to buy a new car.

Eden slouched in his corner. What a baffling devil! If only one could take him apart as one could the car, and find out what was inside! A queer, fiery, cantankerous interior, he'd be bound!

XXII

Renny Whiteoak wandered about that afternoon with a grievous sense of being cut off from the activities of the life he loved by the flaring up of a passion he had thought to have under control, the futility of which was so definite that to brood on it was to hunger for painted fruit in a picture. He had thought to keep his desire for Alayne under control as he controlled a vicious horse by a curb bit, and he was humiliated to find that Eden's reckless words at the breakfast table had broken the bit and set his passion galloping. That, and the sting of Meg's determination to marry him to Minny Ware, her fond hope of transforming him into a placid husband and father. Now he was conscious of only one thing — that, close at hand, beyond the orchards heavy with fruit and thick autumnal sunshine, was Eden's wife whom he loved, who, as Eden had said, would live in hell for the sake of sometimes setting eyes on his red head.

Had the summer been hell to her, he wondered. But he was only faintly curious. Her mind was to him, as woman's mind, a book in a foreign tongue, the pages of which might flutter with subtle charm before him, but which he knew himself to be incapable of reading. Hesitatingly he might recognize a word, a phrase, which resembled the language spoken by himself; indolently he might form its syllables with his lips, trying to become familiar with its tones, but the language must ever remain for him a tenuous whisper between girl and girl.

Eden was well now, but unfit for responsibility. He must be sent to some warm climate for the winter. And Alayne would return to New York. Unless — but what was the alternative? Renny's mind moved in the old relentless circle. There was no way out. If only she were gone to-day! If only he could force himself to go away until this fever subsided and he could endure her nearness with the same stoicism as before.

He made up his mind to go away — to breathe a different air.

He reentered the bridle path, and in a sunny space, where blackberries were large and ripe, he found Minny Ware filling a small basket. He felt a quick annoyance with her for being in his path, and, after a nod, passed on. Then he remembered that he had not thanked her for what she had done that morning. He retraced his steps hastily and came to her side.

'I want to thank you — I can't thank you enough for your courage this morning. God knows what might have happened if you had not been on the shore!'

The sound of his own words raised suspicion in his mind. 'How did you come to be there,' he asked abruptly, 'at that hour?'

'Oh, it was just a coincidence. I like the early morning.'

But he saw warm color creep up her cheeks. Why had she been there? Odd that neither he nor Meg had seen anything strange in the presence of Eden and her on the shore at sunrise.

She knew that he was suspecting her, but she went on picking berries. She selected the largest ones and dropped them almost caressingly into her basket. He noticed that her finger-tips were stained and also her lip, giving her a look of childlike innocence. The trivial act of her laying the plucked berries so gently in the basket, the stain on her fingers and her lip, seemed suddenly of enormous importance to him, as though she were performing some rite. The harassment of his thoughts ceased; his mind became concentrated on the ritualistic act.

She said, dreamily, 'Do you care for these? Shall I pick you some?' Her eyes slid toward him speculatively.

'No,' he answered, 'but I'd like to stay and watch you pick them, if you don't mind.'

'Why should you want to watch me do such a simple thing?' Her eyes searched his face. She had a great longing for love.

'I don't know,' he answered, perplexed. And, seeing that she looked rebuffed, he took her hand in his and kissed her bare arm on the white crook of her elbow.

He was not conscious of the approach of a third person, but he felt her arm quiver and

he heard the quick intake of her breath. She was startled, but not by the caress. She said, 'Oh!' in a defensive tone, and, turning his head, he saw across the bushes the pale, set face of Alayne.

Alayne had come upon what looked to her like a radiant understanding between the two. She saw Minny's exuberance responding to a calculated caress for which Renny had led her to this secluded spot.

She drew back and stammered something incoherent. Minny, not much put out, regained her composure and smiled, not ill-pleased to be discovered by Alayne in such a situation. Renny retained his grasp on her wrist.

In the silence that followed Minny's exclamation, a delicate trilling sound became audible, as though some bizarre but diminutive instrument were being played beneath a leaf of bracken. The performer seemed to be so unconscious of the existence of the giant beings towering above him that his very egotism reduced them to something less than his own size; his shrill piping rose higher and higher, triumphant over mere bulk, was taken up by other players just as insistent, just as impressive in their purpose, till the sound of their trilling became universal. The locusts were singing of the death of Summer.

An inertia had crept over the three, who had, without their own volition, become listeners rather than performers in the woodland drama. Minny held a warm, too soft berry in her hand; Renny looked entreatingly yet dreamily at Alayne, who stood, as though she had lost the power of motion, regarding the linked hands of the other two.

The spell was broken by the appearance of a little green snake, who, unlike the orchestra of locusts, was conscious of the intruders from tip to tip, quivering with fear and hatred of them, rearing his head against their presence, determined to separate them into the three lonely wanderers they had been when they entered the wood.

Without speaking, Alayne turned and walked swiftly along the path, a curve of which soon hid her from their sight. Their hands fell apart. Renny stood irresolute for a short space, feeling a kind of anger against both girls, as beings of a different texture

from himself who had a secret in common that was in its essence antagonistic to him. Then, without looking at Minny, he crashed through the underbrush and strode after Alayne.

Minny's eyes, as she resumed her berry picking, had in them more of amusement than chagrin. After all, it was an amusing world. Mrs. Vaughan's schemes come to nothing. . . . Renny Whiteoak in love with that cold-blooded Mrs. Eden. . . . Eden, himself — a wayward dimple indented her round cheek. She began to sing, softly at first, but gaining in volume, till the locust orchestra was silenced, believing Summer to have returned in all her strength and beauty.

Alayne was conscious that Renny was following her and, dreading a meeting with him, she turned from the path at the first opportunity and took a short cut through the woods toward a gate that opened on to the road. He followed the windings of the bridle path, believing her still to be ahead of him, but when he did not overtake her he suspected that she was willfully eluding him, and retraced his way to the short cut. He overtook her just as she reached the road. She heard the opening of the gate and turned to him. Here in the public road she felt more courageous than in the quiet of the wood, less likely to show the feeling which she fought so desperately to control. He had been the permanent object of her thoughts all the summer, yet this was the first time they had been quite close together. She had desired to return to New York without such a meeting. Now that it had been forced upon her, she felt her strength drained by the effort of resisting her own love for him no less than by the bitterness of having discovered him in the act of kissing Minny Ware.

'Alayne,' he said, in a muffled voice, 'you are trying to avoid me! I don't think I deserve it. Upon my word I don't!'

'I would rather be alone. It's nothing more than that.' She began to walk slowly along the road.

'I know —' he exclaimed. 'You're angry. But I give you my word —'

She interrupted furiously, 'Why should you explain things to me? As though it mattered to me! Why did you leave her?'

Why did you follow me?' Though her lips questioned him, her eyes looked fixedly ahead.

He walked beside her in the dust of the road. A jolting wagon loaded with turnips overtook and passed them.

He said, 'You can't refuse to have this much explained, surely. I had not been two minutes beside Minny when you came up. My kiss on her arm was no more than her eating a blackberry. A few minutes before that I had stopped by the paddock and kissed a two-year-old there. One kiss was as important as the other. To me — to the mare — to Minny!'

He looked down into her pale, firmly modeled face, with its look of courage, of endurance, its what she called 'Dutch' look of stability. Yet about her mouth was a touch of fatigue, as though she were played out by the isolation and the ingrown emotions of the last months.

He continued, 'I wish I could make you believe in my love as I believe in it myself. There's nothing on earth I could want so much as to have you for my own. Do you believe that?'

She did not answer.

A motor car whizzed by them, raising the dust in a cloud. 'Come,' he said, 'let us get off this road. It's so hot and dusty it will give you a headache.'

But she trudged doggedly on.

'Alayne,' he persisted, 'why don't you say something — if it's only to say that you don't believe me — that you're sick of the sight of me?'

She tried to answer, but her mouth was parched and her lips refused to move. She felt that she must go on forever, walking along this road, with him following her, longing to cry out, yet unable to speak, as in a nightmare. She would go on till she stumbled and fell.

He did not speak again, but walked beside her, trying once rather pathetically to suit his stride to hers. At the foot of the steps that led to the church he stopped.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'To your grandmother's grave. I have n't seen it yet. Do I hear Finch playing in the church?'

'No, no. Finch is in bed. He tried to

drown himself this morning.' Let her have that. Perhaps it would shock her out of this terrible quiet.

'Yes,' she said calmly. 'Eden told me. No wonder!'

'God, how you hate us!'

'No — I fear you.'

He said, almost irritably, 'All this is so unreal! Can't you, or won't you, talk about our love? You know it exists. Why blink it? We can't come together, but surely — just before we part we can speak of it. I am going away to-night. You need n't be afraid that you'll see me again.'

She began to go up the steps toward the churchyard. He caught her dress and held it. 'No. You shall not go up there! I can't follow you there.'

She raised her face to his with a sudden piteousness in her eyes. 'Where shall I go, then?'

'Back into the woods.'

They turned back, and had to step into the ditch, rank with dusty goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies, out of the way of a truck loaded with calves. She stumbled; he put his hands on her and supported her. She felt that she must fall.

Again they were in the golden-green well of the woods. The red sun was low. Overhead the half-moon drifted, a pale feather, along the sky.

They stood for a moment listening to the beating of their own hearts. Then she raised her heavy eyes to his and whispered, 'Kiss me —'

He bent. She drew his head down, closed her eyes, and felt for his mouth with her lips.

With their kisses they mingled the endearments pent up so long in their hearts.

'Alayne, my precious one.'

'Renny — oh, my darling love.'

He drew away a little and cast an oblique glance at her. 'Is it true —'

'Is what true?'

But he could not go on. He could not ask her if what Eden said to him were true — that she would be willing to live in hell for the sake of seeing him now and again — that she had come back to Jalna to be near him, and not for Eden's sake.

'Is what true?' she whispered again.

'That we must part.'

She broke into restrained but bitter crying.

A great flock of crows passed above the tree tops, calling to each other, crying wildly.

'They are mocking us!' she said.

'No, we don't exist for them. We only exist for each other. . . . Alayne, I can't go away to-night as I said.'

'No, no! We must meet sometimes and talk — while I am still here. Oh, Renny, hold me close — I want to get strength from you.'

'And I want to make you as weak as I am,' he murmured, against her hair. He drew her closer. Some magnetic current from his hands frightened her. He began to kiss her again. What mad thoughts were born of his kisses against her eyes, her throat, her breast!

She disengaged herself and began to return along the bridle path. He followed her, his eyes dark and brilliant, the lines about his mouth patient and stubborn.

It seemed that he could follow her thus across the world, lean, primitive, untiring.

Where their paths separated, they said a muttered good-bye, not looking at each other.

XXIII

Finch did not return home for a week. He remained under Meg's protective care, feeling the not unpleasant languor that follows the overstrain of hysterical emotion. He spent the first days in bed, listening indolently to the various noises of the house, the cooing of Patience, the singing of Minny Ware, the activities of the old Scotch housekeeper.

Meg's notion of rehabilitating him in his old niche, or something better, was to feed his body with the best that her kitchen could provide. Her intuition, and some self-reproach, told her that he needed tempting food and plenty of it. He was tempted like an invalid and ate like a field laborer. Renny, coming to visit him and finding him propped up over half a broiled chicken, thought, and declared vehemently at Jalna, that Meggie was perfect. Her remarks about Alayne had faded as breath from a glass. These were women's ways and beyond his ken. But he could take in the

significance of Meggie's plump white hand stroking Finch's lank hair, or a crisp section of broiled fowl surrounded by green peas. The family at Jalna were told that Finch had had a 'nervous breakdown' (most convenient of illnesses) just as he arrived at the Vaughans' house, had been taken in, and was being nursed back to health by the blameless Meggie, and that it would be a good thing if they could bring themselves to treat him with indulgence on his return. It was a relief to all to have him out of the house for that week. The sight of his angular, drooping form and the knowledge that here was the heir to old Adeline's fortune might have produced other nervous breakdowns. As it was, the talk rolled on and on without even the insignificant let or hindrance of his presence. Augusta was shortly returning to England. Never again would she endure another Canadian winter. She had had the good fortune not to have been born in Canada. She had no intention of dying there of the cold. This she affirmed with the thermometer at eighty-five degrees in the last fever of summer. She urged her brothers to return with her for a visit.

Meg thought that a talk from Mr. Fennel would be good for Finch. She did not tell the rector that the boy had done anything so desperate as attempt to take his own life, but she intimated that he had lost control of himself in a very strange and inexplicable fashion. Mr. Fennel shrewdly guessed that there had been a disturbance at Jalna over the will, and that Finch, made ill by the excitement, was being kept at the Vaughans' till the smell of the fat died away. He came to see him and talked, not religion or behavior, but about his own young days in Shropshire, and how he had wanted to be a stage comedian, and did Finch so much good by his wit and sagacity that the boy was able to be out of bed that evening, and the next morning steadied himself still more by an hour at the piano.

The next day George Fennel, back from camp, came to see him, and still further forwarded his recovery. George was beaming over his friend's good fortune, and blithely indifferent to the disappointment of the rest of the clan. He sat, solid, rumpled, sunburned, on the side of the bed,

and discussed the endless possibilities of a hundred thousand dollars.

'Why, look here,' he said, 'you can get up a *regular* orchestra of your own, if you want. We could take it on a tour across the continent. Some sort of striking uniform — blue with lots of gilt. I suppose your family would object. My father would, too. He has n't much imagination. Hates anything stagy. But it's the sort of life I'd like.' His eyes shone. He took from his pocket the usual crumpled cigarette package that invariably contained from one to three enervated cigarettes, and offered Finch one. They puffed together in the sweet renewal of good-fellowship after absence.

'And look here,' he went on, 'you should get yourself a concert grand piano. I'd like to hear you on a concert grand. Playing some of those things from the *Chauve-Souris*. It would make a tremendous difference to you, having a piano like that. You might become famous. . . . Last night I had dinner in town with a Mr. Phillips. He's got absolutely the best radio I've ever heard. It's an expensive one, but he says it gives perfect satisfaction. We heard wonderful grand-opera music and some fellow on the piano — just the sort of thing you'd like. You really ought to have one of those. It would be good for you, too, because you could hear all the best things and not bother about the jazzy stuff. . . . Good Lord, do you remember the way we used to pound out "My Heart Stood Still"?"

George broke into his peculiar, sputtering laughter, then became serious. 'Do you know, Finch, up in the North where I was there was a wonderful bargain in a summer cottage. It was a log-cabin sort of thing built by some American who finds it too far to come. He's going to sell it awfully cheap. It would be splendid for you to own such a place to rest in, in the summer, and take your friends to, and recuperate and all that. It's got an enormous stone fireplace and rafted ceilings, and the deer come almost up to the door. Why, one night, this American said, a porcupine kept him awake gnawing at the foundation.'

'It would be splendid,' agreed Finch, his head suddenly very hot with excitement. 'The trouble is,' he added, 'that I don't get this money till I'm twenty-one.'

'The time will soon pass,' said George, easily. 'I dare say these people would hold the cottage for you. I'll bet that you could raise money any day on your prospects. That's often done.'

Finch lay bewildered, speechless before the vista opening before him.

His meeting with Arthur Leigh was very different and, though less riotously stirring, had an equally healing effect on his bruised spirit. He had a note from Arthur that ran: —

MY DEAR OLD FINCH, —

What is this dazzling news I hear of you? I met Joan on the street and she told me something about a huge bequest. I am delighted, and Mother and Ada almost as much so. Please come and spend a week with us (my womenfolk insist that it shall be no less) and we can talk day and night. It will take seven of them for all I want to say to you.

To think that I have never seen you since your mysterious disappearance to New York! And in all this time I have never had so much as a line from you!

Yours ever,
ARTHUR

Finch's heart was quick with love for his friend when he had read this note. The plain but heavy note paper, bearing the Leighs' crest and Arthur's small black handwriting, symbolized for him the dignity and elegance of Arthur's life. The fact that he was a Court and a Whiteoak meant nothing to Finch; this note written by Arthur's small, exquisite hand was truly impressive. He carried it in his pocket as a kind of charm when he returned to Jalna.

It required great fortitude to return. So tremulous were his nerves when he entered the house, he feared a wry look or word lest it should betray him into a hysterical outburst. The very smell of the house sent a quiver through him. The smell of the thick, heavily-gilded wall paper, the shabby tasseled curtains, the faint Eastern odor that hung near his grandmother's room, where now reigned inviolable stillness. Did he imagine it, or was there still the odor of coffin and funeral flowers in the empty drawing-room? He stood in the hall, not

knowing where to go, listening to his own heartbeats. He felt desolate and afraid in spite of George's visit, of Arthur's letter. For the first time he realized his grandmother's death, and the loss those visits to her room would be to him. He realized with a constriction of the throat how much confidence he had got from those weeks of intimacy with her fierce and extravagant nature.

In the upstairs hall he met Nicholas, the one he dreaded most of all.

'Home again?' Nicholas said, in his brusque way. 'Do run down to the dining room and fetch me my glasses. I've left them on the table by the window.'

Finch flew for the glasses. Nicholas took them, with a rumble of thanks, not looking at him, and retired into his room. Finch drew a deep breath of relief. Nicholas had been aloof, but not austere — not terrible as on that last day. His home-coming might not be so harrowing after all.

He did not see Piers until dinner, when the latter came in bare-throated, healthy, bright-eyed, after driving a good bargain for a carload of apples. He grinned at Finch, with derision rather than malice, and, after they were seated at table, said, 'No wonder you took to your bed! I'd have done the same if I had got it.'

'For God's sake,' returned Finch, in a whisper, 'shut up!' But even this meeting was much easier than he had expected. Life was going on at Jalna; the loom was moving slowly, creakingly, but it was moving, and Finch, in his new aspect, was drawn into the changed pattern.

He was undressing that first night when he heard soft steps ascending the stairs. He was startled, for he seldom had a visitor. Wakefield appeared in the doorway.

He advanced with an ingratiating smile. 'I simply could n't sleep, Finch. Renny's out for the evening and he did n't tell me where, so I can't be sure what time he'll come in.' He added rather patronizingly, 'I thought you might feel nervous up here all alone after your breakdown. I thought I'd better come and bear you company.'

Finch returned, in the same tone, 'Well, I'm afraid you will repent you of your folly. I'm a beastly bedfellow, and I'm

going to have the light on and read for a bit.'

'That will just suit me!' cried Wakefield, scrambling into the bed and clutching the sheet defensively. 'I really want to talk with you about your plans, and give you a little advice about looking after all your money.'

'For goodness' sake,' shouted Finch, 'have a heart! I'm not rich! How much money do you suppose I've got? Ninety-eight cents — that's what. And I'm invited to spend a week with Arthur Leigh!'

Wakefield looked pleased. 'That's nice, is n't it? Because when you're visiting a rich fellow like that you'll not need any money. You might just as well leave the ninety-eight cents with me.'

'If I was some brothers,' declared Finch, 'I'd give you a good hiding and send you downstairs. I suppose you'd tell, though.'

Wakefield shook his head firmly. 'No, I should n't. I'd bear the pain with all the fortitude I could muster.'

Finch groaned. 'Gosh — the language you use! It's awful to hear a small boy talking like an old gentleman of seventy. That's what comes of having no other kids to play with.'

Wakefield's luminous eyes darkened; he played his never-failing trump card. 'No, Finch, I don't think it's that. . . . I think it's because I'm pretty sure I'll never live to be seventy — or p'r'aps even grow up. I want to use all the language I can in the short while I'm here.'

'Rot!' But it was too bad to be rough with the poor little fellow. . . . When he got his money he'd do something nice for Wake!

He got up, undressed, changed his mind about reading, and was just going to put out the light when Wakefield said, in a cajoling tone, 'I say, Finch, are n't you going to do — you know what?'

'No, I don't.'

'Oh, yes, you do!' His smile was sly. 'Shut the door first.'

Finch, about to blow out the candle, growled, 'Have n't an earthly idea what you're babbling about.'

'You said — that day — that you — oh, Finch, please do it!' He made a gesture to express mystery. 'That lovely thing

you said you did — in front of the little goddess.'

'Oh, that!' Finch stood motionless above the candle flame, an odd pointed shadow on his forehead, the hollows of his eyes dark. 'You would n't like that. It would frighten you.'

'Frighten me! Never! I shan't tell a soul of it.'

'Swear!'

'I swear.'

'If you breathe a word of this I'm done with you forever and ever, remember!'

He went to the cupboard. There was a mysterious rustling, while Wake sat up-right on the bed shivering in ecstasy.

Finch brought forth the figure of Kuan Yin and set it on the desk. He took from a drawer a packet of small pyramids of incense, and stood one at her feet. The moon had risen above the tree tops and was sending a shaft of light, clearly defined as the blade of a sword, in at the window. Finch blew out the candle. The various objects in the room were reclaimed by darkness; only the delicate porcelain figure of Kuan Yin held the light like a jewel. He lighted the incense. A blue spiral of smoke arose from it, and spread like a tremulous veil to the verge of the moon-shaft. A pungent, exotic scent sought the expectant nostrils of the boys. They became still as the statue herself; their faces, drained of color by the moon, seemed also shaped in porcelain. A sudden gust had arisen; the oaks began to sigh and then to shake. The moon, which had seemed clear of the tree tops, now was caught in their upward straining, her light shattered into bright prisms dissolving, rejoining, dancing across the darkness. The spirits of the boys were not in their bodies, but were liberated by the incense.

Under the guidance of Kuan Yin, patroness of sailors, they floated through the case-into moonlit seas of an unearthly beauty.

XXIV

It was a morning of swinging white clouds against an ardent blue sky. The thick yellow sunshine was flung on the gray walls of the attic room as though with a brush. More gold than gold it seemed; the

sky bluer than blue; the grass and trees more green than ever green had been. That querulous artist Summer, who had given them during her season so many blurred and wanly tinted pictures, now seemed intent on splashing her last color on the final canvas with furious brilliance.

'What a day,' cried Wake, 'for going on a visit! How I wish I were!' He paused in the scrubbing of his face with a washcloth to look pensive. 'Do you know, Finch, I've never been on a visit in my life. Not one little visit! I wonder if ever I shall!'

'Of course you will. I'll take you somewhere — sometime,' promised Finch.

He was excited about his own visit this morning. He recklessly made up his mind to stay the week with the Leighs, and, before he went down to breakfast, he put the pick of his wardrobe into a suitcase. Renny must be approached for money.

Finch found him on the rustic bridge. At this time of the year the stream was usually little more than a rivulet pushing its way through a rank growth of rushes and water weeds. But this year it had the fullness of spring and, beneath the bridge, had widened into a pool encircled by a thick new growth of watercress. The rippled, sandy bottom reflected swarthy sunlight. Renny was not alone. Perched on the rail beside him was Eden, lazily dropping bits of twig into the pool. They were not talking, but seemed to have finished a conversation which had left each absorbed in contemplation of his own position. Finch noticed the great improvement in Eden's appearance. His face and neck had filled out and showed a healthy pinkish-brown. Nevertheless he retained a look of delicacy in contrast to the sharp vigor of Renny. Finch thought, 'Eden looks indolent and good-humored, and yet I'm glad it's old Renny I must ask for money and not Eden.'

He approached, feeling self-conscious, and stood beside the elder, from whose clothes came the smell of pipe tobacco. Finch muttered, out of the side of his mouth, 'I've had a letter from Leigh inviting me to stay with him for a week. I thought I'd go to-day.'

'Oh, all right. It will do you good.'

'I suppose — I think — I'll need to have some money.' It was difficult to say the

word 'money.' It had an ominous sound, since its disposal had lately been the subject of so much wrath.

Renny put his hand in his trousers pocket. His expression was forbidding, but, after he had scrutinized the silver and the one crumpled banknote on his palm, he replaced them and produced from the breast pocket of his coat the worn leather pocketbook upon which the eyes of his family had so often rested in expectancy. He drew from it, with his accustomed air of trying to conceal exactly how much he had, five one-dollar bills, and handed them to Finch. Eden craned his neck to observe the transfer.

'A couple of years more,' he said, 'and your positions will be reversed.'

Finch's face grew scarlet. Was he never to have any more peace? Was the legacy always to be a subject for sportive comment? He pocketed the money glumly with a muffled 'Thanks awfully.'

'In the meantime,' said Renny, 'he has a lot of hard work before him and I don't want him ragged about his money. I've told Piers so, too. You're a poet. You ought to know what it is to be sensitive and melancholy and neurotic, and all that. If he gets too much teasing he may give you another chance to save his life, eh, Finch?' Reticence was not a characteristic of the Whiteoaks.

Eden laughed, but his face reddened, too. He said, 'Next time you try it on, brother Finch, choose the stream just here, and I'll fish you out from the bridge without getting my feet wet.'

Finch grinned sheepishly and was about to turn away when Eden said, 'Don't go! Stay and talk to me. Renny is off. Are n't you, Renny?'

'I'm late, now,' said Renny, looking at the battered gun-metal wrist watch that had gone with him through the War. Always hurrying to mysterious appointments concerning horses was Renny, appointments which tended to make thinner rather than thicker the worn leather pocket-book.

Finch and Eden were alone. They stared into the darkly flashing pool in embarrassed silence for a few minutes, then Eden said seriously, 'I told Renny the other morning

that I believed I had done the best thing in my life when I saved yours. Quite apart from brotherly love, I make a guess that you're the flower of the flock. I'm damned if I know why I think so. I suppose it's intuition—I being a poet, and sensitive, along with those other attributes ascribed to me by Renny. God, is n't he an amusing fellow?'

'He's splendid!' said Finch, hotly. 'I don't want to hear anything against him.'

'You won't. Not from me. I admire him as much as you do—though in a different way. I admire and envy the side of him that you don't know at all. . . .'

'Renny's been awfully good to me about my music.'

'Certainly. But why? Because he understands your feeling for it? No! Because he looks on you as a weakling, and is afraid you'd go dotty without it! He has an equal contempt for me as a poet. He only tolerates me because of the blood tie. He'd be loyal to Satan himself if he were his half brother!'

'I wish I were like him,' muttered Finch.

'No, you don't! You can't make me believe that you would exchange your love of music for love of horses and dogs.'

'And women,' added Finch.

'Ah, we all love women! But you must be like me—love and forget. Uncle Nick was like that as a young man, too. He told me once that he's forgotten the names of the women he once cared for—excepting, of course, the one he unhappily married.'

Finch said, 'Eden, do you mind telling me something? Don't you care for Alayne any longer?'

'I don't love her as a woman, if that's what you mean. Perhaps I should have forgotten her name, too, if we had n't married.'

'Strange—when she is so—lovely, and so good.'

'She loved my poetry first. Then me, as the author of it. And I suspect that I loved her for loving my poetry. It's all over.'

'But she loves your poetry still, does n't she?'

'I believe she does. But she loves it as disembodied art. It's Renny she loves now.'

Finch turned away and crossed to the other side of the bridge. Here the stream

lay in shadow. He rested his eyes on the cool shallow of it for a moment of silence, and then asked, 'Are you writing anything now, Eden?'

'A good many things in the last month.'

'I should like to see them.'

'I'll bring them here some afternoon, and read them to you. I'll bring the first things I wrote after I came home. I don't believe they're of much value, but I'd like you to hear them because the theme of nearly all is the sweetness of life. I've never questioned that. No matter how despondent I may have seemed when you found me in New York, I had never once thought of taking my life. Good God, I'd sooner have spent the rest of my days and nights on that park bench where I could look up at the clouds and the stars than to have done away with myself.'

Finch, sprawling against the railing, said, 'I was watching that frog diving about under that big mound of honeysuckle — thinking what a good time he has.'

'Yes. Amusing little devil. I wonder how often he's gone a-wooing this summer.'

Finch grinned. It was Eden, he thought, who was amusing. Inquisitive. He could n't watch even a frog without speculating about its private life.

They watched the frog sit goggle-eyed on the mossy rim of the pool, his fingers spread, his full wet throat pulsing. They watched him galvanize, without apparent reason, into the green arc of a leap. When the surface of the pool had cleared, they saw him sitting under water, his fingers spread on the yellow sand, goggle-eyed, hallucinated as ever.

'If you don't mind,' said Eden slowly, 'I'm going to tell you something. Something I have not told anyone else.'

Finch was immensely flattered. He turned his long face receptively toward his brother.

'I have it in my mind to write a narrative poem of the early history of French Canada. There's tremendous scope in it: Jacques Cartier. The perilous voyages in sailing vessels. The French Governors, and their mistresses. Crafty Intendants. Heroic Jesuits. The first Seigneurs. Voyageurs. The Canadian chansons. Those poor devils of Indians who were captured and taken to

France, and put to work in the galleys. Think of the song of homesickness I could put into their mouths! Think of the gently bred French women who came over as nuns! Think of their chant of homesickness for France — and ecstasy of love for Christ! If only I can do it as it should be done, Finch!' His face shone. He made a wide gesture expressing fervor and half-tremulous hope. Finch saw that the cuff of the gray tweed sleeve was frayed, that the wrist, in spite of its roundness, still looked delicate. His heart went out to meet Eden.

It was the first time that he had been treated as an equal by one of his brothers. And now, not only treated as an equal, but made the recipient of confidence! His face reflected the glow from Eden's. He felt a passionate desire to be his friend.

'It will be splendid,' he said. 'I'm sure you can do it. It is awfully good of you to tell me.'

'Whom else could I tell? You are the only one who can understand.'

'Alayne could.'

Eden said irritably, 'I tell you, there's nothing — less than nothing — between Alayne and me now! When you're older you'll find out that there is no one so difficult to confide in as someone you have ceased to love — no matter how much you may have in common. We're always on our guard now that I am better.'

'I don't see how you can live in the Hut together — if things are like that.'

'We can't! She's going back to her work. I'm going away. Drummond says I must be in the open air all winter. That's the trouble.' His fair face was shadowed by some disturbing thought. 'Renny wants to send me to California. But I've made up my mind that I shan't go there. I must go to France. It will not only be a thousand times more congenial to me, but I'll be able to search out the beginnings of French Canadian history. I want to get at the roots. In fact, I must, or I'll never do this thing as I want to do it. I want to spend a year in France, — stay till I've finished the poem, — but how am I to do it? Renny can never afford money enough for that.' The shadow on his face deepened to an expression of melancholy. 'I'm helpless. I suppose I'll have to go just where I'm

sent. There is no one to lend me an extra two thousand. I'd need that much.'

'If only,' cried Finch, 'I had my money! I'd help you like a shot.'

Eden gave him a warm look. 'You would! I believe you. You're a trump, Finch! I'd take it, too, but — not as a gift. I'd pay it back with interest, once I'd got on my feet. But what's the use? Your money's tied up for ages.'

Finch was tremendously stirred. If only he could help Eden! This new Eden who had talked to him about his poetry — while it was still seething in his poet's mind.

A passionate desire to help his brother surged through all his being. Why, it was only right that he should help Eden, give him all the money he needed! Had n't he risked his life to save Finch's? The boy took excited turns on the narrow space of the bridge.

'If only I could get at it!'

'I hope,' said Eden, 'that you're not being stirred by any ridiculous sentiment — gratitude. You know how I hate the idea of that.'

'But how can I help it?'

'Just don't let yourself. As Gran used to say, "I won't have it!"'

Finch burst into loud laughter. He was almost beside himself with excitement. He had got an idea. A marvelous, a gorgeous idea! He stopped in front of Eden and grinned hilariously into his face.

'I have it! I can get the money for you! I'm sure I can.'

Eden was regarding him with his odd, veiled gaze. 'How could you possibly?' His tone was weary, but his heart was beating quickly. Was it possible that he was going to be able to save his face? Not going to be forced to suggest ways and means to the youngster?

'Why, it's like this,' jerked out Finch breathlessly. 'There's my friend, Arthur Leigh! He's got any amount of money. He's of age and he's in control of a fair-sized fortune already. He'd lend it to me. I'd give him my note, — with good interest, you know, — then I'd be able to fix you up

with just what you want!' Finch's face was scarlet; he had run his hands through his hair, standing it on end; his tie was gone askew; he had never looked wilder, less like a philanthropist.

Eden's eyes lighted, but he shook his head almost gloomily. 'It sounds feasible enough, but I can't do it.'

'Why?' Finch was thunderstruck.

'What would they say — the others? Renny'd never stand for it. He's putting up the money for California, and he thinks there's nothing more to be said.'

'He need never know. No one need know, but ourselves — and Leigh. And I'll not let Leigh know what I want the money for. Oh, he's the most casual fellow you ever saw! He'd never ask a question. Just say, "All right, Finch, here's your money!" and stuff my note in his pocket. He does n't know what it is to higgie over money as we do. Eden, you must let me do this! I've hated like the devil having this money. It's hung over me like a curse. If I could do something splendid with it — like helping you — making it possible for you to write your books — it would seem quite different.' His eyes filled with tears.

'What put the idea of borrowing from Leigh into your head?'

'It just came. A sort of inspiration, I guess.' He must not admit that George Fennel had made the suggestion.

'If I took the money,' said Eden, frowning, 'I should insist on paying it back with a higher interest than you would pay your friend.'

'The hell you would!' said Finch grandly. 'You'll pay the money back just when you can — without any interest. I tell you, I've made up my mind to do something for each one of the family out of this money. Then I shan't feel such a — such a — sort of pariah! It just happens that you're the first one I'm tackling, and it's got to be kept an absolute secret.'

Eden's face broke into a smile that was almost tender. He caught Finch's hand and squeezed it. 'My poor wretch,' he said, 'how quickly you're going to be rid of your money!'

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

There are few born story-tellers in the world, but almost everybody has one story at least to tell. Human experience is as interesting to hear as it is to relate. We should like readers of the *Atlantic* to realize that the editors follow with sympathy and attention manuscripts from friends entirely unknown to them. To write for the sake of writing is a sterile pursuit; to write with sincerity something sincerely felt is often to make literature.

To Harriet Connor Brown has been awarded the *Atlantic* prize of \$5000 for 'the most interesting biography' to reach us by the first of May. More than five hundred manuscripts were submitted in the competition, by authors of many nationalities, relating the lives of every imaginable type of human being, eminent and obscure. Readers of the story of Grandmother Brown will realize why a life which in itself has embraced a crucial century of our history, and which in its ancestral roots taps the very fountain springs of the Republic, should have triumphed over the many interesting and significant human records which the *Atlantic* received. Δ A lecturer in astrophysics at McGill University, A. Vibert Douglas exemplifies the imaginative temperament which the common man instinctively feels ought to be characteristic of astronomers. Δ Listening to the speech of the Southern mountaineers, Percy MacKaye has gathered words 'with the dew still on them,' as Lowell said of Chaucer. The story of the British Lady will eventually appear, with others of its kind, in a book entitled 'Weathergoose — Wool' to be published by Longmans, Green and Company.

Born in New Jersey, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Mary Lee Davis graduated from Wellesley, took a master's degree at Radcliffe, and, as the wife of a mining engineer, has become accustomed to camps and outposts in the far quarters of

the earth. Robert Dean Frisbie is now in this country after his years as a South Sea trader and observer. The voyage to San Francisco required one hundred and thirty days. 'Provisions gave out,' Mr. Frisbie writes, 'and we nearly all starved at sea. . . .' S. Foster Damon, whose second book of poems will appear this fall, is an assistant professor of English at Brown University. Δ The author of 'Fear' has occupied, severally and together, the posts of publisher, essayist, and critic. Marian Storm describes a virtually undiscovered town. 'None of my friends in Mexico,' she writes, 'even those who have lived there more than twenty-five years, knew about Uruapan. I have n't met one foreigner who has been there. It takes two days, by the narrow-gauge road, from the capital. No one — I least of all — had any idea that there was such a place. It seemed as if I were just led.' Charles D. Stewart is known to all *Atlantic* readers as a naturalist who illumines fact with insight. In 'The Art of Dying' he turns from nature to man at his most critical hour. Charles Hanson Towne, of New York, is a poet, novelist, and editor.

Merle Colby is manager of one of the oldest among Boston bookstores. Charles Morrow Wilson sends us his interesting study from Arkansas. Stanley Casson, an English archaeologist, has gained an intimate acquaintance with the lands of Grecian heritage. His most recent volume, *Some Modern Sculptors*, appeared this spring. Mohammed Leopold Weiss is a well-known journalist and traveler, whose articles on the Near East have appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and elsewhere. Anna Louise Strong, after extensive study in American universities and experience as a social worker, went to Russia, and came to know intimately the course of Russian action in China and in Soviet Central Asia.

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I noticed by an item in the daily press that Mr. Robert Dean Frisbie, who contributed an article in your April number regarding Mrs. Turtle laying her eggs, landed this week at San Francisco, and expected to return at once to his far-away home in the South Pacific. It occurred to me that a bit of information that I once ran on to might be of some advantage to him.

Some years ago I met in New York a gentleman who had just landed a shipment of green turtles from the southernmost island of the Bahamas, which he claimed to have raised. These turtles were all about the same size, and he claimed of the same age. As I remember, the dates they were hatched were scratched in the shells.

His statement was that some five years before that time he went to this island from Florida with the intention of finding some way to domesticate these turtles; that he had gathered all the information relative to their habits, characteristics, and propagation that he could, which was exceedingly little. On the south side of this island, where a narrow inlet made a small pond into which a creek emptied, he leased a tract of land. He then built a wall of loose rock across the inlet so that the sea could ebb and flow through it into the pond, thus keeping the pond supplied with moving sea water.

With this enclosure completed, he proceeded to stock his pond. With the help of some natives from Santo Domingo he procured some young turtles that cost him a substantial sum of money. These he placed in the pond, and fed them plentifully; they made no effort to escape, and soon learned to look for feeding time like domestic animals. I believe he stated the female turtle has to be some twenty years of age before she begins to lay. This made it necessary for him to find some other method of securing his stock; hence with the help of the above-mentioned natives he carried on a search for turtle eggs. A nest was found and moved by making a similar nest in a tub of sand, putting the eggs into it, and gently carrying the tub to a place near his cabin. He placed a roof above the tub so as to keep the rain off and enclosed it so as to keep away nocturnal creatures that prey upon these nests. If I remember correctly there were one hundred and twenty turtles hatched from this nest. These were placed in pens in the pond that he had made with wire netting stretched from post to post driven into the ground. I believe he dug a trench, drove the posts into the bottom of the trench, attached the netting, and filled up the trench so as to have the lower edge of the netting below the bottom of the pond.

He claimed it was necessary to keep young ones separate from the older and larger turtles,

because at feeding time the larger would eat up all the food, as do domestic animals and fowls. Later this man secured some turtles that were fully matured, and he described the making of the nests and laying of the eggs as did Mr. Frisbie in his article. He built a wire-screen fence along the top of the sea wall to keep the turtles from escaping into the sea, though he claimed he never found them trying to escape.

A very short time after I met this gentleman he died suddenly in Florida, and I never learned what became of his turtle farm.

JAMES L. CLARK

The other side of mass production.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with great interest Mr. Edward A. Filene's 'Mass Production Makes a Better World,' which appeared in the May issue. With Mr. Filene I agree regarding various benefits that mass production is giving to society, and I believe that its march cannot be retarded.

Mr. Filene in his article says, in part, 'There is no ground for the fear that machinery and the consequent increased productivity will cause more than temporary unemployment. In the motor industry there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment due to increased production.' In my opinion, this statement contains a substantial error. From 1923 to the middle of 1928, especially in Detroit, where the greatest percentage of the automobile industry is centred, we have had two depressions. During this six-year period we have had nearly three and one-half years of good stability and two and one-half years bad stability. When it is bad stability in the automobile industry thousands of workmen are idle. In an endeavor to create a livable working balance between the workers and those idle, periodical lay-offs are instituted. In other words, for a period of weeks the workers become idle and the idle become workers.

Let us see what the United States Department of Labor says in this matter. It reports that 'the automobile industry shows the greatest instability of employment of any of the industries so far analyzed by the bureau in its series of studies of this subject.' The report says further, 'The annual averages show consistently bad stability conditions with little or no improvement apparent. In fact, with the exception of 1926, each year showed a lower average than 1923. . . . For every year since 1923, except 1926, the stability index for more than one half of the plants was under 85.'

I abridged the greater part of the U. S. Labor Bureau's statement, which is unfavorable to the statement of Mr. Filene, and I am of the opinion

that if the exact statistics and records of all lay-offs in automobile industries were accurately kept the showing would create a very unsound ground for Mr. Filene's statement.

The workmen in Detroit and vicinities have purchased homes and lots, yet there has been foreclosure on tens of thousands of deferred contracts and mortgages. This is a serious situation, and naturally the majority of the losers were the common workingmen.

In my opinion mass production presents a great and serious problem to the American nation. It is a problem for which a solution must be found.

Of all of the theories propounded to date, I believe that the plan either to limit working-day hours or to put mass production on a schedule basis is capable of bringing us nearest to a satisfactory condition in this regard.

N. L. MANGOUNI

From the Amen corner.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To the paper in your May number, 'These Sad Young Men,' I would say Amen and Amen. Perhaps lust and hunger rule the world. I do not know. But if this is true, I do not think it either contemptible, pitiable, or amusing that man has transformed them into love and ambition. On the contrary I think this sublimation, as it is called, too great an achievement for man himself to understand. By virtue of something really sublime he is greater than he knows, and he should be honored for it instead of scorned. Of course the original constituents remain. If they did not, the magic would lose much of its wonder: coexistence of the ideal and the material in one being. The properties of manure continue to offend us, though they enrich roses that would grace Heaven. I cannot deny that the Venus of Milo is a mineral deposit; I do not wish to; but neither can your materialist aver that she is not a glorious image. Dr. Krutch and Mr. Huxley are lumps of wettish salt, true enough, but their brine sparkles in spite of them, and it may even trickle into eternity.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK THAYER, JR.

We have already printed a number of letters inspired by Charles D. Stewart's paper, 'The Tree as an Invention,' in the April number, but we cannot forbear adding a few paragraphs from two letters received by Mr. Stewart from a correspondent whom he describes as follows:—

Alpheus Baker Hervey, of New England ancestry, but born about thirty miles from Binghamton, New York, was for six years president of St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York (1888-94). He began attending that university when it had four students and one teacher, and he was one of the students. That was in 1858. Now the university has 3700 students and 89 instructors and owns property valued at three and a half million dollars.

Dr. Hervey has written several scientific books, his specialty being microscopy. He translated a treatise on microscopy from the German. One of his books is *The Alga of Bermuda*.

Of education he says that there are many definitions, some stressing the 'humanities' and others 'science.' He has a definition of his own: 'Education consists in establishing intelligent contacts and relations between the mind of man and the rest of the universe.' As he says, 'That leaves nothing out.'

On October 12, 13, 14, 1928, students and alumni of St. Lawrence University celebrated what they called the Hervey Anniversaries, commemorating the seventieth year since Dr. Hervey became a student, and the fortieth since he became president. Many distinguished people were present. A booklet was issued in remembrance of the event. It was at this time, when he was eighty-nine years old, that he became Doctor Hervey.

Dr. Hervey himself writes:—

HAMILTON, BERMDA

PROFESSOR CHARLES D. STEWART

DEAR SIR:—

I have read your article in the *Atlantic* about trees with great interest and pleasure. I am a professed admirer of trees, not only for their beauty and grandeur, but also for their moral character and exemplary good behavior. They are all pacifists. They are good neighbors one with the other. They are not critical about their neighbors' clothes or how they shall bring up their children. I like to go among them to find rest and comfort for troubled hours.

I don't think you need to be endowed with the genius of a 'poet, a prophet, or a seer' to see that there is need of something more than chemical and physical forces to invent a tree and build it out of the crude matter of the soil beneath and the air above. All you need is just a fair share of ordinary, everyday common sense.

These materialists make me tired. They don't admit there is such a thing as life. They class it with phlogiston. They have in their dictionary no such word as 'mind.' It is the cells of the brain and other parts of the nervous system that produce thought, will, choice, purpose, and even

consciousness, I am told. Even the universe itself is a crude material automaton. That certainly reduces it to its lowest terms.

I suppose I am an extremist on the other tack. I have a theory that all living things are endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, proportioned to their needs. If there are exceptions to that they will be found among humans, especially the philosophers.

I have seen marked exhibitions of that in the lowest forms of animal life, the Protozoa. I once watched for hours the doings of a so-called 'sun animalcule' under my microscope.

This is a minute creature consisting of a ball of translucent cells from which radiate slender threads of protoplasm in all directions something over twice as long as the diameter of the ball. This suggested its name. In rolling about in the water some of these tentacles touched a diatom lying on the bottom of the water on my slide. Immediately other tentacles reached over and fastened upon the plant, which they slowly drew in till it touched the surface of the ball. Immediately a depression began to form in that and deepened till the whole of the diatom was buried in it, and there it was held till all that was nutritious in the plant was absorbed. The shell, which is of glass, was left in his body.

I very much wondered how he would rid himself of it, for he had no limbs of any kind. He proceeded at once to show me how. I saw a depressed ring in the body exactly in the plane of the plant begin to form. This slowly deepened till at last the ball was cut in two and the two halves drew apart and the shell of the diatom dropped out. Very simple, but so far as I know there is nothing in chemistry or physics that would have taught him. Then he brought his two halves together again and was ready for the next catch.

BALDWIN, L. I.

DEAR PROFESSOR STEWART:—

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. You are not the first one I have surprised about my age. I have a saying that when we old fellows get so old that we have nothing else to boast of we brag about our age. Well, I've been doing that now for some time. I'm not only the oldest alumnus of my Alma Mater, but the oldest clergyman in our fellowship. . . .

My mother lived to be ninety-six and my father's mother lived to be ninety-two. She was born in 1753. When a child I have heard her tell of hearing the firing of the British fleet at the battle of Bunker Hill. She, a woman of twenty-two, was living near Boston. My grandmother had seen Washington and looked upon him as one of the gods. She would n't allow anybody to speak slightly of her hero. . . .

I shall look with much interest for your next paper in the *Atlantic*. I have been a reader of the *Atlantic*, off and on, since the time when Dr. Holmes was having his 'Breakfast Table Talks.' There are no more like him and Lowell and Emerson and Whittier.

The good Lord seems to be making no new forms of genius any more than He is new forms of trees. We can transplant trees from other climes, but not new men of genius. I wish we could.

Very truly yours,

A. B. HERVEY

With all this talk about the wonders of science, these inventions ought to be easy.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I wish you would encourage the more ingenious of your subscribers to make three inventions that for years I have longed for. They are very different from one another, but each, equally, would fill a need. The first would be some sort of automatic recorder of the letters we write, in our minds, in bed, and that have absolutely flown by the time we reach paper and pen. They say just what we would, so perfectly, with such rounded periods and exact shades of meaning, such wit and distinction, that some little instrument to pin them to permanence must be a possibility—perhaps some sort of mental and spiritual fountain pen, which, later, could be run out on to a chart.

And then, when we have to tell the doctor how we feel, instead of the circumlocution of symptoms on our part, and the discounting of the personal equation on his part, why could n't there be a kind of pressing-the-button to produce a precisely similar synthetic pain, which would save time and talk. Just for an instant, punch our consciousness into his, and the thing would be done.

The third invention would be a machine into which we could feed, say, three old gowns, two blouses, and a hat, and receive from the other end one absolutely fresh garment—or all of last year's wardrobe ground out into one veritable *dernier cri*. The benefactor who would invent such a sartorial sausage machine would receive the gratitude of women—anyway, mine.

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

The song that Schubert forgot.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

The interesting account in the May *Atlantic* of the painting by Sargent that the artist himself

failed to recognize reminds me of an incident in the life of Schubert, related by Sir George Grove. To quote from the latter's dictionary:—

'No sketches, no delay, no anxious period of preparation, no revision, appear to have been necessary. He had but to read the poem, to surrender himself to the torrent, and to put down what was given him to say, as it rushed through his mind. . . . It would seem that the results did not always fix themselves in the composer's memory as permanently as if they had been the effect of longer and more painful elaboration. Vogl tells an anecdote about this which is very much to the point. On one occasion he received from Schubert some new songs, but being otherwise occupied could not try them over at the moment. When he was able to do so he was particularly pleased with one of them, but as it was too high for his voice, he had it copied in a lower key. About a fortnight afterward they were again making music together, and Vogl placed the transposed song before Schubert on the desk of the piano. Schubert tried it through, liked it, and said in his Viennese dialect, "I say! the song's not so bad; whose is it?" so completely, in a fortnight, had it vanished from his mind! Sir Walter Scott attributed a song of his own to Byron; but this was in 1823, after his mind had begun to fail.'

JOSHUA L. BAILY, JR.

Terra Incognita.

OLD CAMP RUCKER RANCH
DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

We were very much relieved when the last issue of the *Atlantic* arrived, for we had cause to fear that the 'Hub of the Universe' was no longer on its axle. My Texas husband was particularly concerned. He asks, 'Where is your Yankee highbrow magazine?' and reads it through before I begin.

Although our post office is Douglas, we live nearly sixty miles away, in the Chiricahua Mountains. Not long ago, being in a hurry to send off some mail, we drove thirty miles to a town which consists of a garage, blacksmith's shop, and general store in which is the post office.

The postmistress took my package, which was addressed to Malden, Massachusetts, and retired with it to her corner cubby-hole to figure out the parcel-post charges. After some delay she came out to tell me that she was unable to locate Malden. I told her that it was a suburb of Boston. For ten minutes longer she delved into books and consulted maps, then, with a tone of exasperation, said, 'I can't find it. Boston used to be on the map, but it is n't there now.'

We compromised by my offering to pay postage to 'the farthest zone there is.'

Lest New Englanders be too scornful, here is another side to the picture.

After a year in boarding school on the Atlantic coast, a girl from our part of the country went to the railway station to buy a ticket to her home in Tucson, affectionately known in the Southwest as the 'Old Pueblo.'

After fruitless search, the ticket agent said, 'I can't find it on the map and I don't see why you should want to go to such a place. I will sell you a ticket to St. Louis, and if you still want to go to Arizona, the agent there may be able to find Tucson.'

'See America first' is n't such a bad slogan.

MARY KIDDER RAK

You can lead a horse to water — that is, if you can find a horse.

GOWANDA STATE HOSPITAL
HELMUTH, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

An interesting example, to me, of the giving in perpetuity, as mentioned in Julius Rosenwald's article on 'Principles of Public Giving,' in the May issue, was the establishment on Mt. Desert of various watering places and buckets, the money to be used for that purpose only, to supply thirsty horses with water. Now there are so few horses, they are used little.

ANNE E. PERKINS, M.D.

From an insurance agent.

CHICAGO, Illinois

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

The account by George Miksch Sutton, in the June number, of his almost very serious predicament when he went into a hollow log after a turkey vulture reminds me of a story that I heard some time ago, of a man who got started through a hollow log, having gone in to keep dry during a sudden shower. The moisture from the rain caused the partly rotten wood to swell, and the unfortunate occupant found that he could make no progress either forward or back. After several hours of unavailing effort to free himself he realized that his situation was really serious, and that unless relief came from some unexpected source his earthly career was about to end.

Then he was overwhelmed with thoughts of his various shortcomings and the futility of his life, and when he thought of how mean he had been never to purchase any life insurance it made him feel so small that he was able easily to crawl out of the log.

H. LOUIS AUTEN

- A. The outstanding New Book each month, together with
- B. 12 Fine Books of the past, cloth bound, which you yourself select from a list of more than 120.
- c. And even books for children, if you wish them.

Now 2 Books a Month for less than the cost of one

THREE BOOK CLUBS ROLLED INTO ONE—24 complete books a year, for barely 35¢ a week. "How is it possible?" asked amazed subscribers. Read below the details of a plan which is sweeping the book world and which is being hailed everywhere as the final perfection of the whole book club idea.

A FAMOUS American author said recently: "Only half the books I read are new books. If I did not supplement my reading with standard books of the past, I would simply go to seed."

Yet until now no comprehensive reading program including books of established reputation has been available to the public. New books, of course. But how about the outstanding books of the past—books every bit as thrilling as those of today? How many like this there are which you have always *wanted* to read "some day"?

A new kind of book club

The Book League of America was founded for just such readers as yourself. It has been called "three book clubs in one." For it offers you: first, 12 of the outstanding new books every year—one selected each month as best by an emi-

nent Board of Editors; second, 12 fine books of the past, cloth bound, which *you yourself may select from a list of more than 120 titles*; and third, books for children, if you wish them, for the list of standard books includes 43 for children of all ages.

24 books in all for \$18

The twelve new books, in special Continental paper-backed editions, together with the twelve older books, cloth-bound—twenty-four books in all—are offered to you through The Book League for only \$18—less than what you would ordinarily pay for six or seven books bought at random. Many a man's magazine reading costs more.

Four questions answered

When do you get the standard books? All twelve which you select are sent to you immediately upon your becoming a paid-up

Book League member. Start reading them at once.

Is there any inconvenience? None at all. The postman brings your new book to you each month, and it is sent *postpaid*.

Can a membership be cancelled? Very few have ever wished to cancel their memberships. You may, however, discontinue at any time by merely paying for the books you have up to that time received.

How can you become a member? Simply fill out the coupon below, send it to us, and we will forward full details. You may pay either in one payment or in six small payments, as you prefer.

The Board of Editors



EUGENE O'NEILL



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON



GARRETT BRECKINRIDGE



EDWIN E. SISSON



VAN WYCK BROOKS



HAMILTON HOLT



FRANK L. POLK



Special Offer If You Join Now

To show you the fine format in which the new book each month is published, we will send you **FREE**, on receipt of this coupon, one of the Board of Editors' outstanding recent selections. Examine it carefully. Read it through if you wish. If you desire to join, keep it in addition to the 24 books you get on your subscription itself. Otherwise return it to us in 5 days, without obligation.

The Book League of America, Inc. Dept. A4
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me further information about The Book League of America and how I can become a member.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

What a few well-known men and women have told us

FANNIE HURST

"The potential reader, of course, matters most, and judging from the books you sent me, this aborning generation of book lovers will have every reason to regard your organization with gratitude."

HERBERT H. LEHMAN, Lieut. Governor of New York

"I received the copy of the first vol-

ume of The Book League Monthly, and congratulate you on its form and contents."

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, author of "John Brown's Body"

"Any Editorial Board that includes Mr. Robinson and Mr. Brooks should ensure a very high standard in the new material which you intend to publish."

The BOOK LEAGUE of America

100 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

A Group of New Novels

In his more recent stories **John Buchan** ranges far in strange places, but the farther he goes from his native heather the less he appears to be able to catch the true spirit of romance. *The Courts of the Morning* strikes one as overingenious. The author has been compelled by the exigencies of his plan to invent not only a plot but a country, a political system, and a war, with the result that the reader becomes bewildered in the effort to keep his bearings. The country is South American, and the proprietor of certain mines there has exploited human labor by drugging his workmen. In the war of emancipation which follows a group of Englishmen and Americans outwit him and end by converting him from his cynical philosophy. The story of a war conducted almost without bloodshed is interesting as parable or demonstration, but at times it reads like a treatise on military strategy. One who has approached each of Mr. Buchan's romances with keen appetite feels a little defeated and sighs for the less carefully documented preposterousness of some of his earlier books. This is a matter of taste, of course. I only mean that Mr. Buchan has no right to become heavy, when he knows so well how to spin a good yarn in delectable English. Of late his inventiveness has seemed to hamper his imagination.

The Lady of Laws of **Susanne Trautwein** has a remarkable quality which I can only call stereoscopic; for in this story of Renaissance Italy, where 'brains, high-blooded, ticked' six 'centuries since,' the characters have the relief and roundness of pictures seen through the magic glass of our boyhood front parlors. And the story has great beauty and power. It concerns a woman jurist of rank and learning, raped in her youth by an unknown man, and her successful struggle to rise above that infamy. The portrait of the heroine would be better if some of the speeches assigned to her did not have a slightly priggish ring. It is a noble portrait, nevertheless; and the way in which base passions and lofty actions, sacrifice and greed, brutality and loveliness, are fused, and the horrors of the time are subordinated to its heroisms, deserves all praise. The men, especially, are so vigorous and true that it is hard to believe that they were created by a woman.

If *The Lady of Laws* is stereoscopic, *The Seven Vices* of **Guglielmo Ferrero** is kaleidoscopic, for the threads of interest are many and intricate and the characters swarm. Conceived somewhat in the spirit of *The Ring and the Book*, it is superficially a study of a murder, or rather of

the effects of a murder upon the people of Rome, some thirty years ago; and it is, moreover, like Browning's great poem, at bottom a study of Truth. The parts of the book which no doubt many readers will skip — the passages of allegory concerning History and Poetry, Truth, Logic, and Justice — are its heart, or at least its philosophic centre. They represent a historian's ponderings upon the relations of History and Poetry in the search for truth; but for many they will be objectionable as impeding the story. The tracing of the subtly precarious hair line between truth and falsehood nevertheless provides an intellectual treat, whatever may be the shortcomings of the novel as a work of art. And the personages who crowd its pages are convincingly individual, and the story is told with great vivacity. Particularly good is the portrayal of the great toxicologist, Guicciarelli, who, having made a mistake in identifying a poison, is torn between his desire to keep his reputation and his sense of scientific honesty.

The Tryphena of **Eden Phillpotts** is a dramatic idyl, in which the character of a girl is presented almost entirely in dialogue and action, without either the elaborate local color of the author's earlier Devon novels or the excitement of his later mystery stories. A quiet story of likable people, the narrative revolves about the situation of Tryphena, a 'foundling adopted by a farmer and his wife, who, when she is seventeen, discovers her parentage. Her father, a country gentleman, seeks to reclaim her, but she remains true to the ideals of the class in which she has been reared. It is these ideals which are the theme of the novel, the entire drift of which is that they are honest and sound. It is unfortunate that the situation of Tryphena necessitates endless talk, which becomes monotonously repetitive in subject. One nevertheless dwells with pleasure upon the humors of Grandfather Henry, the lovely miniatures of farm and countryside, and the homely mixture of idealism and common sense in the rustic folk. Such scenes as that of Tryphena making Honiton lace while she talks with old Henry under the walnut tree, though few, are beautiful.

Gerald Bullett's work has the qualities of the type of realism represented by *Mr. Polly*, *Young Felix*, and *Clayhanger*. Ordinary people living in rather stuffy surroundings are presented with a sympathy and humor that do not in the least avoid or gloss over the sordidness of their lives, but never lose sight of the aspirations and dreams that make even such lives exciting. *The History of Egg Pandervil* is a most enjoyable

Here are books that
will be read and talked
about all this year—
and next

▲

A Modern Comedy
by
John Galsworthy

In this volume of 798 pages are included three full-length novels—"The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song"—and two short connecting "Interludes." It might be called the saga of the younger Forsytes, for it gives the history of the younger generation of that superbly portrayed family as completely as "The Forsyte Saga" told the story of their elders. *For September 6th publication.* \$2.50

▼

at all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons
597 Fifth Avenue
New York

Mrs. Eddy

The Biography of a Virginal Mind
by **Edwin Franden Dakin**

This is the first full, adequate, and impartial record of an amazing life, the story of a woman whose life history rises in a series of dramatic climaxes until the very end. A continuously—at times even breathlessly—interesting book, based on a detailed and searching study of several years. *Illustrated.* \$5.00

▼

Lady Byron

by **Ethel Colburn Mayne**

"Miss Mayne has at length given us a detailed, authentic, and, above all, a discriminating account of the relations between Lord Byron and his wife; . . . she has given us also the first portrait of Lady Byron that is either complete or trustworthy. One is tempted to say, indeed, that it is a final portrait; that Lady Byron will be viewed for ever after as Miss Mayne has seen her."—*London Spectator.*

Illustrated. \$5.00

▼

Alice Meynell

A Memoir
by **Viola Meynell**

This biography is the record of the literary activities which established the fame of Alice Meynell as poet and essayist. Her great friendships with Patmore, with Meredith, with Francis Thompson have here their full story. More than all else it is the intimate story of her individuality. A daughter's authorship has secured a unique picture of its kind in all literary history. *Illustrated.* \$5.00

▼

Roux the Bandit

by **André Chamson**
author of "The Road"
Translated by **Van Wyck Brooks**

This is the second novel to be translated into English of the young French writer whose "The Road" was called by the *New York Times* "a novel of perpetual delight." "Roux the Bandit" is a story of a conscientious objector during the World War—a study of a primitive conscience in revolt. \$2.00

I Thought of Daisy

by **Edmund Wilson**
associate editor of The New Republic

Mr. Wilson's novel of artistic and theatrical life in New York is done with the same brilliancy and penetration that distinguished his "Discordant Encounters" and his contributions to "The Undertaker's Garland." \$2.50

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

story of a man who, after a country boyhood and a youthful romance with a girl of higher station, drifts to London and becomes a grocer — he himself never knows just how or why. His case is very like that of Mr. Polly, but whereas the latter finds salvation in revolt, Egg finds it in his son, Nicky — about whom, by the way, Mr. Bullett is writing another novel. What strikes one most in this novel is a saliency of character and a radiancy of style that make each main episode imprint itself powerfully upon the mind: Willy's killing of the dog, Fang; the tea party in the hayfield; Egg reading the Bible to exasperating Mrs. Noom; Bob's birthday party; Mrs. Noom's histrionics in the street — all are narrated with a fine zest. Readers who love Dickens will like *Egg Pandervil*.

The Young May Moon of Martha Ostenso, after an unfortunate beginning in a chapter or two of melodramatic writing, quiets down to an interesting story of small-town characters; although the author throughout strains too much after the effective phrase. The plot grows out of a situation that might have been powerfully tragic but that evaporates in sentiment. A young wife, having run away from her husband, changes her mind and returns a few hours later, to find that he has committed suicide. She manages, however, to rise above her sense of guilt and even to reconquer the esteem of her neighbors, to whom in a passionate moment she has told the facts. The best part of the story is that which deals with the town characters and their gossip. Marcia's forbidding mother-in-law and old Jonas are particularly striking. As a whole the novel lacks both the power of *Wild Geese* and the humanity of *The Mad Carvers*.

It is said that in *The Romantic Comedians* Ellen Glasgow wrote a novel to suit herself, without any regard to what readers of her earlier books might expect of her. The result was very enjoyable comedy. In *They Stooped to Folly* she continues to suit herself, and the book is great fun. But it is much more than that, of course, because under the surface coruscations of her almost incessant wit is a serious subject, ingeniously presented by throwing into juxtaposition three women who, like the forlorn heroine of Goldsmith's little poem, have stooped to folly. Aunt Agatha, who stooped in the eighteenth-seventies, has been a blighted soul ever since, and only since the war has shown an autumnal flippancy by going to moving pictures and eating banana sundaes. Mrs. Dalrymple, who stooped in the nineties, — a more buoyant soul, — has gained toleration if not happiness by defying the society that condemned her. And Milly Burden, who stooped in 1914, after some years of misery rises gallantly above her past and puts it almost nonchalantly behind her. But although these women give point to the narrative, they are no more interesting than the scapegrace elderly artist Marmaduke, Mr. Littlepage, likable and puzzled, his wife Victoria, his daughter, and Mrs.

Burden — the last a depressing picture of a perfectly 'good' woman. It will be seen that the novel is a study of the evolution of moral sanctions and standards. One could wish that the theme were less trite, but there is scarcely anything else to wish for. The book is a joy.

What can be said of Evelyn Scott's *The Wave* that has not been said? The author calls it 'narratives of the Civil War,' apparently disclaiming any idea of having written a novel. Of course, the sketches, stories, descriptions, excerpts from diaries, newspapers, and letters, though they have no connection, have an underlying unity, because they are all surface indications of one great movement, one wave, in history; and in their totality they are intended to leave upon the mind one overpowering effect. In the motto, quoted from Lake's *Physical Geography*, we read that 'the waves travel in some definite direction, but a cork thrown into the water does not travel with the waves.' The passage, which is much longer than the part quoted, no doubt suggests the author's artistic design, and it is fascinating, while reading the successive sections, to keep in mind the metaphor of the cork and the wave. Some men are more corklike than others, and some are caught up into eddies and gales; but most merely bob up and down, conscious of an intense agitation and even deluded by a sense of going somewhere. The wave, in short, is a phenomenon of nature and man is really a part of it. The variety, fertility, and strength of the author's invention are remarkable, and yet one cannot help wishing that they had been expended upon a coordinated narrative. Her view of the segment of history she has described is not unlike that of Tolstoy, in *War and Peace*, and she has been able to convey the same effect of human puppets borne on a wave; but the necessity her method involves of beginning again and again with a new and discontinuous succession of incidents compels her to sacrifice unity to variety and a great climax to a series of minor crises. The result is a mosaic which it almost staggers the mind to fuse into a whole, instead of an epic in which various threads of action converge to produce a grand single effect. And yet what richness, solidity, she does achieve, and what a panorama of a nation! *The Wave* is really a noble book.

R. M. GAY

The Courts of the Morning, by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. \$2.50.

The Lady of Laws, by Susanne Trautwein. New York: Elliot Holt. 1929. \$2.50.

The Seven Vices, by Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. 2 vols. \$5.00.

Tryphena, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: Macmillan Co. 1929. \$2.50.

The History of Egg Pandervil, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. \$2.50.



*An important book, FREE —
if you can name these authors*

THE MAGIC ISLAND William B. Seabrook	\$3.50
DODSWORTH Sinclair Lewis	\$2.50
HERMAN MELVILLE Lewis Mumford	\$3.50
ABRAHAM LINCOLN Carl Sandburg	\$5.00
THE MODERN TEMPER Joseph Wood Krutch	\$2.50
HUNGER FIGHTERS Paul de Kruif	\$3.00
ELIZABETH AND ESSEX Lytton Strachey	\$3.75
ORLANDO Virginia Woolf	\$3.00
RHINESTONES Margaret Widdemer	\$2.00
MIDDLETOWN R. S. (and H. M.*) Lynd	\$5.00

*No picture of H. M. Lynd.

Here are ten famous authors and their ten important books. The authors are not reading their own books. If you can write their names under their pictures correctly we will present you with a FREE copy of one of the books.

This is a simple and amusing way of testing your knowledge. We are not being magnanimous. You know some of these outstanding books and authors. We are tempting you to know more of them and to realize that they are all on one list, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HOW YOU CAN GET THIS FREE BOOK!

Just write the name of each author under his photograph. Send it (mailed not later than Oct. 1st) to Harcourt, Brace & Company, 383 Madison Ave., New York, with your name and address and choice of one of the ten books costing \$3 or less. If you want a higher priced book, send with your solution the difference between \$3 and its price. (If you pick Middletown at \$5, send \$2.) Your money will be refunded if your solution is not correct.



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Young May Moon, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. \$2.50.

They Stooped to Folly, by Elsie Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. \$2.50.

The Wave, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Ltd. 1929. \$2.50.

The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge. A Collective Work. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. 8vo. 750 pp. Illus. \$6.50.

It is a grateful task to welcome this comprehensive symposium on the history of Christianity for which the collaboration of many of the most eminent British historical and theological scholars has been secured. Beginning with the Græco-Roman and Jewish political and religious world in which Christianity had its rise, every period of Christian history is dealt with in terms of the reciprocal influence of the Church upon its environment and of the environment upon the Church. Among the renowned scholars who contribute to the history may be mentioned Sir Gilbert Murray, who writes a chapter on Religion and Philosophy; Professor Adam Fyfe Findlay, whose contribution deals with the Apocryphal Gospels; Professor Francis Crawford Burkitt of Cambridge, whose chapter on the Life of Jesus is a gem of brief biography; Sir Frederic George Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, who surveys the history of the English Bible; the Archbishop of York, who contributes the concluding chapter, on 'Christianity To-day: Social and Christian Ethics'; and Professor Webb of Oxford, whose chapter on Christianity in the nineteenth century is an admirable record of a century in brief compass. A host of other equally competent scholars, such as Professor Main of Glasgow, Professor Moffatt of Union Seminary, Professor Milligan, Professor Dodd, and Professor Tucker of the University of Melbourne, contribute to the symposium.

Considering the number of contributors, the work reveals a remarkable unity of thought and approach. In comparing Christian conceptions of love and Græco-Roman standards of justice, Gilbert Murray, while appreciative of the Christian position, strikes a note which betrays the author as standing a little more outside the Christian tradition than do the authors of most of the other chapters. With few exceptions these are written by men who are definitely committed to the Christian point of view, though they have the scholar's interest in objective historical facts and seek to evaluate them impartially.

Probably no other but a group of English scholars could have produced a work of such even temper and unified purpose. Theological opinion is less diverse in England than it is in either

Germany or America. The English are less inclined to be absolutists in their positions than the Germans, and their theology emerges out of a more unified culture than in America. The result is that the main stream of theological thought is less muddled by controversy than in any other land. This *History of Christianity* is written from the standpoint of a modern evangelicalism which has either transcended controversy or knows how to obscure controversial issues by an emphasis upon main issues. That is both the virtue and the limitation of the history. While the whole historical matrix in which Christianity was moulded is pictured with scholarly accuracy, we are not told whether, in the light of modern knowledge, Christianity is founded upon a unique revelation or is the result of natural historical forces. Either because that question cannot be answered from a strictly scientific point of view, or because he feels himself slightly at odds with some of his collaborators, Gilbert Murray dismisses it in these words: 'Whether Christianity is to be explained as a natural development from existing factors or whether it is a miraculous revelation vouchsafed after long delay to a world that had been allowed to grow exactly ripe for it, is a problem which cannot be settled by historical research, and must be answered by each man according to his own bent.'

In the chapter on the theology of the New Testament no effort is made to emphasize the distinctions between the thought of Jesus and the thought of Paul. No violence is done to the thought of either; but the resulting picture of New Testament thought presents a harmony more complete than many theologians would be willing to concede. Controversies in regard to the Messianic consciousness of Jesus and in regard to the roots of early Christologies are not obscured, but the position arrived at is one which will arouse a minimum of controversy. Professor Burkitt deals with the question of the Resurrection in a manner which is really significant for the temper and the method of the whole history. 'The Gospel wonder-tales,' he writes, 'we are told, produced astonishment, but the effect was transitory; the "feeding of the five thousand" did not make the disciples less anxious when they were short of provisions in their boat. But neither Simon Peter nor Saul of Tarsus seems to have had any further doubts when once they were persuaded that Jesus had appeared to them alive.' The nature of the Resurrection experience is implied by equating the experience of Paul and the experience of Peter, and the uniqueness of the experience is emphasized by comparing its effects with those of other miracles. How can one say more in so few words?

The history is the most adequate presentation of the record of Christian thought and life in the compass of one book done in our generation. It will be of great service not only to those who are engaged in Christian teaching, but to thoughtful laymen.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

HOMEPLACE

by

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

Author of THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN

MORE than 80,000 readers discovered the beauty and happiness within the covers of Maristan Chapman's first novel, *The Happy Mountain*. And now thousands of readers have an opportunity to find in *Homeplace* the wit and wisdom and humor of its author at her best. Like *The Happy Mountain*, *Homeplace* is laid in the heart of the Tennessee hills; many of the characters are friends from the first book; and the language—that poetic and racy idiom which Sherwood Anderson called “gorgeous” and Julia Peterkin “perfect”—flows on through the pages of *Homeplace*. If you read the first book, you need no introduction to this story of Fayre Jones, the village ne'er-do-well, and his love for Bess Howard. If not, don't miss two of the most genuinely American and loveliest novels of our time.

\$2.50

PEP, J. L. WETCHEEK'S AMERICAN SONG BOOK

by LION FEUCHTWANGER

The Great American Band Wagon strikes up a jazz tune in this volume of satirical light verse by the author of *Power*. Illustrated by Aladjalov \$2.00

THE MEDDLERS

by JONATHAN LEONARD

Author of *Back To Stay*

One of the most original of contemporary American writers shows new facets of his peculiar genius in this tale of social meddlers. \$2.50

JOHN KNOX

by EDWIN MUIR

The Great Reformer who defied rulers and placed his belief even above his own life has found the ideal interpreter in Edwin Muir. Illustrated \$3.50

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

by ARNOLD ZWEIG

“I do not myself think *All Quiet on the Western Front* nearly so fine a book as *Sergeant Grischa*, surely the noblest of all the war books.”—HUGH WALPOLE. In its second hundred thousand. \$2.50

18 East 48th Street • THE VIKING PRESS • New York City

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Aspects of Biography, by André Maurois.

New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. 12mo.
x+209 pp. \$2.00.

Now that the readers and the writers of biography have become almost equally numerous, this book, by an acknowledged master in the modern school of his art, ought to find a large public. The readers will want to know how the thing is done, the writers how to do it themselves. To both these classes M. Maurois has something to say that is worth saying, and heeding.

First of all, he recognizes clearly the distinction between a Victorian and a modern biography — the one 'above all things a document,' the other 'above all things a work of art.' His eye is open to the merits and to the defects of both. Nowhere does he utter a truer word than when he says, 'A bad Victorian biography is a formless mass of ill-digested natter; a bad modern biography is a book of spurious fame animated by a would-be ironic spirit which is merely cruel and shallow.' His opening chapter on modern biography — the branch of the craft in which his own *Ariel* and *Disraeli* entitle him to the most respectful of hearings — is followed by five others, dealing in turn with biography as a work of art, as a science, as a means of expression, — that is, of self-expression, — with autobiography, and with biography and the novel.

In this narrow space it is impossible even to suggest in any detail the author's manner of dealing with these various aspects of his subject. His approach to them all is that of a man well versed not only in the practice but also in the history of biography. As the book had its origin in a series of six lectures delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, under the Clark Foundation for studies in English literature, it is altogether appropriate that English biography has provided the text for most of his observations. In this field he shows himself more thoroughly at home than one could have imagined a Continental to be.

It is not surprising that in Mr. Lytton Strachey M. Maurois finds the chief practitioner and exemplar of the type of English biography which he most admires. Of Mr. Strachey's method in general he says, with a wisdom beyond cavil, that 'if . . . it is applied by writers lacking in human sympathy and in psychological perception, its effects are simply those of rather low comedy. Some of Mr. Strachey's disciples who do not share his profound knowledge of men and things have quite frankly used his recipes. Instead of choosing as the heroes of their biographies "great men so that we might imitate their virtues, they have been content with contemptible men, so that we might laugh at their follies." Some of these books make one regret the old *Life and Letters* in two volumes.' Amen, and amen!

Quotations might be multiplied indefinitely. One would like especially to show forth the author's views on the choice of a subject, his belief in the rule of consistently following a chronologi-

cal order, his reasons for questioning the possibility of an authentic autobiography. But the book is short — it takes far less time to read six lectures than to deliver them at the pace of an hour each — and it is readily accessible. Both readers and writers of biography will do well to scan and ponder it.

A single word of regret must be spoken — that the methods of American publishing, methods confined to no single house, seem to require a charge of two dollars for a book which can be bought in French, imported, for something like eighty cents. Must the expense of translation and binding in boards, and of American printing, so much more than double the cost of a book that really deserves a wide distribution?

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime, by Edward D. Sullivan. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. 214 pp. \$2.00.

Chicago: A More Intimate View of Urban Politics, by Charles Edward Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. 305 pp. \$3.50.

Last year's election should render more cautious the dominance attributed to the big cities. Yet a good measure of the history of civilization always has been a history of the big cities. Applied science will more and more citify our society. And so, however much an Al Smith may challenge the small-town and rural mores of an electorate, controlling forces are powerfully transforming the country into a network of vast metropolitan regions. In essentials, the big city will determine the quality of our civilization. Its conscious ideals and its unconscious pre-occupations, its rebellions and its acquiescences, its insensitiveness and its gayety, its sensationalism and its quest for beauty — these will determine the tone and color, the temper and the texture, of the United States. When Bryce first wrote about us, mindful though he was of the perplexities which the new and tangled forces of American cities presented, contrasted with those of the old world, he found the government of cities the most sordid feature of the American Commonwealth. Twenty-five years ago, Lincoln Steffens could still write without rhetoric about the 'Shame of the Cities.' In the interval, our big cities have lost nothing in luridness. Prohibition has given rise to new problems, and intensified old. But only a total lack of historical-mindedness dates corruption and crime from prohibition. Bryce applied to American cities what Dante said of his own city: 'They are like the sick man who cannot find rest upon his bed, but seeks to ease his pain by turning from side to side.'

Chicago has never for long been contented in its corruption; it has never allowed its evils to become endemic. Nor are its habits of political virtue as yet endemic — but not less so than those of other cities. There is probably more



A Fascinating Reading Course In 12 Handy Volumes Based upon the **NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY** Course in Contemporary Thought

Fifty-eight famous authorities from as many fields of thought have co-operated to give you a thorough appreciation of man, his world, and his intellectual achievements, in a series of stimulating essays which follow the structure and present the material of the Northwestern University Course in Contemporary Thought. All the essentials that you could gain from attending the actual University lecture course may be yours, by home reading at your own convenience, through this new series—

“MAN AND HIS WORLD”

offering in easy reading style that broad knowledge of the Arts, the Sciences, History, Philosophy, Religion, and Society, that forms the cultural background of the University-trained man.

The series is edited by Professor Baker Brownell, of Northwestern University, and the contributors comprise 58 of the outstanding figures in all fields of modern thought. Twelve volumes form the set, as follows:

- I.—**A Preface to the Universe.** Baker Brownell, T. V. Smith, Clarence Darrow, Edwin E. Slosson, W. Lee Lewis.
- II.—**The World Mechanism.** W. D. MacMillan, H. W. Shimer, Irving S. Cutter, W. G. Waterman, Austin S. Clark.
- III.—**Mind and Behavior.** C. Judson Herrick, George Humphrey, Joseph Jastrow, Floyd H. Allport, E. A. Burt.
- IV.—**Making Mankind.** Clark Wissler, Fay-Cooper Cole, William M. McGovern, Melville J. Herskovits, Ferdinand Schevill.
- V.—**Society Today.** Edwin E. Slosson, Walter Dill Scott, F. S. Deibler, W. E. Hotchkiss, Stuart Chase.
- VI.—**Society Tomorrow.** George Soule, Earl Dean Howard, Ralph E. Helman, A. R. Hutton, W. L. Bailey.
- VII.—**Problems of Civilization.** Ellsworth Huntington, Whiting Williams, Jean Toomer, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Thomas D. Eliot.
- VIII.—**Civilization and Enjoyment.** Alvin Johnson, Susanne LaFollette, Morris Fishbein, Lawrence Martin, Maurice Lesemann.
- IX.—**Art and the Worth While.** Robert Morris Lovett, Charles Johnston, Llewellyn Jones, Zona Gale, Edith Franklin Wyatt.
- X.—**Five Arts.** Waldo Frank, Mark Turbyfill, Karleton Hackett, C. J. Bulliet, W. Roger Greeley.
- XI.—**Religious Life.** E. Sapir, Shailer Mathews, Ernest F. Tittle, Rufus M. Jones, Francis J. McConnell.
- XII.—**The World Man Lives In.** Bertrand Russell, M. C. Otto, D. T. Howard, Richard T. Ely, Baker Brownell.

Examine the Books FREE

You may see them at your bookstore, or without cost or obligation to you we will place the complete set in your hands by mail for ten days examination. Look the books over carefully; read enough of them to appreciate the clarity and interest of their style; notice the pre-eminent contributors, and judge for yourself their definite value to you. If you are not entirely satisfied you may return the set and owe nothing. If you keep it, make a first payment of \$3.25 and four monthly payments thereafter of \$4.00 each—a total of \$19.25 for the complete set of twelve handsome volumes. When you see the books you will realize how low the price is for so valuable a work. Send the examination form today.

D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., INC. NEW YORK

See the Books at Your Bookstore, or

ORDER ON THIS COUPON

D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., INC.,
250 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me for examination the 12 volumes of MAN AND HIS WORLD. Within ten days of receipt I may return the set and owe nothing. If I keep it I will make a first payment of \$3.25 and four monthly payments thereafter of \$4.00 each—a total of \$19.25. (Atlantic 9-29)

Name _____
Street and Number _____
City and State _____

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

chiaroscuro in the life of Chicago than in that of any other American community. Thus it may well be that the future historian of Chicago will find Mr. Sullivan's volume a truthful recital of the nadir thus far reached in the partnership between crime and government, and yet conclude that Mr. Sullivan was an historian of episodes and not of an epoch.

All the stars of recent thugland pass convincingly through Mr. Sullivan's pages — Dion O'Banion, Johnny Torrio, Bugs Moran, Scarface Al Capone, and their political allies, Small, Crowe, Bill Thompson. The vivid story is a thrice-told tale to anyone who has seen *Broadway* and *Chicago*. When this vicious system seemed strongest it began to crumble. Chicago indicted its own lethargy by demonstrating how quickly the voters can stop the miserable alliance between crime and politics. By terminating — at least for a time — the Small-Crowe-Thompson reign, it demonstrated the truth of what a courageous Chicago judge had told it: 'Organized crime cannot exist a month without police connivance.'

How do such things come to be? Why does a community allow itself to be represented by a Thompson and to be ruled by a Capone? Happily, Mr. Sullivan's dramatic episodes will find their perspective in the more far-reaching analysis of Professor Merriam. His is the book of an outside-insider in politics. One of the most reflective of our political scientists, his reflections have come from aldermanic association with the Hinky-Dinks and the Bath-House Johns as well as from the ideas of thinkers embodied in books. And now he has given us a mellow and relaxed account of the life of the third-largest city of the world, but a city less than a hundred years old. Add one more factor — racial heterogeneity — to the other two factors — size and youth — and we have the three great clues to the past and the future of Chicago. For these give us the farrago of forces out of which a self-conscious and mature community life is emerging.

One hundred years is short in the life of a great city, but too long for brief summary here. Attempts at pithy diagnosis usually involve the crime of mutilation. Perhaps two vignettes by Professor Merriam will take the reader to his book.

One may paint a picture or catch a mood in which Chicago is crooked politicians, grafting labor laws, predatory rich, slothful middle class, selfish nationalities, jealous worshipers of God, gangsters, killers, thieves: — mocking justice, indifferent to law, regardless of order, reckless of the common weal. And the picture and the mood would be real. . . . At any rate there is another picture and another mood which is also Chicago. . . .

There is a Chicago in which the politicians function by serving the public, rather than by robbing them; in which business assumes responsibility for the commonwealth as well as the class weal; in which labor takes its part in shouldering the common responsibility; in which nationalities compete in presenting vigorous and public-spirited leaders; in which the whole community rises from its indifference and shakes off its sloth; in which law and order and legal and social justice not only exist but grow and develop new forms to meet new conditions.

To which needs to be added the wisdom of William Kent. He was one of Chicago's most effective reformers because he pierced to the very heart the problem of reform. Addressing that famous Chicago agency for reform, the Municipal Voters League, he said: 'Fellow Reformers: Our problem is how can we make the other fellow better, without being too damned good ourselves.'

Professor Merriam's book deserves that much-tarnished accolade 'realistic.' Political science suffers much from sterile anatomizing. Here is a stimulating essay in political physiology.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.

The Innocent Voyage, by Richard Hughes HARPER & BROS. \$2.50
A surprisingly original novel illustrating the unconscious cynicism of children

Splendor of God, by Honoré Willie Morrow WILLIAM MORROW & CO. \$2.50
A biographical novel of Ann and Adoniram Judson, first Baptist missionaries in Burma

The Good Estate of Poetry, by Chauncey Brewster Tinker
LITTLE, BROWN & CO. (AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS PUBLICATION) \$2.50
Essays on poetry by the accomplished author of *Young Boswell*

The Ordeal of This Generation, by Gilbert Murray HARPER & BROS. \$3.00
The ideal and the problem of peace illuminated in a new and moving way by the disciplined mind of a great classical scholar

